

THE
WORKS
OF
JONATH.^N SWIFT, D.D:D.S.P.D.

WITH
Notes Historical and Critical.
By
J. HAWKE SWORTH, LL.D.
and others.
VOL. V.



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J. Taylor sculp. Lond.



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MEMOIRS of the extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

INTRODUCTION to the READER.

IN the reign of Queen ANNE, (which, notwithstanding those happy times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou mayst possibly, gentle reader, have seen a certain venerable person who frequented the outside of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey. All this contributed to spread a solemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was as black and smooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as straight as the hair of a river-god rising from the water. His cloak so completely covered his whole person, that whether or no he had any other cloaths (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say; but his sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a *Jesuit*, took him for one, and others believed him some *High-Priest of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with science, burning with a zeal of benefitting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing, or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not

let him accept of any offers of charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the Queen, or her first Minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's ministry; who, either out of jealousy or envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which my servant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and stile. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri*. The book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who, I clearly perceived, was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza by the dancing-room at St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his manuscript was fallen into my hands: and saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with a fixed attention, and opening the clasps of the parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprise) in English, as follows.

“ Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace
 “ thee as my best friend; for either the stars and my
 “ art are deceitful, or the destined time is come which
 “ is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and
 “ thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What
 “ thou

“ thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours
 “ of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not
 “ indeed an unkind, but a very coy mistress. Watch-
 “ ful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and end-
 “ less labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her,
 “ through her labyrinths and meanders. My first vital
 “ air I drew in this island (a soil fruitful of philoso-
 “ phers) but my complexion is become adust, and my
 “ body arid, by visiting lands, (as the poet has it)
 “ *alio sub sole calentes*. I have, through my whole
 “ life, passed under several disguises and unknown
 “ names, to screen myself from the envy and malice
 “ which mankind expresses against those who are pos-
 “ sessed of the *Arcanum Magnum*. But at present I
 “ am forced to take sanctuary in the British court, to
 “ avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has
 “ pursued me almost through the whole terraqueous
 “ globe. Being, about four years ago, in the city of
 “ Madrid, in quest of natural knowledge, I was in-
 “ formed of a lady who was marked with a pome-
 “ granate upon the inside of her right thigh, which
 “ blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in the
 “ due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an in-
 “ satiable curiosity to view this wonderful phænomen-
 “ on. I felt the ardor of my passion increase as the
 “ season advanced, till, in the month of July, I could
 “ no longer contain. I bribed her duenna, was ad-
 “ mitted to the Bath, saw her undressed, and the
 “ wonder displayed. This was soon after discovered
 “ by the husband, who finding some letters I had
 “ writ to the duenna, containing expressions of a
 “ doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most
 “ alien from the purity of my thoughts. Inconti-
 “ nently I left Madrid by the advice of friends; have
 “ been pursued, dogged, and waylaid thro’ several
 “ nations, and even now scarce think myself secure
 “ within the sacred walls of this palace. It has been
 “ my good fortune to have seen all the grand phæno-
 “ mena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which
 “ I waited for in Naples three years in vain;
 “ and now, by means of some British ship, (whose
 “ colours

“ colours no Spaniard dare approach *) I impatiently
 “ expect a safe passage to Jamaica, for that benefit.
 “ To thee, my friend, whom fate has marked for my
 “ historiographer, I leave these my Commentaries, and
 “ others of my works. No more—be faithful and
 “ impartial.”

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away, as I before related, by the jealousy of the Queen's ministry.

Though I was thus, to my eternal grief, deprived of his conversation, he, for some years, continued his correspondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him, was on occasion of his strictures on the *Dunciad*: since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried, by his vehement thirst of knowledge, into some remote, or perhaps undiscovered region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of science, and to give the history of his life, and of his extensive merits, to mankind; in which I dare promise the reader, that, whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

* This marks the time when the Introduction was written.

M E M O I R S

O F

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.*

B O O K I.

C H A P. I.

Of the parentage and family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what care was taken of him before he was born, and what prodigies attended his birth.

IN the city of Munster in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by profession an antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curiosities, esteemed none more highly than a skin of the true Pergamenian parchment, which hung at the upper end of his

* Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnott, and Dr. Swift projected to write a satire in conjunction, on the abuses of human learning; and to make it the better received, they proposed to do it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire) under the history of some feigned adventures. They had observed those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to discredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their disgrace; which was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning; and truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of Mr. Pope's friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final stop to their project, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of *The first book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

Polite letters never lost more than in the defeat of this scheme, in which, each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent; besides constant employment for that

his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their alliances and collateral relations, (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers in old time Princes of Verona) and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: for such was the name of this venerable personage; whose glory it was, that, by the singular virtue of the women, not one had a head of a different cast from his family.

His wife was a Lady of singular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaspar Barthius. It happened on a time, the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance, who was skilful in the Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his mistress. I am not ignorant of what Columefius * affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken, but he perceived it; and in revenge suffered this unfortunate gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the issue of that amour) was a living proof of the falshood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to this marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Carden on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: besides which, her ancestors had been professors of physic, attrology, or chemistry, in German universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable union for about ten years; but this our sober

that they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnott was skilled in every thing which related to *science*; Mr. Pope was a master in the *fine arts*; and Dr. Swift excelled in the *knowledge of the world*. WIT they had all in equal measure, and this so large, as no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom *Nature* had more bountifully bestowed it, or *Art* brought it to higher perfection. Warburton.

* Columefius relates this from Isaac Vossius, in his *Opuscul* p. 102. Pope.

sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not blessed them with any issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man; especially considering what exact precautions and methods he had used to procure that blessing: for he never had cohabitation with his spouse, but he pondered on the rules of the ancients, for the generation of children of wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his wife, for almost the whole first year, to goat's milk and honey*. It unfortunately befel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat, which that author inveighs against as prejudicial to the understanding of the infant. This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childless, than to become the parent of a fool. His wife miscarried; but as the abortion proved only a female fœtus, he comforted himself, that, had it arrived to perfection, it would not have answered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned sex. However he disdained not to treasure up the embryo in a vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the south; this author † asserting, that the grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females; and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at west; a wind on which that great philosopher bestowed the encomiums of father of the earth, breath of the elysian fields, and other glorious eulogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the semina, out of which animals are produced, are animalcula ready formed, and received in with the air ‡.

Under

* Galen Lib. de Cibis boni et mali succi, cap. 3. *Pope.*

† Arist. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. P.

‡ Religion of Nature, sect. 5. parag. 15. The seriousness with which this strange opinion, on so mysterious a point, is advanced, very well deserved this stroke of ridicule. *Pope and Warburton.*

Under these regulations, his wife, to his inexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and, (what was no small addition to his happiness) he just then came to the possession of a considerable estate by the death of her uncle, a wealthy Jew who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great riches; and on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determined to set apart several annual sums, for the recovery of Manuscripts, the effusion of Coins, the procuring of Mummies; and for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second Peireskian*. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepared for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had composed two treatises of education: the one he called, *A daughter's mirror*, and the other, *A son's monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a concert of music once in twenty-four hours, according to the custom of the Magi: and that on a particular day†, he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth-day of the great *Basilus Valentinus*.

The truth of this, and every preceding fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of

* There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curiosity in that great man's character. *Warburton*.

† Ramsay's *Cyrus*. It was with judgment, that the authors chose rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the ancients from whence he took it; as it is a sure instance of folly, when amongst the many excellent things which may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their absurdities. *Pope and Warburton*.

of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's parish. But in the investigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day, as I was passing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of nativity of a great astrologer, which each man alleged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made me imagine it might be that universal genius whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely considered their several arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion, that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets; which must be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my conjecture confirmed, by the following passage in the Codicil to Mr. Neale's will.

I appoint my executors to engrave the following inscription on the column in the centre of the seven streets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLYT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's order was never performed, because the executors durst not administer.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed she was brought to bed of a *huge ink-born*, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous writer. Likewise a *crab-tree**, that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of crabs. This sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness

A 5

of

* Virgil's Laurel Donat. *Fefe.*

of his wit. A great swarm of *wasps* * played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides. This seemed a certain presage of the effects of his satire. A dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with *musbrooms*. This some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous *fowl*, which just then dropt through the sky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leash by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with physick, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of science; where the Doctor beheld, with great joy, a knot of logic, a knot of metaphysick, a knot of casuistry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a *lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*.

There went a report in the family, that, as soon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine several animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a sheep, chattered like a mag-pye, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an ass. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls, which came down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning: but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer †.

C H A P.

* Plato, Lucan, &c. *Pope*.

† Vid. Eustath. in Odyss. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45. *Pope*.

C H A P. II.

The speech of Cornelius over his son, at the hour of his birth.

NO sooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman rushed into the room, and snatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleased to find, that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agesilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child so long, that the midwife, grown out of all patience, snatched it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. "Swaddle him!" quoth he, "far be it from me to submit to such a peniculous custom! Is not my son a man? and is not man the lord of the universe? Is it thus you use this monarch at his first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? If you have no regard to his natural liberty, at least have some to his natural faculties. Behold with what agility he spreadeth his toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his fingers! a power, which, in the small circle of a year, may be totally abolished, by the enormous confinement of shoes and stockings. His ears (which other animals turn with great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the ministry of some accursed nurse, for ever lie flat and immovable. Not so the ancients, they could move them at pleasure, and accordingly are often described *arrectis auribus*." "What a devil," quoth the midwife, "would you have your son move his ears like a drill?" "Yes, fool," (said he) "why should he not have the perfection of a drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her husband's discourse, at last broke out to this purpose.

"My

“ My dear, I have had many disputes with you upon
“ this subject before I was a month gone : we have
“ but one child, and cannot afford to throw him away
“ upon experiments. I will have my boy bred up
“ like other gentlemen, at home, and always under
“ my own eye.” All the gossips, with one voice,
cried, Ay, ay ; but Cornelius broke out in this man-
ner. “ What ! bred at home ! Have I taken all this
“ pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious
“ life of a cabbage, to suck the nutritious juices
“ from the spot where he was first planted ? No ; to
“ perambulate this terraqueous globe is too small a
“ range ; were it permitted, he should at least make
“ the tour of the whole system of the sun. Let other
“ mortals pore upon maps, and swallow the legends
“ of lying travellers ; the son of Cornelius shall make
“ his own legs his compasses ; with those he shall
“ measure continents, islands, capes, bays, streights,
“ and istmus’s : he shall himself take the altitude of
“ the highest mountains, from the peak of Derby to
“ the peak of Teneriff ; when he has visited the top
“ of Taurus, Imaus, Caucasus, and the famous Ara-
“ rat, where Noah’s ark first moored, he may take a
“ slight view of the snowy Riphæans ; nor would I
“ have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned
“ for poetical fictions. Those that vomit fire will de-
“ serve a more particular attention : I will therefore
“ have him observe, with great care, Vesuvius,
“ Ætna, the burning mountain of Java, but chiefly
“ Hecla the greatest rarity in the northern regions.
“ Then he may likewise contemplate the wonders of
“ the Memphitic cave. When he has dived into the
“ bowels of the earth, and surveyed the works of na-
“ ture under ground, and instructed himself fully in
“ the nature of vulcanos, earthquakes, thunders,
“ tempests, and hurricanes, I hope he will bless the
“ world with a more exact survey of the desarts of
“ Arabia and Tartary, than as yet we are able to
“ obtain. Then will I have him cross the seven
“ gulphs, measure the currents in the fifteen famous
“ streights, and search for those fountains of fresh
“ water that are at the bottom of the ocean.”—At
these

last words Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the description of this terrible scene made too violent an impression upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a strong hyfteric fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been pushed out of the room by the united force of the women.

C H A P. III.

Shewing what befel the Doctor's son and his shield, on the day of the christening.

THE day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably to his character; that is to say, not without some *profitable conference*, nor wholly without observance of some *antient custom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield; and being possessed of an antique *buckler* which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield, had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it*, proving, from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's *nativity*.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case, (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust,) and entrusted it to his house-maid, with orders, that when the company was come she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue sattin.

The

* See the Dissertation on Dr. Woodward's shield.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the antients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner.

“ This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my
 “ son before you, a child not wholly unworthy of in-
 “ spection, as he is descended from a race of virtu-
 “ osi. Let the physiognomists examine his features ;
 “ let the chirographists behold his palm ; but above
 “ all let us consult for the calculation of his nativity.
 “ To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not
 “ present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall
 “ be cradled in my antient shield, so famous through
 “ the universities of Europe. You all know how I
 “ purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity at the
 “ great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all
 “ the plate of our family ; how happily I carried it
 “ off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither,
 “ to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy
 “ in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart
 “ of the great Melchior Insipidus !”

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child. He took it in his arms and proceeded.

“ Behold then my child, but first behold the shield :
 “ behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this pre-
 “ cious ærugo,—behold this beautiful varnish of time,
 “ —this venerable verdure of so many ages.—

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle, which covered it, inch by inch ; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till, on sight of the whole, the tremor became universal. The shield and the infant both dropt to the ground ; and he had only strength enough to cry out, “ O God ! my shield, my
 “ shield !”

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her and-irons*.

Cornelius

* Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the Doctor in a trance. Hungary water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him: when opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the house-maid. "O woman! woman!" he cried, (and snatched it violently from her), "was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin? where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and *fingers*, as it were, of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? All this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The *curious prominence* at the belly of that figure, which some taking for the *cusps* of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; others accounting the *insignia virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shewn to be the head of a nail. O my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *non bene relicta Parmula*."

The gossips, not at all enquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; what a stir a man makes about a *basin*, that an hour ago, before this labour was bestowed upon it, a country-barber would not have hung at his shop door." A *basin*!" (cried another), "no such matter; it is nothing but a paultry old *sconce*, with the nozzle broke off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly on the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion; and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a *sconce*, and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that

that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

CHAP. IV.

Of the suction and nutrition of the great Scriblerus in his infancy, and of the first rudiments of his learning.

AS soon as Cornelius awaked, he raised himself on his elbow, and casting his eyes on Mrs. Scriblerus, spoke as follows. “Wisely was it said by Homer, that in the cellar of Jupiter are two barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which he never bestows on mortals separately, but constantly mingles them together. Thus at the same time hath Heaven blessed me with the birth of a son, and afflicted me with the scouring of my shield. Yet let us not repine at his dispensations, who gives, and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, that the rust of antiquity which he hath been pleased to take from my shield, may be added to my son; and that so much of it, as it is my purpose he shall contract in his education, may never be destroyed by any modern polishing.”

He could no longer bear the sight of the shield, but ordered it should be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchased by Dr. Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp, incrusted it with a new rust, and is the same whereof a cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the suction of his child. Seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the mother, or the nurse concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef; and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect, “Hadst thou read the antients, O nurse, thou wouldst prefer the welfare

“ of

“ of the infant which thou nourishest, to the indulg-
 “ ing of an irregular and voracious appetite. Beef,
 “ it is true, may confer a robustness on the limbs of
 “ my son, but will hebetate and clog his intellectu-
 “ als.” While he spoke this, the nurse looked upon him
 with much anger, and now and then cast a wish-
 ful eye upon the beef.—“ Passion” (continued the
 “ Doctor, still holding the dish), “ throws the mind
 “ into too violent a fermentation ; it is a kind of fe-
 “ ver of the soul, or, as Horace expresses it, a *short*
 “ *madness*. Consider, woman, that this day’s suction
 “ of my son may cause him to imbibe many ungo-
 “ vernable passions, and in a manner spoil him for the
 “ temper of a philosopher. Romulus by sucking a
 “ wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition ;
 “ and were I to breed some Ottoman emperor, or
 “ founder of a military commonwealth, perhaps I
 “ might indulge thee in this carnivorous appetite.”—
 What ! interrupted the nurse, beef spoil the under-
 standing ! that’s fine indeed—How then could our
 parson preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too,
 if you go to that ? Do not tell me of your antients ;
 had not you almost killed the poor babe with a dish
 of dæmonial black broth ?—“ Lacedæmonian black
 “ broth, thou wouldst say,” (replied Cornelius) ;
 “ but I cannot allow the surfeit to have been oc-
 “ casioned by that diet, since it was recommended by
 “ the divine Lycurgus. No, nurse, thou must certain-
 “ ly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day be-
 “ fore, and that was the real cause of his disorder. Con-
 “ sider, woman, the different temperaments of differ-
 “ ent nations. What makes the English phlegmatic
 “ and melancholy, but beef ? what renders the Welsh
 “ so hot and choleric, but cheese and leeks ? the
 “ French derive their levity from the soups, frogs,
 “ and mushrooms : I would not let my son dine like
 “ an Italian, lest, like an Italian, he should be jea-
 “ lous and revengeful : the warm and solid diet of
 “ Spain may be more beneficial, as it might indue
 “ him with a profound gravity, but at the same time
 “ he might suck in with their food their intolerable
 “ vice of pride. Therefore, nurse, in short, I hold it
 “ requisite

“ requisite to deny you at present, not only beef, but
 “ likewise whatsoever any of those nations eat.” During this speech, the nurse remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman observing, ordered that the child, to avoid the risk of imbibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looseness; but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompensed by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular diet to be observed by the nurse; under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *paps* of a *sow* with pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct insult upon her sex and calling.

Four years of young Martin's life passed away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his *catechism*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *puppet-show* of the creation of the world, where the child with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the history of the bible. His first rudiments in profane history were acquired by seeing of *raree-shows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In short, the old gentleman so contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of cloaths, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts, and Flanders lace, English cloth
 lined

lined with Indian silk ; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural history he was much assisted by his curiosity in *signposts*, insomuch that he hath often confessed he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found since in any author, such as white lions, golden dragons, &c. He once thought the same of green men, but had since found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the history of William of Newbury *.

His disposition to the mathematics, was discovered very early, by his drawing parallel † lines on his breed and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies in squares. But in the midst of all these improvements, a stop was put to his learning the *alphabet* ; nor would he let him proceed to letter D, till he could truly and distinctly pronounce C in the antient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turned away the writing-master, because he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.

Cornelius having read and seriously weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated ‡, and resolving, in some degree, to exceed them, resolved he should speak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and especially the Greek ; in which he constantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this language,

* Gul. Neubrig. Book ci. h. 27. Pope.

† Pascal's Life — Locke of Educat. &c. — There are some extravagant lyes told of the excellent Pascal's amazing genius for mathematics in his early youth ; and some trifling directions given for the introduction to the elements of science, in Mr. Locke's book of Education. Pope and Warburton.

‡ Who was taught Latin in his nurse's arms, and not suffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue, till he could speak the other perfectly. Warburton.

language, was his love of ginger-bread ; which his father observing, caused it to be stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet ; and the child, the very first day, eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attained so great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingeniously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old † ; and at fourteen he composed a tragedy in the same language, as the younger Pliny ‡ had done before him.

He learned the oriental languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early a relish for the eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed (in imitation of it) the *thousand and one Arabian tales*, and also the *Persian tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little assisted by the historical traditions of his nurse.

C H A P. V.

A dissertation upon play-things.

HERE follows the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-things to be used by his son Martin.

“ *Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy
“ against *bunger*. *Sophocles* says of *Palamedes*, that
“ he invented *dice* to serve sometimes instead of a din-
“ ner. It is therefore wisely contrived by nature,
“ that children, as they have the keenest *appetites*, are
“ most addicted to *plays*. From the same cause, and
“ from the unprejudiced and incorrupt simplicity of
“ their

† So Montaigne says of his Latin—*George Buchanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domestiques, m'ont dit souvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance si prest et si à main qu'ils craignoient a m'accoster.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea jusque à nos villages tous autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l'usage, plusieurs appellations Latines d'Artisans et d'outils.* Warburton.

‡ Plin. Epist. lib. 7. Pope.

“ their minds it proceeds, that the plays of the antient children are preserved more entire than any other of their customs ||. In this matter I would recommend to all who have any concern in my son’s education, that they deviate not in the least from the primitive and simple antiquity.

“ To speak first of the *whistle*, as it is the first of all play-things: I will have it exactly to correspond with the antient *fistula*, and accordingly to be composed *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

“ I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the true *crepitaculum* or *rattle* of the antients, for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion) kept the children from breaking earthen ware. The *China* cups in these days are not at all the safer for the modern *rattles*; which is an evident proof how far their *crepitacula* exceeded ours.

“ I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a *top*, till I am better informed whether the *troebus*, which was recommended by *Cato*, be really our present *top*, or rather the *hoop* which the boys drive with a stick. Neither *crosses*, and *pile*, nor *ducks*, and *drakes* are quite so antient as *bandy-dandy*, though *Macrobius* and *St. Augustine* take notice of the first, and *Minutius Felix* describes the latter; but *bandy-dandy* is mentioned by *Aristotle*, *Plato*, and *Aristophanes*.

“ The play which the Italians call *cinque*, and the French *mourre*, is extremely antient; it was played at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the marriage of *Psyche*, and termed by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

“ *Julius Pollux* describes the *onilla* or *chuck-farth- ing*; though some will have our modern *chuck-farth- ing* to be nearer the *aphetinda* of the antients. He also mentions the *basilinda*, or *king I am*; and *Myinda* or *hoopers-hide*.

“ But the *chytrindra*, described by the same author is certainly not our *hot-cockles*; for that was by pinching,

|| Dr. Arbuthnott used to say, that notwithstanding all the boasts of the safe conveyance of *tradition*, it was no where preserved pure and uncorrupt but amongst children; whose games and plays are delivered down invariably from one generation to another. *Warburton*.

“ pinching, and not by striking ; though there are
 “ good authors who affirm the *rathapygismus* to be yet
 “ nearer the modern *bot-cockles*. My son Martin may
 “ use either of them indifferently, they being equally
 “ antique.

“ *Building of houses, and riding upon sticks*, have
 “ been used by children in all ages, *Ædificare casas,*
 “ *equitare arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whether
 “ the riding upon sticks did not come into use after
 “ the age of the *centaurs*.

“ There is one play which shews the gravity of an-
 “ tient education, called the *acinetinda*, in which
 “ children contend who could longest *stand still*. This
 “ we have suffered to perish entirely ; and, if I
 “ might be allowed to guess, it was certainly first lost
 “ among the French.

“ I will permit my son to play at *apodidasinda*,
 “ which can be no other than our *puffs in a corner*.

“ Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, speaks of the
 “ *melolonthe*, or the kite ; but I question whether the
 “ kite of antiquity was the same with ours : and
 “ though the *Ogrylonotia*, or *quail fighting*, is what is
 “ most taken notice of, they had doubtless *cock-match-*
 “ *es* also, as is evident from certain antient gems and
 “ relievos.

“ In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at
 “ any game truly antique, except one, which was in-
 “ vented by a people among the Thracians, who hung
 “ up one of their companions in a rope, and gave
 “ him a knife to cut himself down ; which if he fail-
 “ ed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead ;
 “ and this was only reckoned a sort of joke. I am
 “ utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

“ I cannot conclude without taking notice of the
 “ beauty of the Greek names, whose etymologies ac-
 “ quaint us with the nature of the sports ; and how
 “ infinitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our
 “ barbarous names of plays.”

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr.
 Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the child the
 use of some few modern play-things ; such as might
 prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early
 notion

notion of the sciences. For example, he found that *marbles* taught him *percussion* and the *laws of motion*; *nut-crackers* the use of the *lever*; *swinging* on the ends of a board, the *balance*; *bottle screws*, the *vice*; *whirligigs*, the *axis* and *peritrochia*; *bird-cages*, the *pully*; and *tops*, the *centrifugal* motion.

Others of his sports were further carried to improve his tender soul even in virtue and morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, *bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of *stealing*, according to the custom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

C H A P. VI.

Of the gymnastics, in what exercises Martinus was educated; something concerning music, and what sort of a man his uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest antiquity, in relation to the *exercises* of his son. He was stript, powdered, and anointed, but not constantly bathed, which occasioned many heavy complaints of the laundress about dirtying his linen. When he played at quoits, he was allowed his breeches and stockings; because the *discoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The mother often contended for modern sports, and common customs; but this was his constant reply, "Let a daughter be the care of her mother, but the education of a son should be the delight of his father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *harpastus* of the antients was yet in use in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *hurling*. He was sensible the common *foot-ball* was a very im-

perfect

perfect imitation of that exercise ; and thought it necessary to send Martin into the west, to be initiated in that truly antient and manly part of the *gymnastics*. The poor boy was so unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a slight ailment, and promised his mother he would instantly cure it. He slit a green reed, and cast the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the reed to the disjointed place, pronounced these words *, *Daries, daries, astataries, diffunapiter ; buat, banat, buat, ista, pista, fista, domi abo, damnaustra*. But finding, to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her son to the like dangerous exercises for the future, proposed to send for a dancing-master, and to have him taught the minuet and rigadoon. "Dancing" (quoth Cornelius) "I much approve, for *Socrates* said the
 "best dancers were the best warriors ; but not those
 "species of dancing which you mention : they are
 "certainly corruptions of the comic and satyric dance,
 "which were utterly disliked by the founder antients.
 "Martin shall learn the tragic dance only, and I will
 "send all over Europe, till I find an antiquary able to
 "instruct him in the *saltatio Pyrrhica*. Scaliger †,
 "from whom my son is lineally descended, boasts to
 "have performed this warlike dance in the presence
 "of the emperor, to the great admiration of all
 "Germany. What would he say, could he look
 "down and see one of his posterity so ignorant, as
 "not to know the least step of that noble kind of *sal-*
 "*tation* ?"

The poor lady was at last enured to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband

* Plin. Hist. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inferere equidem serio ausim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. Cat. de re rust. c. 160. Pope.

† Scalig. Poetic. lib. i. c. 9. *Hanc saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos saepe et diu, jussu Bonifacii patris, coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniae, repraesentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa imperatoria, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.* Pope.

husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that "*spleen, garter, and girdle*" are the three impediments to the *curfus*." Therefore Pliny (*lib. xi. c. 37.*) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their *spleen* cauterized, "My son" (quoth Cornelius) "runs but heavily; therefore I will have this operation performed upon him immediately. Moreover, it will cure that immoderate laughter to which I perceive he is addicted: for laughter" (as the same author hath it, *ibid*) "is caused by the bigness of the spleen." This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent to his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste to her husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent; whether antient or modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boasted the entire quota of his viscera. "What does it signify" (quoth Albertus) "whether my nephew excels in the *curfus* or not? Speed is often a symptom of cowardice, witness hares and deer."—"Do not forget Achilles" (quoth Cornelius) "I know that running has been condemned by the proud Spartans, as useless in war; and yet Demosthenes could say, *Ανὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ παλιν μαχόμενος*; a thought which the English Hudibras has well rendered,

*For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.*

"That's true" (quoth Albertus) "but pray consider on the other side, that animals *spleened grow extremely salacious, an experiment well known in dogs." Cornelius was struck with this, and replied gravely; "If it be so, I will defer the operation, for I will not increase the powers of my son's body

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" at

* Blackmore's Essay on Spleen. Pope.

“ at the expence of those of his mind. I am indeed
 “ disappointed in most of my projects, and fear I
 “ must sit down at last contented with such methods
 “ of education as modern barbarity affords. Happy
 “ had it been for us all, had we lived in the age of
 “ Augustus! Then my son might have heard the
 “ philosophers dispute in the Porticos of the Palæstra,
 “ and at the same time formed his body and his un-
 “ derstanding.” “ It is true” (replied Albertus)
 “ we have no *exedra* for the philosophers, adjoining
 “ to our tennis-courts; but there are ale-houses
 “ where he will hear very notable argumentations.
 “ Though we come not up to the antients in the *tra-*
 “ *gic-dance*, we excel them in the *uoluptu*, or the art
 “ of *tumbling*. The antients would have beat us at
 “ *quoits*, but not so much at the *jaculum*, or *pitching*
 “ *the bar*. The *pugilatus* † is in as great perfection in
 “ England as in old Rome, and the *cornish-bug* in the
 “ *luctus* ‡ is equal to the *volutatoria* of the ancients.”
 “ You could not” (answered Cornelius) “ have pro-
 “ duced a more unlucky instance of modern folly and
 “ barbarity, than what you say of the *jaculum*. The
 “ Cretans wisely forbid their servants gymnastics, as
 “ well as arms ||, and yet your modern footmen exer-
 “ cise themselves daily in the *jaculum* at the corner of
 “ *Hyde-park*, whilst their enervating lords are lolling
 “ in their chariots, (a species of vestitation seldom
 “ used amongst the antients, except by old men).”
 “ You say well,” (quoth Albertus), “ and we have
 “ several other kinds of vestitation unknown to the
 “ antients; particularly flying chariots, where the
 “ people may have the benefit of this exercise at
 “ the small expence of a farthing. But suppose
 “ (which I readily grant) that the antients excelled
 “ us almost in every thing, yet why this singularity?
 “ your son must take up with such masters as the pre-
 “ sent age affords; we have dancing-masters, wri-
 “ ting-masters, and music-masters.”

The

† Fifty-Cuffs. Pope.

‡ Wrestling. Pope.

|| Aristot. Politic. lib. ii. cap. 3. Pope.

The bare mention of *music* threw Cornelius into a passion. "How can you dignify" (quoth he) "this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of your best haut-boys encounter a wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their instruments, as did that antient piper Pythocaris? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbot, shewed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers, all which have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by antient musicians? Does not Ælian * tell us how the Lybian mares were excited to horsing by music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest women against frequenting operas; and consider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the ladies or the power of your music). Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of antient music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? Else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure, by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the antients, as Theophrastus † assures us, (whence Cælius ‡ calls it *loca dolentia decantare*): only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras § stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober spondæus? and yet our modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known, that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they commonly sent for a Lesbian musi-

B 2

" cian

* Ælian. Hist. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44.

Pope.

† Athenæus, lib. xiv. Pope.

‡ Lib. de Sanitate tuenda, cap. 2. Pope.

§ Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. Pope.

"cian to appease them, and they immediately grew
 "calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing*: yet I
 "do not believe, that the Pope's whole band of mu-
 "sic, though the best of this age, could keep his
 "Holiness's image from being burnt on a fifth of
 "November." "Nor would Terpander himself,"
 (replied Albertus) "at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus
 "at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect,
 "nor both of them together bring Horneck† to com-
 "mon civility." "That's a gross mistake," (said
 Cornelius, very warmly); "and to prove it so, I
 "have here a small lyra of my own, framed, strung,
 "and tuned after the antient manner, I can play
 "some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were
 "to try them upon the most passionate creatures
 "alive."—"You never had a better opportunity,"
 (says Albertus), "for yonder are two apple-women
 "scolding, and just ready to uncoif one another."
 With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out
 into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his slippers,
 with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a
 stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-co-
 loured satin upon his body: he touched his lyra with
 a very unusual sort of an harpegiatura, nor were his
 hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth
 instrument, the strangeness of the man and of the
 music, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that
 were got about the two female champions, and at
 last of the combatants themselves. They all approach
 the balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first
 audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when
 some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden ef-
 fect of his music encouraged him mightily, and it was
 observed he never touched his lyre in such a truly
 chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occa-
 sion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced,
 and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to
 be caused by the various strains and modulations.
 "Mark"

* Suidas in Timotheo. Pope.

† Horneck a scurrilous scribler, who wrote a weekly paper,
 called, *The High German Doctor*. Pope.

“ Mark” (quoth he) “ in this, the power of the “ Ionian, in that, you see the effect of the *Æolian*.” But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones. Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. “ Brother,” said he, “ do you observe I have mixed unawares “ too much of the *Phrygian*; I might change it to “ the *Lydian*, and soften their riotous tempers. But “ it is enough. Learn from this sample to speak “ with veneration of antient music. If this lyre in “ my unskilful hands can perform such wonders, “ what must it not have done in those of a Timo- “ theus or a Terpander?” Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some antient tibicen to calm his temper.

C H A P. VII.

Rhetoric, logic, and metaphysics.

GORNELIUS having, as hath been said, many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily forces of his son; thought it now high time to apply to the culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper, in the first place, to instruct him in *rhetoric*. But herein we shall not need to give the reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his treatise on this subject: I mean the admirable discourse *Περὶ Βάδου*, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his father, knowing his extreme partiality for the antients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other writings, till, about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live poets of this present age. We proceed, therefore, to *logic* and *metaphysics*.

The wise Cornelius was convinced, that these being *Polemical* arts, could no more be learned alone, than fencing

fencing or cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of the most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who, by the father's side, was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was cousin to Mr. *Swan*, gamester and punster of the city of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with words, which, as they are said to be the counters of wise men, and ready money of fools, Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a parent, and such a companion! What might not he achieve in arts and sciences!

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the use only of one operation of the intellect, though, like short-sighted men, they can hardly discover it themselves: they can form *single apprehensions**, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now, as it is wisely ordered, that people deprived of one sense have the others in more perfection, such people will form single ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were ~~indeed~~ indeed if they would confine themselves to such, without forming *judicia*, much less *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly discovered, that these two last operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguished in Crambe, however, he used to say, that rules of logic are spectacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in *sensible objects*, that he demanded examples from material things of the abstracted ideas of logic. As for Crambe, he contented himself with the words, and
when

* When a learned friend once urged to our author the authority of a famous dictionary-maker against the Latinity of the expression, *amor publicus*, which he had used in an inscription, he replied, that he would allow a dictionary-maker to understand a single word, but not two words put together. *Warburton*,

when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that all men were not *singular*; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said, that a man *is* not the same he *was*; that madmen are *beside themselves*, that drunken men *come to themselves*; which shews, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality*. Cornelius told Martin, that a shoulder of mutton was an individual; which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons: that is true, quoth the tutor, but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: if it could, quoth Crambe, it would be the most lovely individual of the university. When he was told, a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents*; then soldiers, quoth Crambe, are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *present or absent without the destruction of the subject*; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his stall amongst the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images. Thus calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the Bear-garden? the man answered, he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a serjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher; the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark" (quoth

* "But if it be possible for the same man to have distinct incommunicable consciousness at different times, it is without doubt the same man would, at different times, make different persons. Which we see is the sense of mankind in not punishing the mad man for the sober man's actions, nor the sober man for what the mad man did, thereby making them two persons; which is somewhat explained by our way of speaking in *English*, when they say such an one *is not himself*, or *is beside himself*." Locke's Essay on Hum. Under. book ii. c. 27. Warburton.

(quoth Cornelius) "how the fellow runs through the predicaments. Men, *substantia* ; two, *quantitas* ; " fair and black, *qualitas* ; serjeant and butcher, *relatio* ; wounded the other, *actio et passio* ; fighting, " *situs* ; stage, *ubi* ; two o'clock, *quando* ; blue and " red breeches, *habitus*." At the same time he warned Martin, that what he now *learned* as a logician, he must *forget* as a natural philosopher ; that though he now taught him that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing ; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into the secret ; for Martin could not conceive, how a habit of dancing inhered in the dancing-master, when he did not dance ; nay, he would demand the characteristics of relations. Crambe used to help him out by telling him, a cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenance ; that, in this last case, the paternity and filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament. Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a substance than he was ; for his cloaths could better subsist without him, than he without his cloaths.

Martin supposed an *universal man* to be like a knight of a shire, or burghers of a corporation, that represented a great many individuals. His father asked him, if he could not frame the idea of an universal Lord Mayor ? Martin told him, that, never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind ; that he had great difficulty to abstract a Lord Mayor from his fur gown, and gold chain ; nay, that the horse he saw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little disturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to show himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet,

or

or any body ; which he supposed was the abstract of a Lord Mayor †. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying rascal, that an *universale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no such thing in reality, or a *parte rei*. But I can prove, quoth Crambe, that there are *clysters a parte rei*, but *clysters* are *universales* ; ergo. Thus I prove my minor. *Quod aptum est inesse multis*, is an *universale* by definition : but every clyster before it is administered has that quality ; therefore every clyster is an *universale*.

He also found fault with the advertisements, that they were not strict logical *definitions* : in an advertisement of a dog stolen or strayed, he said it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal of the genus caninum, &c.* Cornelius told them, that though those advertisements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *descriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life ; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian greyhound, of a mouse-colour, a white speck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to such a lady.* Greyhound, genus ; mouse-coloured, &c. *differentia* ; lame or one leg, *accidens* ; belongs to such a lady, *proprium*.

Though I am afraid I have transgressed upon my reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned ; which was Crambe's *Treatise of Syllogisms*. He supposed that a philosopher's brain was like a great forest, where ideas ranged like animals of several kinds ; that those ideas copulated, and engendered conclusions ; that when those of different species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities ; that the *major* is the male, the *minor* the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the conclusion. Hence they are called the *præmissa*, or pre-

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deceit

† This is not a fair representation of what is said in the *Essay on Human Understanding*, concerning *general and abstract ideas*. But serious writers have done that philosopher the same injustice. Warburton.

deceffors of the conclusion ; and it is properly said by the logicians, *quod pariant scientiam, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, &c. Universal propositions are persons of quality ; and therefore in logic they are said to be of the first *figure*. Singular propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of syllogisms naturally follow.

- I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor less ; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.
- II. From universal premisses there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.
- III. From the singular premisses follows only a singular conclusion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.
- IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *individua vaga* are (like whoremasters and common strumpets) barren.
- V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premisses, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.
- VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.
- VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.
- VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.
- IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage ; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.
- X. When the premisses or parents are necessarily joined (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful issue ; but contingently joined, they beget bastards.

So much for the affirmative propositions : the negative must be deferred to another occasion.

Crambe

Crambe used to value himself upon this system, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, *such a one has a barren imagination*: and how common it is for such people to *adopt* conclusions that are not the issue of their premisses? therefore as an absurdity is a *monster*, a falsity is a *bastard*: and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premisses, may properly be said to be *adopted*. But then what is an enthymem? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an enthymem, (replied Crambe) is when the Major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage *kept secret*.

METAPHYSICS were a large field in which to exercise the weapons *logic* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe used to engage like any prize-fighters, before their father, and his other learned companions of the symposiasts. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler, or some such offensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter et secundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: but it was found, that without the help of the defensive armour of those distinctions, the arguments cut so deep, that they fetched blood at every stroke. Their *theses* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the reader a taste of some of them.

- I. If the innate desire of the knowledge of metaphysics was the cause of the fall of Adam; and the *arbor Porphyriana*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed*.
- II. If transcendental goodness could be truly predicated of the devil? *affirmed*.
- III. Whether one, or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the notion of many? *Suarez*.
- IV. If the desire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? *affirmed*.
- V. Whether there are in human understandings potential falsities? *affirmed*.
- VI. Whether God loves a *possible angel* better than an *actually existent fly*? *denied*.

VII. If

VII. If angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle ? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If angels know things more clearly in a morning ? *Aquinas.*

IX. Whether every angel hears what one angel says to another ? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the devil ? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another ? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the state of innocence ? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the creation was finished in six days, because six is the most perfect number ? or if six be the most perfect number, because the creation was finished in six days ? *Aquinas.*

There were several others, of which in the course of the life of this learned person we may have occasion to treat ; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day ; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter esse reale actualis essentia sit aliud esse necessarium quo res actualiter existat ?* In English thus. Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other thing necessary to cause a thing to be ?

This brings into my mind a project to banish metaphysics out of Spain, which it was proposed might be effectuated by this method : that no-body should use any compound or decompound of the substantial verbs, but as they are read in the common conjugations : for every body will allow, that if you debar a metaphysician from *ens, essentia, entitas, subsistentia, &c.* there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *substantial forms*, a race of harmless beings which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistence to many poor philosophers, should be now hunted down like so many wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He considered that it had gone much harder with them than with *essences*, which had retired from the *schools* into

into the *apothecaries shops*, where some of them had been advanced into the degree of *quintessences*. He thought there should be a retreat for poor *substantial forms*, amongst the gentlemen-ushers at court; and that there were indeed *substantial forms*, such as *forms of prayer*, and *forms of government*, without which the things themselves could never long subsist. He also used to wonder that there was not a reward for such as could find out a *fourth figure in logic*, as well as for those who should discover the *longitude*.

C H A P. VIII.

A N A T O M Y.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquished in a dispute; from which quality he acquired the title of *invincible doctor*. While the professor of anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of *intestines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *colon* and the *aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts: say what you please, he replied, this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may, with equal reason (answered the professor) affirm, that a man's liver hath five lobes, and deny the circulation of the blood. Ocular demonstration, said Cornelius, seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up: show me any viscus of a human body, and I will bring you a monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If nature shews such variety in the same age, why may she not have extended it further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an antediluvian; of the strength of Samson, or the size of the giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be possible the present generation

generation of men may differ from the antients? The moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by gluttony, and diminished the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe, with Hippocrates, that the blood of the antients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide. Consider how luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them not improbably altered the whole course of the fluids. Consider how the current of mighty rivers, nay, the very channels of the ocean are changed from what they were in antient days; and can we be so vain to imagine that the microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible conjectures may be made even as to the time when the blood first began to circulate.—Such disputes as these frequently perplexed the professor to that degree, that he would now and then in a Passion leave him in the middle of a lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened soon after, an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchased the body of a malefactor, he hired a room for its dissection, near the Pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn-road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve a clock at night in a hackney-coach, few house-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have slipped from him, which he (to save from falling) grasped so hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *anus*, with a noise exactly like the *crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the animal oeconomy could remain in a dead man) was so terrified, that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his philosophy could not prevail upon him to return to his post.—You may say what you please, quoth Crambe, no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he seemed to be mightily

mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpse down stairs made such a noise that it awaked the whole house. The maid shrieked, the landlady cried out thieves; but the landlord, in his shirt as he was taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid with only a single petticoat ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and listened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one stair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpse unknown. The wife ran into the street and cried out murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The watch imagined they were making their escape, seized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring justice; where, upon searching them, several kinds of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The justice first examined Crambe—What is your name? says the justice. I have acquired, quoth Crambe, no great name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myself; though it may be some dispute to posterity.—What is yours and your master's profession? “It is our business to imbrue our hands in blood: we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of those that never injured us; we rip up big-bellied women, and tear children limb from limb.” Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the justice, being strangely astonished with the frankness of Crambe's confession, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following speech:

“May it please your Worship, as touching the body of this man, I can answer each head that my accusers alledge against me to a hair. They have hitherto talked like num-sculls without brains; but if your worship will not only give ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries, who now stand cheek by jowl by your worship. I will prove to their faces, that their foul mouths have not opened their lips without a falsity; though they have showed their teeth as if they would bite off my nose. Now,
“S.r,

“ Sir, that I may fairly slip my neck out of the collar, I
 “ beg this matter may not be slightly skinned over.
 “ Though I have no man here to back me, I will unbo-
 “ som myself, since truth is on my side, and shall give
 “ them their bellies full, though they think they have
 “ me upon the hip. Whereas they say I came into their
 “ lodgings, with arms, and murdered this man with-
 “ out their privity, I declare I had not the least fin-
 “ ger in it; and since I am to stand upon my own
 “ legs, nothing of this matter shall be left till I set
 “ it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot
 “ for my heart’s blood and guts bear this usage: I
 “ shall not spare my lungs to defend my good name:
 “ I was ever reckoned a good liver; and I think I
 “ have the bowels of compassion, I ask but justice,
 “ and from the crown of my head to the sole of my
 “ foot, I shall ever acknowledge myself your worship’s
 “ humble servant.”

The Justice stared, the landlord and landlady lift-
 ed up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe
 talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at
 length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great
 difficulty that the Justice was convinced, till they
 sent for the finisher of human laws, of whom the
 corpse had been purchased; who looking near the left
 ear, knew his own work, and gave oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a
 passion at Crambe. “ What Dæmon, he cried, hath
 “ possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that
 “ impertinent custom of punning? Neither my coun-
 “ sel nor my example have thus misled thee; thou
 “ governest thyself by most erroneous maxims.” Far
 from it, answers Crambe, my life is as orderly as my
 dictionary, for by my dictionary I order my life.
 I have made a kalendar of radical words for all the
 seasons, months and days of the year: every day I am
 under the dominion of a certain word: but this day
 in particular I cannot be misled, for I am governed
 by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all
 animals, rational and irrational. Who is not govern-
 ed by the word *led*? Our noblemen and drunkards are
 pimp-led, physicians and pulses fee-led, their patients

and

and oranges pil-*led*, a new-married man and an ass are bride-*led*, and an old married man and a pack-horse sad-*led*, cats and dice are rat-*led*, swine and nobility are sty-*led*, a coquette and a tinder-box are spark-*led*, a lover and a blunderer are grove-*led*. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (replied Martin stamping with his foot) which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable—There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your day for *uns*. Martin could bear no longer—however, composing his countenance, come hither, he cried, there are five pounds, seventeen shillings and nine pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe, upon the receipt of his salary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words.—O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, it is a crime I have learned from thee! O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I *biaffed*.—Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest of orators, and even a sage of Greece had punned) hesitated, relented, and reinstated Crambe in his service.

CHAP. IX.

How Martinus became a great critic.

IT was a most peculiar talent in Martinus to convert every trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of life, or in learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the puns of Crambe had on the mind and studies of Martinus. He conceived, that somewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of *assembling parallel sounds*, either *syllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the emendation and correction of *ancient authors*, if applied to their works, with the same *diligence*, and the same *liberty*. He resolved to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *most correct* authors could be so served with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of *all the rest* would easily follow; whereby

whereby a new, a vast, nay, boundless field of glory would be opened to the true and *absolute critic*.

This specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the addenda to his notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re. And we have convincing proofs, that the late edition of Milton, published in the name of the former of these, was in truth the work of no other than our Scriblerus.

CHAP. X.

Of Martinus's uncommon practice of physic, and how he applied himself to the diseases of the mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the history of the progress of Martinus in the studies of physic, and to enumerate some at least of the many discoveries and experiments he made therein.

One of the first was his method of investigating latent distempers, by the sagacious quality of *setting-dogs* and *pointers*. The success and adventures that befel him, when he walked with these animals, to smell them out in the parks and publick places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own account, together with a *list of those gentlemen and ladies* at whom they made a *full set*, will be published in time convenient. There will also be added the representation, which, on occasion of one distemper which was become almost epidemical, he thought himself obliged to lay before both houses of parliament, intituled, *A proposal for a general flux*, to exterminate at one blow the p—x out of this kingdom.

But being weary of all practice on *fœtid bodies*; from a certain niceness of constitution (especially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a twelve-months course of vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himself only to diseases of the *mind*. He attempted to find out specifics for all the *passions*; and as other physicians throw their pa-

tients

tients into sweats, vomits, purgations, &c. he cast them into love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, &c. And indeed the great irregularity of the passions in the English nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole studies, while he continued among us, to the diseases of the mind.

To this purpose he directed, in the first place, his late acquired skill in *anatomy*. He considered *virtues* and *vices* as certain habits which proceed from the natural formation and structure of particular parts of the body. A bird flies because it has wings, a duck swims because it is web-footed: and there can be no question but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and masseter-muscles * in lions and tygers, are the cause of the great and habitual immorality of those animals.

1st. He observed that the soul and body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward instruments, whereby she usually expresseth that passion, you will in time abate the passion itself, in like manner as castration abates lust.

2^{ly}. That the soul in mankind expresseth every passion by the motion of some particular *muscles*.

3^{ly}. That all muscles grow stronger and thicker by being *much used*; therefore the habitual passions may be discerned in particular persons by the *strength* and *bigness* of the muscles used in the expression of that passion.

4^{thly}. That a muscle may be strengthened or weakened by weakening or strengthening the force of its antagonist. These things premised, he took notice,

That *complaisance*, *humility*, *assent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expressed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *dissent*, *dislike*, *refusal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by tossing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two passions of *assent* and *dissent* the Latins rightly expressed

* *Μασσητήρες μύες.*

pressed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he observed that complaisant and civil people had the flexors of the head very strong; but in the proud and insolent, there was a great overbalance of strength in the extensors of the neck and the muscles of the back, from whence they perform, with great facility, the motion of *tossing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have justly acquired the title of *stiff-necked*: in order to reduce such persons to a just balance, he judged that the pair of muscles called, *recti interni*, the mastoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body must be strengthened; their antagonists, the *splenii complexi*, and the extensors of the spine weakened; for which purpose nature herself seems to have directed mankind to correct this muscular immorality by tying such fellows *neck and heels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious custom of mothers, who abolish the natural signature of modesty in their daughters, by teaching them *tossing* and *bridling*, rather than the bashful posture of *stooping*, and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charged all husbands to take notice of the *posture of the head* of such as they courted to matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor muscles so strong that they are always bowing and cringing, he supposed might, in some measure, be corrected by being tied down upon a tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was strongly confirmed by his observing the strength of the *levator scapulae*: this muscle is called the muscle of *patience*, because in that affection of mind people shrug and raise up the shoulder to the tip of the ear. This muscle also he observed to be exceedingly strong and large in *hen-pecked husbands*, in *Italians*, and in *English ministers*.

In pursuance of his theory, he supposed the *constrictors* of the *eye-lids*, must be strengthened in the supercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the same steddly and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators*, of the *nose*, were too strong in

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in choleric people ; and therefore nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct such extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the nose*.

The rolling amorous eye, in the passion of love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glasses.* Impertinent fellows that jump upon tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *calves* of their *legs*, which in such people are too strong.

But there were two cases which he reckoned extremely difficult. First, *Affectation*, in which there were so many muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a false tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second case was immoderate *laughter* : when any of the risible species were brought to the Doctor, and when he considered what an infinity of muscles these laughing rascals threw into a convulsive motion at the same time ; whether we regard the spasms of the diaphragm and all the muscles of respiration, the horrible *riccus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower jaw, the crisping of the nose, twinkling of the eyes, or spherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous succession of the whole human body : when he considered, I say, all this, he used to cry out, *Casus plane deplorabilis !* and gave such patients over.

C H A P. XI.

The case of a young Nobleman at court, with the Doctor's prescription for the same.

AN eminent instance of Martinus's sagacity in discovering the distempers of the mind, appeared in the case of a young Nobleman at court, who was observed to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions; talk in verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none but flatterers, poets, and pick-pockets ; till his relations
and

and old acquaintance judged him to be so far gone, as to be a fit patient for the Doctor.

As soon as he had heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be *love*.

His friends assured him, that they had, with great care, observed all his motions, and were perfectly satisfied there was no woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. "How can that be," (said his aunt, who came to ask the advice) "when he composes verses almost with none but himself?" Say you so? he replied, why then he is in love with himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am astonished, people do not enough attend this disease, which has the same causes and symptoms, and admits of the same cure with the other: especially since here the case of the patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people who discover, from their very youth, a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nursed by such mothers, as, with their good-will, would never suffer their children to be *crossed in love*. Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other: constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved (the greatest of incentives) are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carry about billet-doux. Therefore, I ask you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses? "O Lord! Sir," (quoth the aunt) "the house is haunted with them."—There it is, replied Scriblerus, those are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himself. Are there no civil ladies, that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, Sir, my nephew is not awkward."—Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: in former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the ladies so—Be pleased to answer

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swer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himself, quoth the aunt.—Whose wit and breeding does he most commend? His own, quoth the aunt, Whom does he write letters to? Himself—Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himself.—Whom is he ogling yonder? Himself in his looking glass.—Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture? Only to be blest with a smile of himself as he passes by.—Does he ever steal a kiss from himself, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermillion.—Have you observed him to use familiarities with any body? “With none but himself: he often embraces himself with folded arms, he clasps his hand often upon his hip, nay, sometimes he thrusts it into his breast.”

Madam, said the Doctor, all these are strong symptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any love-toys; such as gold snuff-boxes, repeating watches, or tweezer cases? those are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart. “Not only so,” (said the aunt) “but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant diamond ring for his own wearing.”—Nay, if he has accepted of this ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose—Pray, Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? “By no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you shake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin, he will return you a box on the ear.”—Then the case is plain: he has the true pathognomic sign of love, *jealousy*; for nobody will suffer his mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love; but then they keep a *very secret intrigue* with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this patient has not the least care of the reputation of his beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he

he is enchanted, bewitched and almost past cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

First, Let him *** *Hiatus*. *** Secondly, Let him wear a bob-wig. Thirdly, Shun the company of flatterers, nay, of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travelled over England in a stage-coach, and made the tour of Holland in a track-scouts. Let him return the snuff-boxes, tweezer-cases (and particularly the diamond ring) which he has received from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile qualities of this mistress of his: let him be shewn that her extravagance, pride, and prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread: let it be proved, that he has been false to himself, and if treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a mistress, what is? In short, let him be made to see, that no mortal, besides himself, either loves or can suffer this creature. Let all looking-glasses, polished toys, and even clean plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprize the beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked straddling animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot belly. It would be yet better, if he took a strong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himself in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make use of the letters, dedications, &c. abovesaid. Something like this has been observed by Lucretius, and others, to be a powerful remedy in the case of women. If all this will not do, I must even leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him *marry himself*, and when he is condemned eternally to himself, perhaps he may
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run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the fate of most violent self-lovers.

C H A P. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the seat of the soul, and of his correspondence with the Free-thinkers.

IN this design of Martin, to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an enquiry after the *seat* of the *soul*; in which, at first, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion, that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer, that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: the brain was her study, the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the *animal spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus in Epicurus he seated her in the mouth of the stomach, philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fidlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *glandula pinealis*, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers in mankind. He supposed, that in factious and restless-spirited people he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that calves and philosophers, tygers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquets, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels,

moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *pineal gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: in order to satisfy himself, in which it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these enquiries into the *seat* of the *soul* gave occasion to his first correspondence with the society of *Free-thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their secretary to write him the following letter.

To the learned inquisitor into nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: the society of Free-thinkers greeting.

Grecian Coffee-House, May 7.

IT is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive genius; and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that theological non-entity commonly called the *soul*: since, after all your enquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the residence of such a chimæra, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming philosophers. Is it not *demonstration* to a person of your sense, that, since you cannot find it, there is *no such thing*? In order to set so hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded sophisms of those crack-brained fellows, and likewise an easy *mechanical explanation* of *perception* or *thinking*.

One of their chief arguments is * that *self-consciousness* cannot inhere in any system of matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This

* This whole chapter is an inimitable ridicule on Collins's arguments against Clarke, to prove the soul only a quality. W.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every *jack* there is a *meat-roasting* quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the result of the whole composition; so in an animal, the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roasting in a jack) but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one jack, so the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Just so, the quality or disposition in a fiddle to play tunes, with the several modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of preludes, sarabands, jigs, and gavotts, are as much real qualities in the instrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the person that composes them.

The parts, say they, of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids, which seem to be the subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer; this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing

verning the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which still preserves the unity of the whole system.

They make a great noise about this individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now, supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings: and yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in the House of Commons all things are determined by a *majority*, so it is in every animal system. As that which determines the house is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking members, compose one thinking system.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance: we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts of their predecessors.

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We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists, that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called animal spirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the spirits in those canals, proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal; when two of these canals disembogue themselves into one, they make what we call a proposition; and when two of these propositional channels empty themselves into a third, they form a syllogism, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking: as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those glands. Some, for example, are born without the propositional or syllogistical canals; in others, that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling geniuses, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding: and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our hypothesis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an hydraulic engine, in which a chemical liquor, resembling blood, is driven through elastic channels resembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muscles: and we are persuaded, that this our artificial man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons.

We

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a member of our society, and beg leave to assure you, that we are, &c.

What return Martin made to this obliging letter we must defer to another occasion : let it suffice at present to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for stealing, as he thought, a hint from his *Theory of Syllogisms*, without doing him the honour so much as to mention him. He advised his master by no means to enter into their society, unless they would give him sufficient security, to bear him harmless from any thing that might happen after this present life.

C H A P. XIII.

Of the secession of Martinus, and some hint of his travels.

IT was in the year 1699 that Martin set out on his travels. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou shalt know then, that in his first voyage he was carried by a prosperous storm, to a discovery of the remains of the antient Pygmean empire.

That in his second, he was as happily shipwrecked on the land of the *giants*, now the most humane people in the world.

That in his third voyage, he discovered a whole kingdom of *philosophers*, who govern by the *mathematics*; with whose admirable schemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious ministers of Queen Anne, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth voyage he discovers a vein of melancholy, proceeding almost to a disgust of his species; but above all, a mortal detestation of the whole flagitious race of *ministers*, and a final resolution not to give in any *memorial* to the *Secretary of state*, in order to subject the lands he discovered to the *crown* of Great Britain.

Now

Now if, by these hints, the reader can help himself to a farther discovery of the nature and contents of these travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him: I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall ever see such very extraordinary voyages, into such very extraordinary nations, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a philosopher, a politician, and a legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a *surgeon of a ship*, or a *captain of a merchantman*, let him remain in his ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall farther observe, in every page of such a book, that cordial *love of mankind*, that inviolable *regard to truth*, that *passion* for his *dear country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent princess Queen Anne; surely that man deserves to be pitied, if, by all those visible signs and characters, he cannot distinguish and acknowledge the great Scriblerus. †

C H A P. XIV.

Of the discoveries and works of the great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

HERE therefore, at this great period, we end our first book. And here, O reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou hast hitherto read, and to cast thy eyes only forward, to that boundless field the next shall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our sins do not prevent) are to spread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the mean time, know what thou owest, and what thou yet mayst owe, to this excellent person, this prodigy of our age; who may well be called, *The Philosopher of ultimate causes*, since, by a sagacity peculiar to himself, he hath discovered effects in their very causes:

† *Gulliver's Travels* were first intended as a part of Scriblerus's Memoirs. Warburton.

causes; and without the trivial helps of experiments, or observations, hath been the inventor of most of the modern systems and hypotheses.

He hath enriched mathematics with many precise and geometrical *quadratures* of the *circle*. He first discovered the *cause* of *gravity*, and the intestine *motion* of *fluids*.

To him we owe all the observations on the *parallax* of the *pole-star*, and all the new *theories* of the *deluge*.

He it was that first taught the right use sometimes of the *suga vacui*, and sometimes of the *materia subtilis*, in resolving the grand phænomena of nature.

He it was that first found out the *palpability* of *colours*: and, by the delicacy of his touch, could distinguish the different vibrations of the heterogeneous rays of light.

His were the projects of *perpetuum mobiles*, *flying engines*, and *paving-saddles*; the method of discovering the *longitude* by *bomb-veffels*, and of encreasing the *trade-wind* by vast plantations of *reeds* and *sedges*.

I shall mention only a few of his philosophical and mathematical works.

1. A complete digest of the laws of nature, with a review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renewed and put in force.
2. A mechanical explication of the formation of the universe, according to the Epicurean hypothesis.
3. An investigation of the quantity of real matter in the universe, with the proportion of the specific gravity of solid matter to that of fluid.
4. Microscopical observations of the figure and bulk of the constituent parts of all fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.
5. A computation of the duration of the sun, and how long it will last before it be burned out.
6. A method to apply the force arising from the immense velocity of *light* to mechanical purposes.
7. An answer to the question of a curious gentleman; how long a *new star* was lighted up before its appearance

appearance to the inhabitants of our earth? To which is subjoined, a calculation, how much the inhabitants of the *moon* eat for supper, considering that they pass a night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A demonstration of the natural dominion of the inhabitants of the earth over those of the moon, if ever an intercourse should be opened between them. With a proposal of a *partition treaty*, among the earthly potentates, in case of such discovery.

9. Tide-tables, for a comet, that is to approximate towards the earth.

10. The number of the inhabitants of London determined by the reports of the gold-finders, and the tonnage of their carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *ingesta* and *egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his studies were directed to the universal benefit of mankind. Numerous have been his projects to this end, of which *two* alone will be sufficient to shew the amazing grandeur of his genius. The first was a proposal, by a general contribution of all princes, to pierce the first *crust* or *nucleus* of this our *earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical sphere. The advantage he proposed from it was, to find the *parallax* of the *fixt stars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Isaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The second was, to build *two poles* to the *meridian*, with immense light-houses on the top of them; to supply the defect of nature, and to make the longitude as easy to be calculated as the latitude. Both these he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the potentates of the world.

May we presume after these to mention, how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial parts of knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *physic*. From the age, complexion, or weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a patient's bed-side. He taught the way to many modern physicians, to cure their patients

tients by *intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a menstruum to dissolve the stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *universal deluge-water*. His also was the device to relieve consumptive or asthmatic persons, by bringing fresh air out of the country to town, by pipes of the nature of the recipients of air-pumps : and to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable intromission of such steams as were most familiar to him ; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white bears.

In *physiognomy*, his penetration is such, that, from the *picture* only of any person, he can write his *life* ; and, from the features of the parents, draw the portrait of any child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enwrapt in these studies, as to neglect the polite arts of painting, architecture, music, poetry, &c. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern *painters* to improve the *likeness* of their portraits by the use of such *colours* as would faithfully and constantly accompany the *life*, not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In *architecture*, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a thought well worthy a true lover of antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a ruin.

As to *music*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his scores.

In *poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a catalogue.

In *politics*, his writings are of a peculiar cast, for the most part ironical, and the drift of them often so delicate and refined as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far as to write a persuasive to people to eat their own children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part †. He has
often

† Swift's ironical tract on that subject, intitled, *A modest proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents, &c.* vol. iii. p. 318.

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often written against *liberty* in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sydney*, in vindication of the measures of Spain under that of *Raleigh*, and in praise of *corruption* under those of *Cato* and *Publicola*.

It is true, that at his last departure from England, in the reign of *Q. Anne*, apprehending lest any of these might be perverted to the scandal of the weak, or encouragement of the flagitious, he cast them all, without mercy, into a bog-house near *St. James's*. Some, however, have been with great diligence recovered, and fished up with a hook and line, by the ministerial writers, which make at present the great ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to mankind, he constantly communicated, (not only during his stay among us, but ever since his absence) by some method or other in which ostentation had no part. With what incredible modesty he concealed himself, is known to numbers of those to whom he addressed sometimes *Epistles*, sometimes *Hints*, sometimes whole *Treatises*, *Advices* to friends, *Projects* of first ministers, *Letters* to members of parliament, *Accounts* to the *Royal Society*, and innumerable others.

All these will be vindicated to the true author, in the course of these memoirs. I may venture to say they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those, who will appear too much concerned as *plagiaries*, to be admitted as *judges*. Wherefore we warn the public, to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent passion at the appearance of this work, as persons most certainly involved in the guilt.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

MARTINUS

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

Π Ε Ρ Ι Β Α Θ Ο Υ Σ :

O R,

Of the ART of SINKING in POETRY.

Written in the Year 1727.

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

IT hath been long, my dear countrymen, the subject of my concern and surprize, that whereas numberless poets, critics, and orators have compiled and digested the art of antient poesy, there hath not arisen among us one person so public spirited, as to perform the like for the modern. Although it is universally known, that our every way industrious moderns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said antients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὑψος, or sublime; no track has been yet chalked out to arrive at our βάθος, or profound. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, made use of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally heighth and depth. Wherefore considering, with no small grief, how many promising geniuses of this age are wandering, as I may say, in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lead them, as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle downhill way to the *batbos*: the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra* of true modern poesy!

When I consider, my dear countrymen, the extent, fertility, and populousness of our lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our
manufacture;

manufacture ; there are two reflections, which administer great occasion of surprize ; the one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain ; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any egular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late, the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require, that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not, but we shall shortly be able to level the highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore, to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered rules of our art into regular institutes, from the example and practice of the deep geniuses of our nation ; imitating herein my predecessors, the master of Alexander, and the secretary of the renowned Zenobia : and in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great critics ; since their laws, though they might be good, have ever been slackly executed, and their precepts however strict obeyed only by fits and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus ; who taking advantage of the rising ground are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars) though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice, that we have to complain of : for though it is evident, that we never made the least attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens ; they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders,

ders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cart-loads of our manufacture ; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this treatise.

For we shall see, in the course of this work, that our greatest adversaries have sometimes descended towards us ; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the *batbos* itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the antients were equally necessary to the moderns ; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt *new* models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces ; though in their others they differ *toto cælo* from us.

CH A P. II.

That the batbos, or profound, is the natural taste of man, and in particular of the present age.

TH E taste of the *batbos* is implanted by nature itself in the soul of man ; till perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled to relish the *sublime*. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in such productions, and in such images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed, how fast the general taste is returning to this first simplicity and innocence : and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind, which diverts and instructs the *greatest number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry ; we shall find those, who have a taste of the *sublime*, to be very few ; but the *profound* strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please ; and it is still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose applause we can

Chap. III. OF SINKING IN POETRY 65

can never enjoy. It must be confessed, our wiser authors have a present end.

Et prodesse volunt, et delectare poetæ.

Their true design is profit or gain; in order to acquire which, it is necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: from whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the *present* taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that, though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high relish in poetry, but are in this one taste less nice than our ancestors. If an art is to be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience, whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good poets, as bad ones?

Nevertheless, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuses of *rank* or *fortune* from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

C H A P. III.

The necessity of the bathos physically considered.

FARTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injustice, if all such authors, as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim; that *poetry is a natural morbid secretion from the brain*. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature past childhood, but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and no question was much the better for

for it in his health; so true is the saying, *nascimur poetæ*. Therefore is the desire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the “titillation of the generative faculty of the brain,” and the person is said to *conceive*; now such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions; yea, perhaps in poor wretches (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state. We find by experience, that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in ballads and sonnets, are condensed, by the winter’s cold, into pamphlets and speeches for and against the ministry: nay, I know not, but many times a piece of poetry may be the most innocent composition of a minister himself.

It is therefore manifest, that *mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea, indulged, to the good subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary maxim upon the single authority of Horace*. Why should the golden mean, and quintessence of all virtues, be deemed so offensive in this art? or coolness or mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a man, and so detestable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these writers with those great spirits, who are born with a *vacuité de pesanteur*, or (as an English author calls it) an “alacrity of sinking †;” and who by strength of nature alone can excel. All I mean, is to evince the necessity of rules to these of lesser geniuses, as well as the usefulness of them to the greater.

C H A P.

* ——— *Mediocribus esse poetis.*

Non dii, non homines, &c. ——— Hor. Pope.

† Spoken by Falstaff of himself in Shakespear’s *Merry Wives of Windsor*. *Hawkes.*

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C H A P. IV.

That there is an art of the bathos, or profound.

WE come now to prove, that there is an *art of sinking in poetry*. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making ditches, as in raising mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? and will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his descent, and furnishing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water.

If we search the authors of antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true *profound*, as in the true *sublime*. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant, that to excel in the *bathos* a genius is requisite; yet the rules of art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man, who is amongst the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmosphere; to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task unless he calls in art to his assistance. It is with the *bathos* as with small beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being, by our rules, confined and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The *sublime* of nature is the sky, the sun, moon, stars, &c. The *profound* of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flour, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common

mon as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable: which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.

C H A P. V.

Of the true genius for the profound, and by what it is constituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the first maxim and corner-stone of this our art; that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *common sense*. His business must be to contract the true *gout de travers*; and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by head or tail, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong oppositions of colours, and surprize by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni. HOR.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no-body can get clear but himself. And since the great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the *credible* with the *surprising*; our author shall produce the credible, by painting nature in her lowest simplicity, and the surprising, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the *marvellous*; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding: a maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking

speaking like a philosopher: and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind; and at the same time form a complete body of *modern ethics and morality*.

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world hath long been weary of *natural things*. How much the contrary are formed to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of *harlequins* and *magicians* on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be; how are they struck with transport and delight? which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue *lutestring*, or a child's mantle.

The skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have
room,

Spun thin, and wove in nature's finest loom,
The new-born world in their soft lap embrac'd,
And all around their starry mantle cast.*

If he looks upon a tempest, he shall have an image of a tumbled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner:

The ocean, joyed to see the tempest fled,
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed †.

The

* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42.

† P. 14.

The triumphs and acclamations of the angels at the creation of the universe present to his imagination, "the rejoicings on the Lord Mayor's day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating their Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers, and sky rockets.

Glorious illuminations, made on high
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order placed,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwellings graced.
Through all th' enlighten'd air swift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry showers and glittering rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung*.

If a man, who is violently fond of *wit*, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he, who is smit with the love of the *bathos*, should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous protestant deacon invoke a saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than providence.

Look down, blest saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence,
In which we stray ——— †.

Neither will he, if a goodly simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus.

Thus have I seen in Araby the blest
A phoenix couch'd upon her funeral nest ‡.

But

* Prince Arthur, p. 50.

N. B. In order to do justice to these great poets, our citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct additions of their works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in duodecimo, 1714, the fourth edition revised. Pope.

† A. Philips on the death of Q. Mary.

‡ Anon.

But to convince you, that nothing is so great, which a marvellous genius prompted by this laudable zeal is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all beings is represented in the following images.

First he is a PAINTER.

Sometimes the Lord of nature in the air
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvas, where
His pencil, dipt in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the sight *.

Now he is a CHEMIST.

Th' almighty chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his lightening, and distils his rain †.

Now he is a WRESTLER.

Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd ‡.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds the sun-beams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies §.

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was guarantee ||.

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes,

God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate **.

In

* Black. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172.

† Black. Psal. civ. p. 263.

‡ Page 75.

§ Page 170.

|| P. 70.

** P. 61.

In the following lines he is a GOLD-BEATER.

Who the rich metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the golden leaves to gild the fields of air. *

Then a FULLER.

—th' exhaling reeks, that secret rise,
Born on rebounding sun-beams through the skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heavenly fleece—————†

A MERCER, OF PACKER.

Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of æther to unfold;
Say, which cærulean pile was by thy hand enroll'd? ‡

A BUTLER.

He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,
Which the black clouds, his floating bottles fill. §

And a BAKER.

God in the wilderness his table spread,
And in his airy ovens bak'd their bread. ||

C H A P. VI.

Of the several kinds of geniuses in the profound, and the marks and characters of each.

I DOUBT not, but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our assertion, that the *bathos* is an *art*; and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay, laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances, (the father of the *bathos*, and indeed the

* Black. Pf. civ. p. 181.

† P. 18.

‡ P. 174.

§ P. 131.

|| Black. Song of Moses, p. 218.

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the Homer of it) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a nose or an eye, have, with a felicity, copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring: and seldom are we without geniuses for *still life*, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

An universal genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six epic poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after nature or the antients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the same genius, which made Germanicus so great a general, would with equal application have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between arts and sciences, I doubt not, but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bag-piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the *bathos*.

I shall range these confined and less copious geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *animals* of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The *flying fishes*: these are writers, who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the *profound*; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *swallows* are authors, that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *ostriches* are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion

motion is between flying and walking; but then they *run very fast*. D. F. L. E. the Hon. E. H.

4. The *parrots* are they, that repeat *another's* words in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their *own*. W. B. W. S. C. C. the Rev. D. D.

5. The *didappers* are authors, that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then, where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq; the Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *porpoises* are unweildy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *frogs* are such, as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise, whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Esq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have, for the most part, a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. the Right Honourable E. of S.

These are the chief *characteristicks* of the *bathos*, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

C H A P. VII.

Of the profound, when it consists in the thought.

WE have already laid down the principles, upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the *lowest objects*; to which, it may be added, that *vulgar conversation* will greatly contribute. There is no question but the garret, or the printer's boy, may often

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often be discerned in such compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, improves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temperizing between the extremes) that where there is not a tritcalness or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect *bathos* by the most elaborate low expression: it can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But, it is the thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the bath-waters:

She drinks! she drinks! behold the matchless dame!
To her, 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.*

What can be more easy and unaffected, than the diction of these verses? it is the turn of *thought* alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and surprize us. And when the same lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in justness it ought) goes still deeper.

Venus beheld her, 'midst her croud of slaves,
And thought *herself* just risen from the waves.†

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady?

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frightened stag in a full chace, who (saith the poet,)

VOL. V.

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Hears

* Anon.

† Idem.

Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;
And fears the hind-feet will o'ertake the fore.

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is *profundity* itself.

None but himself can be his parallel.*

Unless it may seem borrowed from the thought of that master of a show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

However, our next instance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant,

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and lastly they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author describing a poet that shines forth amidst a circle of critics,

Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And amid monsters rises into day.

What a peculiarity is here of invention? the author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: in vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded, that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children,

* Theobald, Double Falshood.

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children, were no monsters: there were only the centaur and the maid, that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring geniuses, what he found not monsters, he made so.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the profound, consisting in the circumstances: and of amplification and periphrase in general.

WHAT in a great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their chusing and separating such circumstances in a description, as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The *circumstances*, which are most natural, are *obvious*, therefore not *astonishing* or peculiar; but those that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprize prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but above all preserve a laudable *prolixity*: presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For choice and distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently the worst consequence of all to our author.

Job says in short, *he washed his feet in butter*; a circumstance some poets would have softened, or pass over: now, hear how this butter is spread out by the great genius.

With teats distended with their milky store,
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their painful burthen to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.*

How cautious and particular! "He had," says our author, "so many herds, which herds thrived so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have washed his feet in it."

* Blackm. Job, p. 133.

The ensuing description of hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances.

In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whose livid waves involve despairing souls ;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,
Some *deeply red* and others *faintly blue*. †

Could the most minute Dutch-painter have been more exact ? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse !

His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoaking plain,
And *knots of scarlet ribband* deck his mane. ‡

Of certain cudgel-players.

They brandish high in air their threat'ning staves,
Their hands a *woven guard* of ozier sives,
In which they fix their *hazle weapon's end*. §

Who would not think the poet had past his whole life at wakes in such laudable diversions ? since he teaches us how to hold, nay, how to make a cudgel !

Periphrase is another great aid to *prolixity* ; being a diffused circumlocutory manner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couched, as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is, that the author can possibly mean ; and a strange surprise when he finds it.

The poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed. ||

Here is a waving sea of heads, which, by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find, it means a *great croud*.

How pretty and how genteel is the following !

Nature's confectioner —

•• Whose suckets are moist alchymy :

The

† Prince Arthur, p. 89.

§ Prince Arthur, p. 197.

‡ Anon.

|| Job, p. 78.

The still of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold.*

What is this, but a bee gathering honey?

Little syren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell—†

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman,
that sung finely?

We may define *amplification* to be making the most of a thought; it is the spinning-wheel of the *batbos*, which draws out and spreads it into the finest thread. There are amplifiers, who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which, the tale of many a vast romance, and the substance of many a fair volume, might be reduced to the size of a primmer.

In the book of Job are these words, “Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day—spring to know his place?” how is this extended by the most celebrated amplifier of our age?

Canst thou set forth th’ *etherial mines* on high,
Which the refulgent *ore* of light supply?
Is the celestial *furnace* to thee known,
In which I *melt* the golden metal down?
Treasures, from whence I *deal out* light as fast,
As all my *stars* and *lavish suns* can waste. ||

The same author hath amplified a passage in the civth Psalm; “He looks on the earth, and it trembles. “He touches the hills, and they smoke.”

The hills forget they’re fix’d, and in their fright
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing’d, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills, behind. †

You here see the hills not only trembling, but shaking off woods from their backs, to run the faster:
after

* Cleveland.

† A. Philipps to Cuzzona.

|| Job, p. 1 c8

‡ Job, p. 267.

after this you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent purfy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

C H A P. IX.

Of imitation, and the manner of imitating.

THAT the true authors of the profound are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way* is not to be questioned, that divers have, by this means, attained to a depth, whereunto their own weight could have carried them, is evident by fundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and Eusden of Blackmore? Therefore when we sit down to write, let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question; how would Sir Richard have said this? do I express myself as simply as Ambrose Philips? or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welfsted?

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our proficient should also read the works of those famous poets, who have excelled in the *sublime*: yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, so may our author read Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds any thing lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious circumstance or periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the *bathos* reduced it in every page? is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of *Ætna* in the third *Æneid*?

—Horrificis

Book II. OF SINKING IN POETRY. 81

—Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammaram, et sidera lambit :
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras :
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our British poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *ebolic*.

Ætna, and all the burning mountains find
Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind
Blown up to rage ; and *roaring out*, complain,
As torn with inward *gripes*, and tort'ring pain :
Lab'ring, they cast their *dreadful vomit* round,
And with their *melted bowels* spread the ground. §

Horace, in search of the *sublime*, struck his head against the stars ; † but Empedocles, to fathom the *profound*, threw himself into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had also been there, from this description ?

Imitation is of two sorts ; the first is, when we force to our own purposes the thoughts of others ; the second consists in copying the imperfections or blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a play professedly writ in the stile of Shakespear ; wherein the resemblance lay in one single line,

And so good morrow t'ye, good master lieutenant.

And sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, nevertheless was constantly *nathless*, embroidered was *broidered*, hermits were *heremites*, disdained was *'sdeigned*, shady *unbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynin*, pinions *pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work, *pontifical* ; nay, her was *hir*, and

§ Pr. Arthur, p. 75.

† Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

and their was *thir* through the whole poem, and in very deed, there is no other way, by which the true modern poet could read to any purpose the works of such men, as Milton and Shakespear.

It may be expected, that, like other critics, I should next speak of the *passions*: but as the main end and principal effect of the *batbos* is to produce *tranquillity of mind* (and sure it is a better design to promote *sleep* than madness) we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the *emollients* and *opiates* of poesy; of the *cool*, and the manner of producing it; or of the methods used by our authors in managing the passions. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *cool*, as the use of *wit* in expressing passion: the true genius rarely fails of *points*, *conceits*, and proper *families* on such occasions; this we may term the *pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves, or their readers, into any indecent transports.

But, as it is sometimes needful to excite the *passions* of our antagonist in the *polemic* way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from *low life*, where they observed, that to move *anger* use is made of scolding and railing; to move *love*, of bawdry; to beget *favour* and *friendship*, of gross flattery; and to produce *fear*, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the state. As for *shame*, it is a silly passion, of which, as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

C H A P. X.

Of tropes and figures: and first of the variegating, confounding, and reverjing figures.

BUT we proceed to the *figures*. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the *abuse of speech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but, if possible,

possible, in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures must be so turned, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful cast of head, which distinguishes all writers of this kind : or, as I may say, to *refer* exactly the mold, in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay, impossible to enumerate all such figures ; but we shall content ourselves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the *batbos*, under three classes.

I. The *variegating*, *confounding*, or *reversing* tropes and figures.

II. The *magnifying* ; and,

III. The *diminishing*.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names ; but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the *batbos*, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A master of this will say,

Mow the beard,
Shave the grass,
Pin the plank,
Nail my sleeve.

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the *batbos* is,

The METONYMY,

the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions, &c.

Lac'd in her cofins * new appear'd the bride,
 A bubble-boy † and tompion ‡ at her side,
 And with an air divine her colmar § ply'd,
 Then oh ! she cries, what slaves I round me see ?
 Here a bright redcoat, there a smart toupee. ††

THE SYNECDOCHE,

which consists in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes pretty *face* and *pigs-eyes*, and sometimes *snotty-nose* and *draggle-tail*. Or of accidents for persons ; as a lawyer is called *split-cause*, a taylor *prick-louse*, &c. or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself ; as a *sword-man*, a *gown-man*, a *t-m-t-d-man* ; a *white-staff*, a *turn-key*, &c.

THE APOSIOPESIS,

an excellent figure for the ignorant, “ as what shall I say ? ” when one has nothing to say : or, “ I can no more,” when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

THE METAPHOR.

The first rule is to draw it from the *lowest things*, which is a certain way to sink the highest ; as when you speak of the thunder of heaven, say,

The *Lords above* are *angry* and *talk big* *.

Or if you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures express it thus.

Though he, as said, may riches *gorge*, the spoil
 Painful in *massy vomit* shall *recoil*.
 Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
 Like his own *ordure*, cast with scorn away. ¶

The *second*, that whenever you *start* a metaphor, you must be sure to *run it down*, and pursue it as far as

* Stays.

† Tweezer-case.

‡ Watch.

§ Fan.

¶ A sort of periwig : all words in use at this present year

1727. Pope.

‡ Lee Alex.

‡‡ Blackm. Job, p. 91, 93.

as it can go. If you get the scent of a state negotiation, follow it this manner.

The stones and all the elements with thee
 Shall *ratify* a strict confederacy ;
 Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
 And for a firm *alliance* with thee *treat* ;
 The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
 Shall send a *scaly embassy* for peace :
 His *plighted faith* the crocodile shall keep,
 And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep. †

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war
 against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circum-
 stance usual in proclaiming and levying war.

Envoys and *agents*, who by my command
 Reside in *Palestina's* land,
 To whom *commissions* I have given
 To manage there the *interests* of heaven.
 Ye *boly heralds*, who *proclaim*
 Or war or peace, in mine your master's name,—
 Ye *pioneers* of heaven, prepare a *road*,
 Make it plain, direct and broad ;—
 For *I in person* will my people *lead* ;
 —For the divine Deliverer
 Will *on his march* in majesty appear,
 And needs the aid of no *confed'rate pow'r*. *

Under the article of the *confounding*, we rank,

I. THE MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raises so many images, as to give you no image
 at all. But its principal beauty is, when it gives an
 idea just *opposite* to what it seemed meant to describe.
 Thus an ingenious artist, painting the spring, talks
 of a *snow of blossoms*, and thereby raises an unexpect-
 ed picture of winter. Of this sort is the following :

The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
 Whose livid flashes sickning sun-beams drown. †
 What

† Job, p. 22.

† Pr. Arthur, p. 37.

* Blackm. Isa. chap. xl.

What a noble confusion ? clouds, lakes, brimstone,
flames, sun beams, gaping, pouring, sickning, drown-
ing ! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

Thy head shall rise, though buried in the dust,
And 'midst the clouds his glittering turrets thrust. †

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's
head ?

Upon the shore ; as frequent as the sand,
To meet the prince, the glad Demetians stand. ||

Quære, Where these Demetians stood ? and of
what size they were ? add also to the *jargon* such as
the following :

Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
And desolation lye for ever waste. *
Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
And seems converted to a stone in stone. †

But for variegation, nothing is more useful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,

where a word, like the tongue of a jack-daw, speaks
twice as much by being split : as this of Mr. Dennis,

Bullets, that wound like Parthians as they fly. §
or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted,

——Behold the virgin lye

Naked, and only *cover'd* by the *sky*. ††

To which thou mayst add,

To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. The

† Job, p. 107.

|| Fr. Arthur, p. 157.

* Job, p. 89.

† T. Cook, poems.

§ Poems 1693, p. 13.

†† Welsted, poems, Acon et Lavin.

4. The ANTITHESIS, OR SEE-SAW,

whereby contraries and oppositions are balanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these on a lady who made herself appear out of size by hiding a young princess under her cloaths.

While the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes *unhandsome*, *handsomely* to scape. †

On the maids of honour in mourning.

Sadly they *charm*, and *dismally* they *please*. ||

—————His eyes so bright
Let in the *object* and let out the *light*. **

The gods look pale to see us look so red. ††

—————The fairies and their queen,
In mantles *blue*, came tripping o'er the green. ††
All nature felt a reverential shock,
The sea *stood still* to see the mountains *rock*. *

C H A P. XI.

The figures continued : of the magnifying and diminishing figures.

A GENUINE writer of the *profound* will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the same time : his thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered, that darkness is an essential quality of the *profound*, or if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be, as Milton expresses it.

No light, but rather darkness visible,

The chief figure of this sort is,

The

† Waller.

†† Lee, Alex.

|| Steele, on Q. Mary.

†† Phil. Past.

** Quarles.

* Blackm. Job. p. 176.

The **HYPERBOLE**, or impossible.

For instance, of a lion.

He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wond'rous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him. †

Of a Lady at dinner.

The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of the fame.

—The obscurity of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
Which makes her all one light. ‡

Of a bull-baiting.

Up to the stars the sprawling mastives fly, ||
And add new monsters to the frighted sky. ‡‡

Of a scene of misery.

Behold a scene of misery and woe !
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,
Ev'n though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes——.*

And that modest request of two absent lovers :

Ye Gods ! annihilate but *space* and *time*,
And make two lovers happy.

3. The **PERIPHRAISIS**, which the moderns call the *circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of the *magnifying* may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect,

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low ;
While

† Vet. Aut.
See p. 115.

‡ Theob. Double Falshood.
Anon.

|| Blackm.

While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a term too high. †

III. The last class remains; of the *diminishing*, i.
The ANTICLIMAX, and figures; where the second
line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing
creates greater surprize.

On the extent of the British arms.

Under the trophies is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke. ‡

On a warrior.

And thou Dalhouffy the great God of war,
Lieutenant colonel to the Earl of Mar. §

On the valour of the English.

Nor *art* nor *nature* has the force
To stop its steady course,
Nor *Alps* nor *Pyrenæans* keep it out
——Nor *fortify'd redoubt*. *

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent;
and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some
great image, he either finds it surprisingly imperfect,
or is presented with something low, or quite ridicu-
lous: a surprize resembling that of a curious person
in a cabinet of antique statues, who beholds on the pe-
destal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up
finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen
of Cato but his privy member. Such are these lines
of a leviathan at sea.

His motion works and beats the oozy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the flood,
'Till all th' incumber'd, thick, fermenting stream
Does like *one pot of boiling ointment seep*.
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—with *age*, or *grey* with sudden *fear*. ††

But

† Anon.

‡ Anon.

§ Anon.

* Denn. on Namer.

†† Blackm. Job, p. 197.

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.

Now the resisted flames and fiery store,
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear *long iron bars remov'd*,
And to and fro huge heaps of cynders shov'd. †

2. The VULGAR

is also a species of the *diminishing* : by this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand.

The mighty *Stuffa* threw a massy spear,
Which, with its errand pleas'd, sung through the air. *

A man raging with grief to a mastiff dog.

I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzie throw. †

and clouds big with water to a woman in great necessity.

Distended with the waters in 'em pent,
The clouds hang deep in air, but hang unrent.

3. The INFANTINE.

This is, when a poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from the greatest master in this way : hear how he fondles like a mere stammerer.

Little charm of placid mein,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Hither, British *muse* of mine,
Hither, all ye Græcian nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your pretty *nurseling* see.

When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green.

When again the *lambkins* play,
Pretty sportlings full of May ;

Then

‡ Prince Arthur, p. 157.
† Job, p. 41.

* Prince Arthur.

Then the neck so white and round,
(*Little neck* with brilliants bound.)

And thy *gentleness* of mind,
(*Gentle* from a *gentle* kind,) &c.

Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of *happy* men, &c. §

and the rest of those excellent lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat?

Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep,*

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death.

That ever she *could* die ! Oh most *unkind* !

To die, and leave poor *Colinet* behind !

And yet,—why blame I her ? †

With no less simplicity does he suppose, that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths :

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, *as it were your own*. ‡

4. THE INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances.

Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.) ¶

To the grave senate she could counsel give,
(Which with astonishment they did receive.)**

He, whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls (from the grandeur of his majesty.) ¶¶

Happy,

§ Amb. Philips on Miss Cuzzona.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

¶ Ibid.

* Philip's Pastorals.

¶¶ Phil. on Q. Mary.

¶¶ Ibid.

Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping dew—you *sip*, and *sing*. ††

Where you easily perceive the *nothingness* of every second verse.

The *noise* returning with returning *light*,
 What did it ?

Dispers'd the *silence*, and dispell'd the night. §

The glories of proud London to survey,
 The sun himself shall rise—by break of day. †

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors.

Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,
 The running current, and odorous fragrance,
 Cheer my lone solitude with joyous gladness.

Or in pretty drawling words like these,
 All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
 And his son's sons, till there shall be no more. †

The rising sun our grief did see,
 The setting sun did see the same.
 While wretched we remembered thee,
 O Sion, Sion, lovely name ||.

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM,

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one ; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words and vacuity of sense being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure.

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
 The food of armies, and support of wars,
 Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.

Where'er

†† T. Cook, on a grasshopper. § Anon. † Autor. Vet.
 † T. Cook, Poems. || Ibid.

Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd. ††

Of all which the perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

Break through the billows, and—divide the main.
In smother numbers, and—in softer verse. §
Divide—and *part*—the *sever'd* world—in *two*. †

With ten thousand others equally musical, and
plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated
modern poems.

C H A P. XII.

*Of expression, and the several sorts of stile of the present
age.*

THE *expression* is adequate, when it is proportion-
ably low to the *profundity* of the thought. It
must not be always *grammatical*, lest it appear pedantic
and ungentelemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become
vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful,
and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which
hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong number;
the sword and pestilence at once devours, instead of *de-
vour*. Sometimes the wrong case; *|| and who more fit
to soothe the God than thee?* instead of *thou*. And rather
than say, *Thetis saw Achilles weep, she heard him weep*.

We must be exceeding careful in two things; first,
in the choice of *low words*: secondly, in the *sober* and
orderly way of *ranging* them. Many of our poets are
naturally blessed with this talent, insomuch that they
are in the circumstance of that honest citizen, who
had made *prose* all his life without knowing it. Let
verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the
words, (I take them from my last-cited author, who,
though otherwise by no means of our rank, seem'd
once in his life to have a mind to be simple.)

If

†† Camp. § Tonsf. Misc. 12^o vol. iv. p. 991. 4th edition.
† Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121. || Ti. Hom. II. i.

If not, a prize I will myself decree,
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee *.

—————full of days was he :

Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see. †

The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before. ‡

That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I. ||

Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be. §

Or these, of the same hand :

I leave the arts of *poetry* and *verse*
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell. ¶

Sometimes a single *word* will vulgarize a poetical
idea ; as where a ship set on fire owes all the *spirit*
of the *batbos* to one choice word that ends the line.

And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion *fry'd*. ††

And in that description of a world in ruins :

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty *crack*. §†

So also in these,

Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink
Come from the fields and wild abodes—to *drink*. §§

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually.

He from the clouds does the sweet *liquor squeeze* !
That cheers the *forest* and the *garden* trees. ¶†

It is also useful to employ *technical terms*, which
eStrange your stile from the great and general ideas of
nature ;

* Ti. Hom. II. i. p. 11.

|| P. 34.

§ P. 38.

p. 292. fourth edition.

Misc. vol. vi. p. 119.

† Idem. p. 17.

‡ P. 19.

¶ P. Tonf. Misc. 12mo. vol. iv.

†† Prince Arthur, p. 151.

§† Toi.

§§ Job, p. 263.

¶† Id. Job, p. 264.

nature ; and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanics for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his linen was *finely spun*, † and *bleached on the happy plains*. Call an army of angels, *angelic cuirassiers* ; ‖ and if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, stile them

Fresh troops of pains, and regimented woes. §

STILE is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and the figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of stiles we shall mention only the principal, which owe to the *moderns* either their chief improvement, or entire invention.

I. The FLORID STILE,

than which none is more proper to the *batbos*, as flowers, which are the *lowest* of vegetables, are most *gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *ponds* and *ditches*.

A fine writer of this kind presents you with the following posie :

The groves appear all drest with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers,
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above,
Exchang'd their sweets, and mix'd with thousand
kisses,

As if the willing branches strove
To beautify and shade the grove ; ¶

(which indeed most branches do.) But this is still excelled by our laureate,

Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,
And shoot, and spread, and blossom *into love*.

The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.

The

† Pr. Arthur, p. 19.

¶ Behn's Poems, p. 2.

‖ Ibid. p. 339.

§ Job, p. 86.

The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh,
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.*

Hear also our Homer.

His robe of state is form'd of light refin'd,
An endless train of lustre spreads behind
His throne's of bright compacted glory made,
With pearls celestial, and with gems inlaid:
Whence floods of joy, and seas of splendor flow,
On all the angelic gazing throng below.†

2. THE PERT STILE.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the author of the London Spy, and all the Spies and Trips in general, are herein to be diligently studied; in verse Mr. Cibber's prologues.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employed in *modernizing* and *adapting* to the *taste of the times* the works of the *antients*. This we rightly phrase, *doing* them into English, and *making* them English; two expressions of great propriety, the one denoting our *neglect* of the *manner* *how*, the other the *force* and *compulsion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this stile that Tacitus talks like a coffee-house politician, Josephus || like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or Mr. Apgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at snip snap, and honest Thomas a Kempis as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

3. THE ALAMODE STILE,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of Q. Mary.

See

* Guardian, 12mo, 127.

† Blackm. Psalm civ.

‡ Josephus, translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

Book II

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See Phœbus now, as once for Phaeton,
Has mask'd his face ; and put *deep mourning on* ;
Dark clouds his *sable chariot* do furround,
And the *dull steeds* stalk o'er the *melancholy round*. *

Of Prince Arthur's soldiers drinking.

While rich Burgundian wine, and bright Champaign,
Chafe from their minds the terrors of the main. †

(whence we also learn, that Burgundy and Champaign
make a man on shore despise a Storm at Sea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments.

—— He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where he his *liquid* regiments does keep.
Thither the waves *file off*, and make their way
To form the *mighty body* of the sea :
Where they *encamp*, and in their *station stand*,
Entrench'd in *works* of rock, and *lines* of sand. ‡

Of two armies on the point of engaging.

Yon armies are the *cards* which both must play ;
At least come off a *saver*, if you may :
Throw boldly at the *sum* the Gods have *set* ;
These on your side will all their fortunes *bet*. §

All perfectly agreeable to the present customs and best
fashions of our metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *alamode* is the P R U -
RIENT, a stile greatly advanced and honoured of
late by the practice of persons of the *first quality* ; and
by the encouragement of the *ladies*, not unsucces-
fully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed
its incredible progress and conquests may be compared
to those of the great Sesostris, and are every where
known by the *same marks*, the images of the genital
parts of men or women. It consists wholly of meta-
phors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs,
the very *batbas* of the human body, that is to say ***
and

* Amb. Philips.

† Pr. Arthur, p. 17.

‡ Black. Pf. civ. p. 261.

§ Lec Sophon.

and **** *hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* ****. And *selling of bargains*, and *double entendre*, and *Κατὰ γένος* and *Ὀλοφύλλισμα* Ⓞ, all derived from the same sources.

4. The FINICAL STILE,

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*; as the following:

Of a brook dried by the sun.

*Won by the summer's importuning ray,
'Th' eloping stream did from her channel stray,
And with enticing sun-beams stole away.**

Of an easy death.

When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee ripe with age *invite* the hook;
He'll *gently* cut thy *bending* stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the *grave*, his *granary*.†

Of trees in a storm.

Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest sees their strength, *and sighs and passes by*.‡

Of water simmering over the fire.

The sparkling flames raise water to a *smile*,
Yet the *pleas'd* liquor *pires*, and lessens all the while §.

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBRIOUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words: and the BUSKIN, or *stately*, frequently, and with great felicity, mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous visibility. When both these can be done at once, then is the *batbos* in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him is as high as ever, only that end

* Blackm. Job, p. 16.

† Idem, p. 23.

‡ Denn.

§ Anon. Tons. Misc. Part 6, p. 224.

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end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the *profound* be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter.

See who is there.

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder. *

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turns.

Bring my cloaths.

Bring me what nature, taylor to the *bear*,
To *man* himself deny'd : she gave me cold,
But would not give me cloaths.

Light the fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft
Quick to expand th' inclement air, congeal'd
By Boreas's rude breath.

Snuff the candle.

Yon' luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.

Open the letter.

Wax ! render up thy trust. †

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply thine engine to the spongy door :
Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.

VOL. V.

E

CHAP.

* Temp.

† Theob. Double Falshood.

C H A P. XIII.

A project for the advancement of the bathos.

THUS have I, my dear countryman, with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the *bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this *great deep*. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains, but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the same in execution? in order whereto, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country by proposing such a *scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the *bathos* do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole: in like manner, as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several *branches*, and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: to this oeconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident, than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that "the *hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young men of quality;" accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvelously improved by travelling.

Soldiers

Soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The *periphrasis* or *circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue* of old men at clubs; the *ellipsis*, or speech by half-words, of ministers and politicians; the *apostrophe* of courtiers; the *litotes*, or diminution, of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiplosis* of common cryers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, *sarcasm* and *irony* learned upon the water, and the *epiphonema* or *exclamation* frequently form the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *bear him* of the house of commons.

Now, each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular *figure*, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society, as hath been proposed, a poet or orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular traders in each kind, to the *metaphorist* for his *allegories*, to the *simile-maker* for his *comparisons*, to the *ironist* for his *sarcastms*, to the *apophthegmatist*, for his *sentences*, &c. whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose, that there be contrived, with all convenient dispatch, at the public expence, a *rhetorical chest of drawers*, consisting of three stories, the highest for the *deliberative*, the middle for the *demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *judicial*. These shall be divided into *loci* or *places*, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for *peace* or *war*, and that of the *liberty of the press*, may, in a very few days, be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the *vituperative partition* will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how

to manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some *reverend prelate*, or *valiant officer*, of unquestioned loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief, that might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion *let out*, by the *day*, to several great orators in both houses: from whence it is to be hoped much *profit* and *gain* will also accrue to our society.

P A R T XIV.

How to make dedications, panegyrics, or satires; and of the colours of honourable, and dishonourable.

NOW, of what necessity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works, as *speed* and *dispatch*. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking, proportioned to their heaviness: for it is with the flowers of the *batbos* as with those of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the *dedication* and *panegyric*, which are often but the *praise of a day*, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts, whereon in a manner depends that *profit*, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our *writers* and *speakers*.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the *quickest* method of composing them; after which we will teach a *short way to epic poetry*. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First

First of *panegyric*. Every man is *honourable*, who is so by law, custom, or title. The *public* are better judges of what is honourable, than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are *inherent* in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or æconomical virtue, are *virtuous* by their *posts*; liberal and generous upon the *public money*, provident upon *public supplies*, just by paying *public interest*, courageous and magnanimous by the *fleets* and *armies*, magnificent upon the *public expences*, and prudent by *public success*. They have, by their office, a right to a share of the *public stock* of virtues; besides they are, by prescription immemorial, invested in all the celebrated virtues of their *predecessors* in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the *colours* of *honourable* and *dishonourable*, they are various in different countries: in this they are *blue*, *green*, and *red*.

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require, that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the *golden rule of transformation*, which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man, who is a spend-thrift, and will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice *transformed* into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the *rule of contraries*: it is certain, the less a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities, of which the world generally believes he hath none at all; for who will thank a man for giving him that which he *has*.

The reverse of these precepts will serve for *satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loseth his place,

place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his share in *public praise* and *honour*. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him, whom the government hath stripped; which is the real *poetical justice* of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise and dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our *rhetorical cabinet*; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren to observe the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their *ears* in a *pillory*.

C H A P. XV.

A receipt to make an epic poem.

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a *genius*. I shall here endeavour, for the benefit of my countrymen, to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made *without a genius*, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those, who confess they never *read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *learn*. Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it *with money*, and if a professed cook cannot do it *without*, he has his art for nothing: the same may be said of making a poem, it is easily brought about by him that has a *genius*, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain *recipe*, by which any author in the *bathos* may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) those parts of the story which

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which afford most scope for *long descriptions*: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one tale*. Then take a *hero*, whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*: it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your *hero*: or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any *other person*, who may be lost and *evaporate* in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure: be sure you *strain* them sufficiently.

For the MANNERS.

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *consistency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be sure they are qualities, which your *patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake, which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an *honest man*. For the *under characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can use : separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle ; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occasions, to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your *spirits* from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident ; since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities : when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his art of poetry.

*Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.*

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *tempest*. Take eurus, zephyr, auster, and boreas, and cast them together in one verse : add to these of rain, lightning and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quick-sand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *battle*. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's *Iliads*, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *skirmish*. Season it well with *fimilies*, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *burning-town*. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your Hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *succedaneum*.

As

As for *families* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation ; the most ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this advise with your *bookseller*.

C H A P. XVI.

A project for the advancement of the stage.

IT may be thought that we should not wholly omit the *drama*, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is so well taken care of by the present *managers* of the theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the *bathos*.

Here therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our sincere and humble thanks to the most August Mr. Barton Booth, the most Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most undaunted Mr. Colly Cibber ; of whom let it be known, *when the people of this age shall be ancestors*, and to all the *succession of our successors*, that to this present day they continue to *out-do* even their *own out-doings* ; and when the inevitable hand of sweeping time shall have brushed off all the works of *to-day*, may this testimony of a co-temporary critic to their fame be extended as far as *to-morrow*.

Yet if to so wise an administration it be possible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project signed with their names, and dated the second of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the reader with the substance of it.

1. It is proposed, that the two *theatres* be incorporated into one company ; that the *royal academy of music* be added to them as an *orchestra* ; and that Mr. Figg with his prize-fighters, and Violante, with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnership.

E 5

2. That

2. That a spacious building be erected at the public expence, capable of containing at least *ten thousand* spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of children and nurses to the audience, since the new entertainments. * That there be a stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two houses of parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy, and the court of aldermen, who shall all have their places frank.

5. If Westminster-hall be not allotted to this service (which, by reason of its proximity to the two chambers of parliament abovementioned, seems not altogether improper) it is left to the wisdom of the nation, whether Somerset-house may not be demolished, and a theatre built upon that site, which lies convenient to receive spectators from the county of Surrey, who may be waisted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may, in the readiest manner, convey those eminent personages from courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated pieces, or by affecting to see their countrymen, the *barlequins* and *eunuchs*; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

4. That the *theatre* abovesaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *critics* and *poets*; out of whom *six* of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the society, provided nevertheless that the laureat, for the time being, may be always one. The head or president over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most antient *poet* and *critic* to be found in the whole island.

5. The *male-players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the said quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the poets dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel,

* Pantomines were then first exhibited in England. *Harwhof.*

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parel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The *actresses* are to make their beds and wash their linen.

6. A large room shall be set apart for a *library*, to consist of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the *council of six* to sit and deliberate on the merits of *plays*. The *majority* shall determine the dispute; and if it should happen, that *three* and *three* should be of each side, the president shall have a *casting voice*, unless where the contention may run so high as to require a decision by *single combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *council of six* in some conspicuous situation in the theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers of music, they may give *signs* (before settled and agreed upon) of dislike or approbation. In consequence of these signs the whole audience shall be required to *clap* or *bis*, that the town may learn certainly, when and how far they ought to be pleased.

8. It is submitted, whether it would not be proper to distinguish the *council of six* by some particular habit or gown of an honourable shape or colour, to which may be added a square cap and a white wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried actresses making away with their infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the *children of the society*; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the said actresses shall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private gentleman's son shall, at the public expence, be brought up a page to attend the *council of six*: a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a *poet*, and the greater still for the son of a *critic*.

10. If it be discovered, that an actress is got with child during the interludes of any play, wherein she hath a part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of our business, and she shall *forfeit* accordingly. If any actor for the future shall commit murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of *robbery* and *theft*. In all other

other cases, particularly in those for *debt*, it is proposed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St. James's, may be held a *place of privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paltry creditors has been a discouragement to men of letters, if any person of quality or others shall send for any *poet* or *critic* of this society to any remote quarter of the town, the said poet or critic shall freely pass and repass, without being liable to an *arrest*.

11. The forementioned scheme, in its several regulations, may be supported by profits arising from every third night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose, that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives a *very little* will be deemed sufficient) the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those profits the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm farther, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but *paint*, *diet-drinks*, *spitting-pots*, and all other *necessaries* of life, may, in like manner, fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the articles may, at first view, seem liable to objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the *council of six* (which is indeed larger than any entrusted to the great officers of state) this may be obviated by swearing those *six* persons of his majesty's privy council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment *previously* at that most honourable board.

VIRGILIUS

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

S E U

MARTINI SCRIBLERI, summi critici, castigationum in ÆNEIDEM Specimen.

ÆNEIDEM totam, amice lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis scaturientem, ad pristinam sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriz occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis frui. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, *προλεγόμενα* nostra libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VER. I.

A RMA virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
 Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
 Littora. Multum ille et terris *jaçtatus* et alto,
 Vi superûn—

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
 Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
 Littora. Multum ille et terris *vexatus*, et alto,
 Vi superûn—

Ab *aris*, nempe *Hercai Jovis*, vide lib. ii. ver. 512, 550.—*flatu* ventorum Æoli, ut sequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. ver. 193.—*jaçtatus* terris non convenit.

II. VER. 52.

Et quisquis *numen* Junonis adoret ?

Et quisquis *nomen* Junonis adoret ?

Longe melius, quam ut antea, numen, et proculdubio sic Virgilius.

III. VER. 85.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,

Qua data porta ruunt——

Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,

Qua data porta ruunt——

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat Orontem.

Fortemque vehebat Orontem.

Non *fidum*, qui Epitheton Achatæ notissimum Oronti nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Executitur, pronusque *magister*

Volvitur in caput——

Excuitur : pronusque *magis ter*

Volvitur in caput——

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripisse, quod plane confirmatur ex sequentibus——*Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem torquet*——

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto

Arma virum——

Armi hominum : ridicule antea *arma virum*, quæ ex ferro conflata, quo-modo possunt *nature* ?

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur undas.

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur udas.

Summas

Summas, et leviter perlabi, pleonasmus est: mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit; simili modo noster de Camilla. Æn. xi.

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret, &c. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat.

Jam faces et saxa volant, fugiuntque ministri: uti solent, instanti periculo—Fæces facibus longe præstant, quid enim nili fæces jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum, Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

Fronte sub adversa populis prandentibus antrum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam scopulis pendentibus: nugæ! nonne vides versu sequenti dulces aquas ad potandum et sedilia ad discumbendum dari? in quorum usum? quippe prandentium.

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore cervos

Prospicit errantes: hos tota armenta sequuntur

A tergo——

Tres littore corvos

Aspiciunt errantes: hos agmina tota sequuntur

A tergo——

Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc animalia in Africa non inventa, quis nescit? at motus et ambulandi ritus cervorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? Littore, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noster alibi,

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatum arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immo et agminibus militum frequenter observatum, ut patet ex historicis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, geminosque Triones. Error gravissimus. Corrigo,——septemque Triones

XII. VER.

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, O Juvenes, *testis* succedite nostris.

Testis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quæ unica voce et torum et mensam exprimebat: hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O *juvenes*! Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, *Æn.* iv. v. 19.

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpa*:
Anna! fatebor enim——

Sic corriges,

Huic uni [*viro scil.*] potui succumbere *culpas*?
Anna? fatebor enim, &c.

Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. VER. I.

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro *pater* *Æneas* sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuerunt omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *satur* *Æneas* sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuerunt, quia toro *Æneam* vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in patris musæo, legitur, *ore gemebant*: sed magis ingeniose quam vere. *Satur* *Æneas*, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
Infantum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse: quod satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chevy Chase*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba,

The child may rue that is unborn,

III. VER.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.

Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum
Diruerint——

Mallet *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiarum regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

IV. VER. 5.

Quæque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
 Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quæque ipse *miserrimus audi*,
 Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas proficitur: multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. VER. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
 Temperet a lacrymis?

Quis talia *stendo*,
 Temperet in lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lachrymare, quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida cælo*
 Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.

Et jam nox *lumina cælo*
 Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos.

Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam præcipitantur, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
Et *breve* *ter* Trojæ *superumque* audire *labores*.

Curæ noctis, (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiose (vel ut dixit ipse *breviter*) totam belli catastrophem denotat, quam diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque* iterum demens *audire labores exposcit*: *ter* enim pro sæpe usurpatur. *Trojæ, superumque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide *Æn.* ii. ver. 610, &c.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque* refugit,
Incipiam.—

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque* resurgit

Resurgit multo proprius dolorem *renascentem* notat, quam ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. VER. 19.

Fracti bello, *fatisque* repulsi
Ductores Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis
Instar montis *equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Edificant—&c.

Tracti bello, *fatisque* repulsi.

Tracti et repulsi, antithesis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem si *equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces: solæ enim femillæ utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite* complent—Uteroque *recusso insinuere cavæ*—Atque utero *sonitum quater arma dedere*—*Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, &c. *Vox facta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, *Fœta armis*—*Palladem* virginem,

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS.

117

virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse,
quis putat ? et incredibile prorsus ! Quamobrem existi-
mo veram *equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi
ubi forte, metri causa, *equum* potius quam *equam*,
genus pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale ! dum hæc paucu-
la corriges, majus opus moveo.



An

An ESSAY of the learned MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, concerning the ORIGIN of SCIENCES.

Written to the most learned Dr. ——— F. R. S. from the deserts of Nubia.

AMONG all the enquiries which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a learned head, than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences, which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those, who first brought them amongst us, attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means; since I write this from the deserts of Æthiopia, from those plains of sand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyfes; a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed, that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Ægyptians and Indians; but from whom they first received time, is yet a secret. The highest period of time, to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as gods. It is therefore necessary to go backwards into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first of empires; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in Homer*, Aristotle, and others, of their history, wars and revolutions, and from the very *air* in which those authors speak of them as of *things known*, that they

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* Hom. Il. iii.

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were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military achievements, in the brave defence of their country from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt, but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government; though there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time, and such sudden periods have been put to them, as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture, that the like happened to this nation, from a general extirpation of the people, by those flocks of monstrous birds, where-with antiquity agrees they were continually infested; it ought not to seem more incredible, than that one of the Balears was wasted by rabbits, Smythie by mice †, and of late Bermudas almost depopulated by rats ‡. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deserts, where they lived undisturbed, till they were found out by Osiris, in his travels to instruct mankind.

“He met,” says Diodorus §, “in Æthiopia a sort of little satyrs, who were hairy one half of their body, and whose leader Pan accompanied him in his expedition for the civilizing of mankind.” Now, of this great personage Pan we have a very particular description in the antient writers; who unanimously agree to represent him *shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast, and walking erect with a staff*, (the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us.) And since the chief thing, to which he applied himself, was the civilizing of mankind, it should seem, that the first principles of science must be received from that nation, to which the gods were, by Homer, || said to resort twelve days every year for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If from Egypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find that their knowledge also derived itself from

† Eustathius in Hom. Il. 1.

§ Lib. i. c. 18. Diod.

‡ Speede, in Bermudas.

|| Il. i.

from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same marks and qualifications. "Man-kind is ignorant," saith Diodorus ||, "whence Silenus derived his birth, through his great antiquity; but he had a *tail* on his *loins*, as *likewise* had *all his progeny* in sign of their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men, who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated order of Gymnosophists. For, whoever observes the *scene* and *manner* of their life, will easily find them to have imitated with all exactness imaginable the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the *thickest woods*, to go *naked*, to suffer their *bodies* to be over-run with *hair*, and their *nails* to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch says †, "they eat what they could get in the fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of leaves or moss." And Herodotus ‡ tells us, that they esteemed it a great exploit to kill very many *ants* or *creeping things*.

Hence we see, that the two nations, which contend for the origin of learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contested, which was first blest with the rise of science, yet have they conspired in being grateful to their common masters. Egypt is well known to have worshipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly supposed to have done the same from that adoration, which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of those hairy philosophers; in just gratitude, as it should seem, to the mouth, from which they received their knowledge.

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|| Diod. Lib. iii. c. 69.

† Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's fortune,

‡ Herodot. Lib. i.

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Pass we now over into Greece : where we find Orpheus returning out of Egypt, with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was, that Greece first heard the name of satyrs, or owned them for *semidei*. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly called *king* by Theocritus.* If thus much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strangest reports in all antiquity. One is that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus ; which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we most insist upon, is the fabulous story of the gods compressing women in woods under bestial appearances ; which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compressed in the shape of different animals ; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said, it is highly credible, that to this antient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances, is that great mimic genius Æsop †, for whose extraction from these *sylvestres homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who says, that Æsop signifies the same thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a second argument we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage ; inasmuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing apparel. The third proof is his acute and satyrical wit ; and lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions.

The

* Theocr. Id. i.

† Vit. Æsop. initio.

The next instance I shall produce is Socrates. † First, it was a tradition, that he was of uncommon birth from the rest of men: secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nosed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of his respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time the women, with whom these Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces; so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles: it arose in one generation to their arms, in the second it invaded their necks, in the third it gained the ascendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the species is now immersed, became completed. Though we must here observe, that there were a few, who fell not under the common calamity; there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not so intire, but there still appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifest in those who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and survey his order! how did they cast themselves into the same forms for march or for combat! what an imitation was there of all his discipline! the antient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution, which they enjoyed, while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: at the first appearance of these wild philosophers, there were some of the least mixed, who vouchsafed to converse with mankind; which is evident from the name of Fauns*, *a fando*, or speaking. Such was he, who, coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army

to

† Vid. Plato and Xenophon.

* Livy.

to proceed against the Hetruscans, who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable æra, in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philosophers encreased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the simpler wisdom of these antient Sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrained, in like manner as was that antient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's * time of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only shewed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons, who are related in the sixth Bucolic to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the race of the old Silenus, to prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courtous present of a comely maiden called *Ægle*, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before, in the great Pygmean empire, and several hire gly- phical fables, under which they couched or embellished their morals. For which reason I look upon this Bucolic as an inestimable treasure of the most antient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom

VOL. V.

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the

* Plutarch in vita Syllæ.

the people flocked to hear his wisdom; but, as Am-
 mianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb phi-
 losopher; and only instructed by action.

The last we shall speak of, who seemeth to be of
 the true race, is said by St. Jerome to have met St.
 Anthony* in a desert, who enquiring the way of him,
 he shewed his understanding and courtesy by point-
 ing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb phi-
 losopher also.

These are all the notices, which I am at present
 able to gather, of the appearance of so great and
 learned a people on your side of the world. But if we
 return to their antient native seats, Africa and India,
 we shall there find, even in modern times, many
 traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr.
 Purchas's collections) a body of them, whose leader
 was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial pow-
 er and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others at present to celebrate
 the praise of two of their unparalleled monarchs in
 India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince
 most learned and communicative, to whom in Mala-
 bar their excess of zeal dedicated a temple, raised on
 seven hundred pillars, not inferior in Massæus's † opi-
 nion to those of Agrippa in the Patheon. The other,
 Harimant the Marvellous, his relation and successor,
 whose knowledge was so great, as made his followers
 doubt if even that wise species could arrive at such
 perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him
 and his race a sort of gods formed into apes. His
 was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bismagar,
 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to
 Linschotten‡, the immense sum of seven hundred
 thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without
 mentioning with all due respect Oran Outang the
 great, the last of this line; whose unhappy chance it
 was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Oran Out-
 ang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a

mute

* Vita St. Anth.

† Mass. lib. i.

‡ Linschot. ch. 44.

mute philosopher: Oran Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson § has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo sylvestris* and our human body in those organs, by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet even at this time, what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving some from the spleen, and others from imposthumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons; with what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life? and what surprizing relations have Le Comte *, and others, given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them? If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a term of life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men; what prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *nati melioribus annis*, those *primitivæ*, *longæval*, and *antediluvian man-tegers*, who first taught science to the world?

This account which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correspondent to several opinions of the antients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? what, but that they should abate of their pride, and consider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beasts. That these, who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philosophers, who flourished with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now undistinguished, and known only by the same appellation as the man-teger, and the monkey!

As to speech, I make no question, that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the

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vulgar

§ Dr. Tyson's Anatomy of a pigmy, 4to.

* Father Le Comte, a Jesuit, in the account of his travels.

vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "that they will not speak for fear of being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures, having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it necessary not to shew themselves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness, which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

But now were it possible, that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world both in respect of recovering past knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world, whose natural turn is adapted to engage their society, and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated motions? No nation, where the women with easy freedoms, and the gentlest treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wish this nation might be Great Britain; but alas! in our present wretched, divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties, and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour-state, would incline me to wish it were Holland—*Sed læva in parte manille Nil solit Arcadio.* It is from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height. May we not hope their emissaries will, some time or other have instructions not only to invite learned men into their country, but
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learned beasts, the true ancient man-tegers, I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? the man-tegers to instruct heroes, statesmen and scholars; baboons to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation, and agreeable affections to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning, to form comedians and dancing-masters; and marmosets, court-pages, and young English travellers? But the distinguishing each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the Jesuits in their respective missions.

Vale et frueri.

ANNUS

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

O R,

The wonderful effects of the approaching
conjunction of the planets Jupiter, Mars,
and Saturn.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, *Philomath.*

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora*——

I SUPPOSE every body is sufficiently apprized of, and duly prepared for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this instant December 1722, foretold by all the sages of antiquity under the name of the *annus mirabilis*, or the *metamorphosical* conjunction: a word which denotes the mutual transformation of sexes, (the effect of that configuration of the celestial bodies) the human males being to be turned into females, and the human females into males.

The Egyptians have represented this great transformation by several significant hieroglyphics, particularly one very remarkable. There are carved upon an obelisk, a *barber* and a *midwife*; the barber delivers his razor to the midwife, and she her swaddling-cloaths to the barber. Accordingly Thales Milefius, (who, like the rest of his countrymen, borrowed his learning from the Egyptians) after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, *then*, says he, *shall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of shaving and childbearing.*

Anaximander modestly describes this metamorphosis in mathematical terms, *then*, says he, *shall the negative quantity of the women be turned into positive, their—into + (i. e.) their minus into plus.*

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Plato not only speaks of this great change, but describes all the preparations towards it. "Long before the bodily transformation, says he, nature shall begin the most difficult part of her work, by changing the *ideas* and *inclinations* of the two sexes: men shall turn effeminate, and women manly; wives shall domineer and husbands obey; ladies shall *ride a horseback*, dressed like *cavaliers*; princes and nobles appear in *night-rails* and *fetticoats*; men shall *squeak* upon theatres with *female* voices, and women *corrupt virgins*; lords shall *knot and cut paper*; and even the *northern* people, ἀπείρα νότιον ὄντας:" A phrase (which for modesty's sake I forbear to translate) which denotes a vice too frequent amongst us.

That the ministry foresaw this great change, is plain from the *callico-act*; whereby it is now become the occupation of the women all over England, to convert their useless female habits into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-stools; undressing themselves, as it were, *before their transformation*.

The philosophy of this transformation will not seem surprizing to people, who search into the *bottom* of things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French lady, has shewn us, how man was at first created male and female in one individual, having the faculty of propagation within himself: a circumstance necessary to the state of innocence, wherein a man's happiness was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *saut-pus*, that he had his female mate. Many such transformations of individuals have been well attested; particularly one by Montaigne, and another by the late Bishop of Salisbury. From all which it appears, that this system of male and female has already undergone, and may hereafter suffer, several alterations. Every smatterer in anatomy knows, that a woman is but an introverted man; a new fusion and *status* will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into a convexity: but I forbear for the sake of my *modest men* readers, who are in a few days to be virgins.

In some subjects the smallest alterations will do: some men are sufficiently spread about the hips, and contrived

contrived with that female softness, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there are women who are, as it were, already the *ebauche** of a good sturdy man. If nature could be puzzled it will be how to bestow the redundant matter of the exuberant bobbies that now appear about town, or how to roll out the short dapper fellows into well-sized women.

This great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday the 29th instant. Accordingly about eight at night, as Senezino shall begin at the opera, *Si videte*, he shall be observed to make an *unusual motion*; upon which the audience will be affected with a *red suffusion* over their countenance; and because a strong succession of the muscles of the belly is necessary towards performing this great operation, both sexes will be thrown into a *profuse involuntary laughter*. Then, to use the modest terms of Anaximander, *shall negative quantity be turned into positive, &c.* Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble, such a number of *untouched virgins* within those walls! but, alas! such will be the impatience and curiosity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be completed men and women that very night. To prevent the disorders that may happen upon this occasion, is the chief design of this paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this conjunction to compass their filthy purposes. They tell the ladies, forsooth, that it is only parting with a perishable commodity, hardly of so much value as a callico under-petticoat; since, like its mistress, it will be useless in the form it is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the dishonour and immorality of the action, I desire they will consider, that nature, who never destroys her own productions, will exempt big-bellied women till the time of their lying-in; so that not to be transformed will be the same as to be pregnant. If they do not think it worth while to defend a fortress, that is to be demolished in a few days, let them reflect, that it will be a melancholy thing nine

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* Sketch, rough draught, or essay.

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months hence to be brought to bed of a bastard ; a posthumous bastard, as it were, to which the *quondam* father can be no more than a *dry nurse*.

This wonderful transformation is the instrument of nature to balance matters between the sexes. The cruelty of scornful mistresses shall be returned ; the slighted maid shall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big belly and a bastard.

It is hardly possible to imagine the revolutions that this wonderful phænomenon will occasion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to see the proceedings of the parliament of Paris, as to the title of succession to the crown ; this being a case not provided for by the *salique* law. There will be no preventing disorders among friars and monks ; for certainly vows of chastity do not bind, but under the sex in which they were made. The same will hold good with marriages, though I think it will be a scandal among protestants for husbands and wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the *debitum conjugale*, by the husband being *femme couverte*. I submit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe, whether this transformation does not discharge all suits of rapes.

The Pope must undergo a new groping, but the false prophet Mahomet has contrived matters well for his successors ; for as the grand Signior has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentlemen, at his devotion.

These are surprizing scenes ; but I beg leave to affirm, that the solemn operations of nature are subjects of contemplation, not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earnest request to the merry fellows and giggling girls about town, that they would not put themselves in a high twitter, when they go to visit a *General* lying in of his first child ; his *officers* serving as midwives, nurses, and rockers, dispensing caudle ; or if they behold the *reverend prelates* dressing the heads and airing the linen at court ; I beg they will remember that these offices must be filled with people of the greatest regularity, and best characters. For the same reason I am sorry, that a certain prelate, who, notwithstanding

withstanding his confinement† still preserves his healthy, chearful countenance, cannot come in time to be a nurse at court.

I likewise earnestly intreat the *maids of honour*, (then *ensigns* and *captains* of the *guards*) that at their first setting out they have some regard to their former station; and do not run wild through all the infamous houses about town: that the present *grooms of the bed chamber* (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in the green-sickness: and in general, that the men would remember they are become *retromingent*, and not by inadvertency lift up against walls and posts.

Petticoats will not be be burdensome to the *clergy*; but balls and assemblies will be indecent for some time.

As for you, coquettes, bawds, and chamber-maids, (the future *ministers*, *plenipotentiaries*, and *cabinet-counsellors* to the princes of the earth) manage the *great intrigues*, that will be committed to your charge, with your usual secrecy and conduct; and the affairs of your masters will go better than ever.

O ye *exchange* women! (our right worshipful *representatives* that are to be) be not so griping in the sale of your ware as your predecessors, but consider that the nation, like a spendthrift heir, has run out: be likewise a little more continent in your *tongues* than you are at present, else the length of debates will spoil your dinners.

You housewifely good women, who now preside over the *confectionary* (henceforth *commissioners* of the *treasury*) be so good as to dispense the *sugar-plumbs* of the government with a more impatual and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and censorious old maids (the hopes of the *bench*) exert but your usual talent of *finding faults*, and the laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such *slender evidences* as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyster-merchants of Billingsgate (just ready to be called to the bar, and quodded like your sister-serjeants) that we expect the shortening the time, and lessening the expences

of

† In December, 1723.

law-suits: for I think you are observed to bring your debates to a *short issue*; and even custom will restrain you from taking the *oyster*, and leaving only the *shell* to your client.

O ye physicians, who in the figure of old women are to clean the *tripe* in the markets, scour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare more deliciously on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature upon this happy transformation; the only expedient left to restore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind. This is so evident, that it is almost an affront to common sense to insist upon the proof: if there can be any such stupid creature as to doubt it, I desire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone at present about a million of sturdy fellows, under the denomination of *standing forces*, with arms in their hands: that those are masters of the lives, liberties and fortunes of all the rest, I believe no-body will deny. It is no less true in fact, that reams of paper, and above a square mile of skins of vellum have been employed to no purpose to settle peace among those sons of violence. Pray who is he that will say unto them; *go and disband yourselves?* but lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the *balcon* days of public tranquillity return; for neither the military temper nor discipline can taint the soft sex for a whole age to come: *belleque matribus in-visa*, wars odious to *mothers* will not grow immediately palatable in their *paternal* state.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be less in *family* tranquillity, than it is in *national*. Great faults will be amended, and frailties forgiven, on both sides. A wife, who has been disturbed with late hours, and choaked with the haughtiness of a sot, will remember her *sufferings*, and avoid the temptations; and will for the same reason indulge her mate in his female capacity in some *passions*, which she is sensible from experience are natural to the sex; such as vanity, of fine cloaths, being admired, &c. And how tenderly must she use her mate under the breeding qualms and labour-pains which she hath felt herself?

In

In short, all unreasonable demands upon husbands must cease, because they are already satisfied from natural experience, that they are impossible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen those of their Household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty desire of

Their most sincere well-wisher,

M. S.

A S P E-

A

SPECIMEN of SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS.

STRADLING versus STILES.

Le report del case argue en le commen banke devant
touts les justices de la mesme banke, en le quart.
An. du raygne de roy Jaques, entre *Matthew
Stradling*, plant. & *Peter Stiles*, def. en un action
propter certos equos coloratos, Anglice, *pyed horses*,
post. per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel **S** I R John Swale, of Swale hall, in Swale-
dale, *fast by the river Swale, Kt. made*
his last will and testament : in which, among
other bequests was this, viz. Out of the kind love and
respect that I bear unto my much honoured and good
friend Mr. Matthew Stradling, Gent. I do bequeath
unto the said Matthew Stradling, Gent. all my black
and white horses. The testator had six black horses, six
white horses, and six pyed horses.

Le point. *The debate therefore was, whether or no the*
said Matthew Stradling should have the said
pyed horses by virtue of the said bequest.

Pour le pl. *Atkens apprentice pour le pl. moy semble*
que le pl. recouvrera.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is
the nature of horses, and also what is the nature of co-
lours ; and so the argument will consequently divide itself
in a twofold way, that is to say, the formal part, and
substantial part. Horses are the substantial part, or
thing bequeathed : black and white the formal or descrip-
tive part.

Horse, in a physical sense, doth import a certain qua-
drupede or four-footed animal, which, by the apt
and regular disposition of certain proper and conve-
nient parts, is adapted, fitted, and constituted for the
use and need of man. Yea, so necessary and conducive
was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the com-
monweal, that sundry and divers acts of parliament have
from time to time been made in favour of horses.

ist Edw.

1st Edw. VI. *Makes the transporting of horses out of the kingdom, no less a penalty than the forfeiture of 40 l.*

2d and 3d Edward VI. *Takes from horse-stealers the benefit of their clergy.*

And the statutes of the 27th and 32d of Henry VIII. *condescend so far as to take care of their very breed: these our wise ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own posterity, than by also taking care of that of their horses.*

And of so great esteem are horses in the eye of the common law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous crime, his punishment is to have his spurs chopt off with a cleaver, being, as master Bracton well observeth, unworthy to ride on a horse.

Littleton, sect. 315. saith, *If tenants in common make a lease reserving for rent a horse, they shall have but one assize, because, saith the book, the law will not suffer a horse to be severed. Another argument of what high estimation the law maketh of an horse.*

But as the great difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial part, horses, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive part, viz. what horses they are that come within this bequest.

Colours are commonly of various kinds and different sorts; of which white and black are the two extremes, and, consequently, comprehend within them all other colours whatsoever.

By a bequest therefore of black and white horses, gray or pyed horses may well pass; for when two extremes, or remotest ends of any thing are devised, the law, by common intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present case is still stronger, coming not only within the intendment, but also the very letter of the words.

By the word black, all the horses that are black are devised; by the word white, are devised those that are white; and by the same word, with the conjunction copulative, and, between them, the horses that are black and white, that is to say, pyed, are devised also.

Whatever is black and white is pyed, and whatever is pyed is black and white; ergo, black and white is pyed, and, vice versa, pyed is black and white.

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If therefore black and white horses are devised, pyed horses shall pass by such devise; but black and white horses are devised; ergo, the pl. shall have the pyed horses.

Pour le Catlyne serjeant: *may semble al' contrary,*
Defend. *the plaintiff shall not have the pyed horses by intendment; for, if by the devise of black and white horses, not only black and white horses, but horses of any colour between these two extremes may pass, then not only pyed and grey horses, but also red or bay horses would pass likewise, which would be absurd and against reason. And this is another strong argument in law. Nihil, quod est contra rationem, est licitum; for reason is the life of the law, nay, the common law is nothing but reason; which is to be understood of artificial perfection and reason gotten by long study, and not of man's natural reason; for, nemo nascitur artifex, and legal reason est summa ratio; and therefore if all the reason that is dispersed into so many different heads, were united into one, he could not make such a law as the law of England; because by many successions of ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned men; so that the old rule may be verified in it, Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiores.*

As therefore pyed horses do not come within the intendment of the bequest, so neither do they within the letter of the words.

A pyed horse is not a white horse, neither is a pyed a black horse; how then can pyed horses come under the words of black and white horses?

Besides, where custom hath adapted a certain determinate name to any one thing, in all devises, feofments, and grants, that certain name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory descriptions shall be allowed; for certainty is the father of right, and the mother of justice.

Le reste del argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo sui disturb en mon place.

Le court fuit longement en doubt' de c'est matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le pl. nisi causa.

Motion in arrest of judgment, that the pyed horses were mares; and thereupon an inspection was prayed.

Et sur ceo le court advisare vult.

A KEY to the LOCK:

O R,

A Treatise, proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intitled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to government and religion.

Written in the year 1714.

SINCE this unhappy division of our nation into PARTIES, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth, and cover designs which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in *allegory* and *fable*. If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of John Bull and his wife; if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an *ant* with a *white straw* is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a tale of count Tariff.

But if any of these malevolents have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were, gilding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, intitled, the RAPE of the LOCK; which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that, when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by considering *who* is the author, *what* is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

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Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed papist, is well known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause may have been corrupted in the course of his education by jesuits or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation, which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible, that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread popish doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the government: for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is so firmly founded on the state, that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popish friends and abettors, to hide his whole design upon the government by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published, it was my fortune to step into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he said, reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me he was a *Roman catholic Knight*.

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and shewing his snuff-box and cane to prove he was satirized in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a *Roman catholic Lord*.

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young Lady, to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given

given us a hint in his dedication *, that he meant something further. This Lady is also a *Roman catholic*. At the same time others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room ; and all of them *Roman catholics*.

But to proceed to the work itself.

In all things which are intricate, as *allegories* in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected, we should find the clue at first sight ; but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of this intricate composition.

First then, let it be observed, that in the most demonstrative sciences some *postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *postulatum* or concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

The BARRIER TREATY. †

I. First then, I shall discover, that Belinda represents Great Britain, or, which is the same thing, her late Majesty. This is plainly seen in her description of her :

On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore :
alluding to the antient name of Albion, from her *white cliffs*, and to the *cross* which is the ensign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the *Lock*, or barrier-treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clarissa, whole t the scissars, my lady Masham.

IV. Thalestris, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the Lock, or Treaty, the Dukes of Marlborough.

V. Sir

* "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) resembles "you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

† For a full account of the political transactions relating to this treaty, see *The Conduct of the Allies* ; and, *Remarks on the Barrier-Treaty*, vol. ii. P. 94, 152.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestris to redemand it of Great-Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we shall observe upon afterwards ; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first part of the Baron's character is his being *adventurous*, or enterprizing, which is the common epithet given to the earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aspires to is the treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice :

————— an altar built
Of twelve vast *French* romances neatly gilt.

Our author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this statesman's love to France ; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances : these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France, which he satirically calls romances ; hinting thereby, that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar ; to intimate, that the foundation of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the *French romances* above mentioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of Gloves.

One of these things he sacrifices is a *fan*, which, both for its gaudy show and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of women : this points at the change of the *ladies* of the *bed-chamber*. The *garter* alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends ; and we may, without straining the sense, call the *half pair of gloves* a *gauntlet*, the token of those military employments, which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayer *soon to obtain*, and *long to possess*.

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury, and in the last suggests, that he should not long possess that honour.

That

That Thalestris is the Duchess of Marlborough, appears both by her nearness to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent suggestion that she is a lover of war.

To arms, to arms, the bold Thalestris cries:

But more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock, or treaty. Among other things she says, *Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance?* Was it for this so much paper has been spent to secure the barrier-treaty?

Methinks, already I your tears survey;
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast.

This describes the aspersions under which that good Princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her Majesty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with Prince Eugene.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes —————

It is remarkable, this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is so justly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the ensign of a general. His *earnest eye*, or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstances of a *round unthinking face*.

Having now explained the chief characters of his *human persons* (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the sequel of this discourse,) I shall next take in pieces his *machinery*, wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The

The Sylphs and Gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation; for these being placed in the *air*, and those on the *earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, *high* and *low*. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the *heads of parties*; whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state, which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation.

This erring mortals levity may call:
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for speaking of these spirits he says in express terms,

—The chief the care of *nations* own:
And guard, with *arms* divine the *British* throne.

And here let it not seem odd, if in this mysterious way of writing we find the same person, who has before been represented by the *Baron*, again described in the character of *Ariel*; it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in *St. Evremont*, that all the *different* characters in *Petronius* are but *Nero* in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of *Barclay's Argenis*, both *Poliarchus* and *Archonibrotus* mean only the king of *Navarre*.

We observe in the very beginning of the poem, that *Ariel* is possessed of the *ear* of *Belinda*; therefore it is absolutely necessary, that this person must be the minister who was nearest the *Queen*. But whoever would be further convinced, that he meant the treasurer, may know him by his ensigns in the following line.

He rais'd his *azure* wand.

His sitting on the *mast* of a vessel shews his presiding over the *South-sea* trade. When *Ariel* assigns to his Sylphs all the posts about *Belinda*, what is more clearly

ly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her Majesty? But let us hear the lines.

— Ye spirits to your charge repair,
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bed chamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her Majesty's dresser, and impudently given *nick-names* to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the Sylphs are said to be *wonderous fond of place*, in the Canto following, where Ariel is perched *uppermost*, and all the rest take their places *subordinately under him*.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the same invidious stroke, which he gave him in the character of the Baron before:

Amaz'd, confus'd, he saw his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

Being another prophecy that he should *resign his place*, which it is probable all ministers do, with a *sigh*.

At the head of the Gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen; a vile and malicious suggestion against some *grave* and *worthy minister*. The vapours, phantoms, visions, and the like, are the jealousies, fears, and cries of danger, that have so often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described in the house of *spleen*, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their ill-willers have so often called the *whimsical*.

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the Sylph, that is wounded with the scissars at the loss of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly understood my Lord Townshend, who at that time received a *wound* in his character for making the barrier-treaty,
and

and was cut out of his employment upon the dissolution of it: but that spirit re-unites, and receives no harm: to signify that it came to nothing, and his Lordship had no real hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing, that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterized some persons under *angels* and *men*, so he has others under *animals* and *things inanimate*: he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a *dog*, and a noted writer as a *tool*. Let us examine the former.

—But *Shock*, who thought she slept too long,
Leapt up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a *billet-doux*.

By this *Shock* it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his *tongue*, that is, with his *sermon*, which made so much *noise*, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a *dog*. Or perhaps, by his *tongue* may be more literally meant his *speech* at his trial, since immediately thereupon, our author says, her eyes opened on a *billet-doux*. *Billet-doux*, being addresses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted those addresses of loving subjects to her Majesty, which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third Canto.

Steel did the labours of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy.
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her Majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. Steele. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having

Having now considered the general intent and scope of the poem, and opened the characters, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at *ombre* is a mystical representation of the late war, which is hinted by his making *spades* the trump; *spade* in Spanish signifying a sword, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the Queen and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the *two* that play against her, *viz.* the kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card had its person and character assigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under which the Duke of Marlborough then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:

Ev'n mighty *pam*, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of *lu*,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd —————

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transactions, is very plain, from an unguarded stroke towards the end of this game,

And now, as oft in some *dissemp'er'd* state,
On *one nice trick* depends the gen'ral fate.

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicings and *thanksgivings* are ridiculed in the two following lines:

The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky,
The wall, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in) that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterwards be cursed, which was then celebrated with so much joy:

Sudden

Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

As the game at *ombre* is a satirical representation of the late *war*, so is the *tea-table* that ensues, of the *council-table*, and its consultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the *trade* in this place, appears by the passage, which represents the Sylphs particularly careful of the *rich brocade*; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that *French brocades* were imported in great quantities. I will not say he means those presents of rich *gold-stuff suits*, which were said to be made her Majesty by the king of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry in plain terms taking frequent cups.

And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;

for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee, by his calling it

Coffee, that makes the *politician wife*;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain

New *stratagems* ———

I shall only further observe, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the *council-board*, should the barrier-treaty be dissolved?

The ensuing *contentions* of the parties, upon the loss of that treaty, are described in the squabbles following the Rape of the Lock, and this he rashly expresses without any disguise,

All side in *parties* ———

and here you have a Gentleman who *sinks beside the chair*: a plain allusion to a noble Lord, who lost his chair of *president* of the *council*.

I come next to the *bodkin*, so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British *sceptre*, so revered in the hand of our late august Princess. His own note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a *sceptre*; and the verses are so plain, they need no remark.

The same (his antient personage to deck)
Her great great grandfire wore about his neck
In *three seal rings*, which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a *bodkin* grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open satire upon *hereditary right*! The *three seal rings* plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

These are the chief passages in the battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malignant joy at those dissensions, from which he forms the prospect that *both* should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

Behold how oft ambitious aims are crost,
And chiefs contend till *all the prize is lost*.

The lock at length is turn'd into a *star*, or the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious *peace*. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with these lines.

God save the king, the commons, and the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that *peace*, I imagined it the most *extraordinary star*, that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star, that is to bring us

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all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules) but all true Britons, may, with no less authority than he, prognosticate *the fall of Lewis* in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the *fate of Rome* in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shewn, that it hath two different walks of satire; the one in the story itself, which is a ridicule on the *late transactions in general*, the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the *ministers of state in particular*. I shall now shew that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to *popery*, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of *guardian angels* and *patron saints* in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of popish superstition that hath been exploded ever since the reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1st, The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2^{dly}, A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each person in particular.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite——

3^{dly}, They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations.

Her guardian Sylph prolonged her balmy rest,
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream——

4^{thly}, They are made to be subordinate in different degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under-officers at command,

Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd.

5thly, They are employed in various offices, and each hath his office assigned him.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day ;
Some guide the course &c.

6thly, He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of *dress* ; intimating thereby, that the saints preside over the several parts of *human bodies*. They have one saint to cure the tooth-ach, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest.

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.

7thly, They are represented to know the thoughts of men :

As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind.

8thly, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings :

Ariel himself shall be the guard of *stock*.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9thly, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces :

Of these the chief the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the *papists* to defend England, St. Patrick Ireland, St. James Spain, &c. Now, what is the consequence of all this ? By granting that they have this power, we must be brought back again to *pray* to them.

The *toilette* is an artful recommendation of the *mass*, and pompous ceremonies of the *church of Rome*. The *unveiling* of the *altar*, the *silver vases* upon it, being *robed in white* as the priests are upon the chief festivals, and the *head uncovered* are manifest marks of this.

A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends—————

plainly

plainly denotes *image worship*.

The *goddess*, who is decked with *treasures, jewels*, and the various *offerings of the world*, manifestly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the *incence pot* in the following line.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the popish religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overspreading the whole nation with ceremonies.

Not with more glories in th' ætherial plain
The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

She is dressed with a *cross* on her breast, the ensign of popery, the *adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

On her white breast a sparkling *cross* she wore,
Which Jews might *kiss*, and infidels *adore*.

Next he represents her as the *universal church*, according to the boasts of the papists:

And like the sun she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it should be granted some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines:

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd.

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to
matins;

matins ; in the second, by adoring *every power*, the *invocation of saints*.

Belinda's visits are described with numerous *wax-lights*, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship.

—Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The *lunar sphere* he mentions, opens to us their *purgatory*, which is seen in the following line :

Since all things lost on earth are *treasur'd* there.

It is a popish doctrine, that scarce any person quits this world, but he must touch at purgatory in his way to heaven ; and it is here also represented as the *treasury* of the *Romish church*. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the *moon* should be *purgatory*, when a learned divine hath in a late treatise proved the *sun* to be *hell*. §

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces, which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either antient or modern ; in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's true History, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua ; and I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are deduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general *scope* and *bent* of the work, and from the several *particulars* ; furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretations of either *party* on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able *state decyphers* themselves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully *proved*, or more safely *sworn* to ?

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words : he has ridiculed both the present ministry

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ministry and the last ; abused great statesmen and great generals ; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire ; and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many farther discoveries might be made both of this poet's and abettor's secret designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the government.

MEMOIRS of P. P. Clerk of this Parish.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio ; which might justly be intitled, The importance of a man to himself : but, as it can be of very little use to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it ; as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the Lord, Amen. I P. P. by the grace of God, clerk of this parish, writeth this history.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish-clerk : and to that end, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish clerks of this land ; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now, it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord, *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Esquire Bret, did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, “ that one and the same day did give to this our “ church two rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk.”

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter, in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as the lady and death, the children in the wood, and chevychace ;

chace ; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing ; inso-much, that in a short time I was acquainted with every sett of bells in the whole country : neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing ; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an hat, that was edged with silver galloon : but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time ! At the wake of Waybrook, I engaged William Simkins tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, " what man is there howsoever dextrous in any craft, who " is for aye on his guard ? " A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me ; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies : thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susannah Smith, who first tempted me, and then put me to shame ; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and to do away mine offences, and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the Sabbath-day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage ! for the minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely

of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good master William Harris.

Here ends the first chapter ; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present wife ; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear ! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me ! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Thomson, the good lady Jones and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters ; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young master the Esquire, who shall one day be Lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation ; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office ; in particular he insists on the following :

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses, which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good

good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though fore against my heart, unto poor babes in tearing from them the half-eaten apples, which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands, I did make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our great bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and, laid in fresh lavender (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water) and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us, he did not neglect his usual occupations as an handicraftsman.

Shoes, saith he, did I make, (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed: how that, being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a wash-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair

pair of shoes of the said Lady to set an heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the King to mend shoes for his majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned, that when he speaks as a shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses's pulling off his shoes, of tanning the hides of the Bulls of Basan, of Simon the tanner, &c. and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the apostles were instructed to travel without shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.

The next relates how he discovered a thief with a bible and key, and experimented verses of the psalms, that had cured agues.

I pass over many others, which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of curates; a list of the weekly texts; what psalms he chose on proper occasions; and what children were born and buried; the last of which articles he concludes thus:

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish; even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace, my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I transcribe.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the psalms of K. David should be hymned unto the same tunes, to which he played them upon his harp; (so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody.) Now was our over abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the solfa, in such guise as is sung in his majesty's

jefty's chapel. We had London singing masters sent into every parish, like unto excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow parishioners in this new manner of worship. What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sacbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psalter, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the law-suits of the parson and his parishioners concerning tythes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the history might be completed by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended.

The next contains an account of the briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2s. and 7d. $\frac{3}{4}$. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1s. od. $\frac{1}{2}$. For an inundation, a K. Charles's groat, given by Lady Frances, &c.

In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from those at funerals, concluding with these words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expence of an hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, but, after great encomiums, concludes, that notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience by an Oxford

ford scholar, who had proved to him by logic, that animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; but how he was again comforted with the reflection, that if so, they might be allowed Christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the church officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the use of texts. Let a preacher, saith he, consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the 3d and 11th affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-serving men. "The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?" Were the first minister to appoint a preacher before the house of commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these words? "Give, and it shall be given unto ye." Or before the lords, "Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed, 2 Cor. vi. 3." Or praising the warm zeal of an administration, "Who maketh his ministers a flaming fire, Psal. civ. 4." We omit many other of his texts as too tedious.

From this period the stile of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politics.

We are now, says he, arrived at that celebrated year, in which the church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the interest of our high-church at heart, neither would I, at any season, mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I, from my infancy, abhor more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself, that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even

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unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose, I did institute a weekly assembly, of divers worthy men at the rose and crown ale-house, over whom myself, though unworthy, did preside. Yea, I did read to them the post-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late excise-man: Thomas White, wheel-wright; and myself. First, of the first, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed an horse of a whig or a fanatic, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good report likewise, for that his uncle, by the mother's side, had formerly been servitor at Maudlin-college, where the glorious Sachevelrel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

After this, the book is turned on a sudden from his own life to a history of all the public transactions of Europe,

Europe, compiled from the news-papers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last, to my no small astonishment, that all the measures of the four last years of the Queen, together with the peace of Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the Earl of Oxford, Duke of Ormond, Lords Harcourt, and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, P. P.

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the country on purpose ; but could not find the least trace of him : till by accident I met an old clergyman, who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, who had been dead about twelve years. And upon enquiry all we could learn of that person from the neighbourhood, was, that he had been taken notice of for swallowing loaches, and remembered by some people by a black and white cur with one ear, that constantly followed him.

In the church-yard I read his epitaph, said to be written by himself.

O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone ;
Do all we can, death is a man
That never spareth none.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

I.

PARTY is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

II.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent : for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians ; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

III.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

IV.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense : there are forty men of wit for one man of sense ; and he, that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

V.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands ; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

VI.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clock-work ; which depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

VII. Every

VII.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

VIII.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease, whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For, as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

IX.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us: it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more, than if none had ever sprung there.

X.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

XI.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day, than he was yesterday.

XII.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

XIII.

To be angry, is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

XIV. A

XIV.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

XV.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and providence.

XVI.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

XVII.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions; like children, who when they go in the dark will sing for fear.

XVIII.

An atheist is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety, but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees, than to rise to do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly with his creditor without ever paying what he owes.

XIX.

What Tully says of war, may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth, than the sportsman for the hare.

XX.

The scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties; each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

XXI. Such

XXI.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming every thing there, while their own run to ruin.

XXII.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

XXIII.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old ; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

XXIV.

People are scandalized, if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a buffle is here about my head ?

XXV.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

XXVI.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

XXVII.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A spritely generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted, there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

XXIX.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons and serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who only come for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

XXX.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

XXXI.

He who tells a lye, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

XXXII.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

XXXIII.

It is with followers at court, as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

XXXIV.

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions: but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

XXXV.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough to be mischievous.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

XXXVII.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the croud, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

XXXVIII.

A man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it.

XXXIX.

There are some solitary wretches, who seem to have left the rest of mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

XL.

The vanity of human life is like a river constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

XLI.

I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think, how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea, of an immortal soul.

XLII.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself and with others, is no very easy task.

XLIII.

XLIII.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room, or in a large salon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

XLIV.

It is with a narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

XLV.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

XLVI.

Since it is reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours which would demonstrate all things.

XLVII.

To buy books, as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer; is much as if a man should buy cloaths that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous taylor.

XLVIII.

It is as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased at both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

XLIX.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

L.

Old men, for the most part, are like old chronicles,
that

that give you dull, but true accounts of times past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

LI.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

LII.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland: first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

LIII.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts, owned by a plagiarist, bring him more shame than his own ill ones. When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

LIV.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

LV.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they must believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

LVI.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge too like you.

LVII.

Women use lovers as they do cards, they play with them a while, and when they have got all they can
by

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 17.

by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

LVIII.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth of a gamester, is ever still more used as their truth is most questioned.

LIX.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

LX.

A man, who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband, than one who admired the *Hesperian* fruit would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

LXI.

He, who marries a wife, because he cannot always live chafly, is much like a man, who, finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

LXII.

Married people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part; as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

LXIII.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants: what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing interests: the son wishes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sisters portions; when any of them marry, there are new divisions, and new animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

LXIV.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other, but when they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.

LXV.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

LXVI.

Men are grateful, in the same degree that they are resentful.

LXVII.

The longer we live, the more we shall be convinced, that it is reasonable to love God, and despise man, as far as we know either.

LXVIII.

That character in conversation, which commonly passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

LXIX.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

LXX.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought so in men: a very good woman would make but a paltry man.

LXXI.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

LXXIII.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things, whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

LXXIV.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lye: for an excuse is a *lye guarded*.

LXXV.

Praise is like ambergrise: a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

LXXVI.

The general cry is against ingratitude, but sure the complaint is mis-placed, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath received less than he deserves.

LXXVII.

I never knew any man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

LXXVIII.

Several explanations of casuists, to multiply the catalogue of sins, may be called *amendments* to the *ten commandments*.

LXXIX.

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies: the reason may be, that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

LXXX.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expences of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease a man of the scandal of avarice.

LXXXI.

Some men's wit is like a dark lantern which serves their own turn, and guides them their own way: but is never known (according to the scripture phrase) either to shine forth before men, or to glorify their father in heaven.

LXXXII.

It often happens, that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers, as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been picking at.

LXXXIII.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

LXXXIV.

The wonder we often express at our neighbours keeping dull company, would lessen, if we reflected, that most people seek companions less to be talked to, than to talk.

LXXXV.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

LXXXVI.

LXXXVI.

Never stay dinner for a clergyman, who is to make a morning visit ere he comes ; for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that asks him.

LXXXVII.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himself with running eternally after the ball, but stays till it comes to him.

LXXXVIII.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reason, and not the object of reasoning ; the wisdom of God, and the madness of man.

LXXXIX.

Many men, prejudiced early in dis-favour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships ; and, while they only think of avoiding the evil, miss of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves, for prevention, while others only end so, after disappointment.

XC.

No woman ever hates a man for being in love with her ; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

XCI.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

XCII.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw ; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it is well enough : a scare-crow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

XCIII

XCIII.

The greatest things and the most praise-worthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty well advised.

XCIV.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great ministers or men of parts in business so wicked as their inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries, and when they become bad, it is generally more from the necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil.

XCV.

Whatever may be said against a premiere or sole minister, the evil of such an one, in an absolute government, may not be great: for it is possible, that almost any minister may be a better man than a king born and bred.

XCVI.

A man coming to the water-side is surrounded by all the crew: every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the water-side, no noise made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect! the picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

LAW IS A BOTTOMLESS PIT:

OR, THE

HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

Published from a manuscript found in the cabinet
of the famous Sir H. Polesworth, in the year
1712.

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I was first called to the office of historiographer to John Bull, he expressed himself to this purpose: Sir Humphry Polesworth †, *I know you are a plain-dealer, it is for that reason I have chosen you for this important trust; speak the truth, and spare not.* That I might fulfil those his honourable intentions, I obtained leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret retirements; and I put the journals of all transactions into a strong box, to be opened at a fitting occasion, after the manner of the historiographers of some eastern monarchs: this I thought was the safest way; though I declare I was never afraid to be *choped* § by my master for telling of truth. It is from those journals that my memoirs are compiled: therefore let not posterity a thousand years hence look for truth in the voluminous annals of pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the secret springs of great actions; if they do, let me tell them they will be *nebused*. ‡

With incredible pains have I endeavoured to copy the several beauties of the ¶ ancient and modern historians; the impartial temper of Herodotus; the gravity,

† A member of parliament, eminent for a certain cant in his conversation; of which there is a good deal in this book.

§ A cant word of Sir Humphry's.

‡ Another cant word, signifying *deceived*.

¶ parody on Boyer's preface to his *history of Queen Anne*.

vity, austeriſy, and ſtrict morals of Thucydides, the extenſive knowledge of Xenophon, the ſublimity and grandeur of Titus Livius; and to avoid the careleſs ſtyle of Polybius, I have borrowed conſiderable ornaments from Dionyſius Halicarnaffeus and Diodorus Siculus. The *ſpecious gilding* of Tacitus I have endeavoured to ſhun. Mariana, Davila, and Fra. Paolo, and thoſe amongſt the moderns whom I thought moſt worthy of imitation; but I cannot be ſo diſingenuous, as not to own the infinite obligations I have to the Pilgrim's Progreſs of John Bunyan, and the Tenter Belly of the reverend Joſeph Hall.

From ſuch encouragement and helps, it is eaſy to gueſs to what a degree of Perfection I might have brought this great work, had it not been nipt in the bud by ſome illiterate people in both *houſes of parliament*, who envying the great figure I was to make in future ages, under preterce of raiſing money for the war, have padlocked † all thoſe very pens that were to celebrate the actions of their heroes, by ſilencing at once the whole univerſity of Grub-ſtreet. I am perſuaded that nothing but the Proſpect of an approaching *peace* could have encouraged them to make ſo bold a ſtep. But ſuffer me, in the name of the reſt of the matriculates of that famous univerſity, to aſk them ſome plain queſtions: do they think that peace will bring along with it the golden age? Will there be never a dying ſpeech of a traitor? Are Cethegus and Catiline turned ſo tame, that there will be no opportunity to cry about the ſtreets, *a dangerous plot*? Will peace bring ſuch plenty, that no gentleman will have occaſion to go upon the highway, or break into a houſe? I am ſorry, that the world ſhould be ſo much impoſed upon by the dreams of a *false prophet*, as to imagine the Millennium is at hand. O Grub-ſtreet! thou fruitful nurſery of towering genius's! How do I lament thy downfal? Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to Engliſh *liberty*: no modern Lycæum will ever equal thy glory: whether in ſoft pastorals thou didſt ſing the flames of pampered

† Act reſtraining the liberty of the preſs, &c. which was paſſed in 1712; and the peace of Utrecht, concluded in 1713.

pered apprentices and coy cook-maids ; or mournful ditties of departing lovers ; or if to Maconian strains thou raisedst thy voice, to record the stratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal scalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizens, describing the powerful Betty or the artful Picklock, or the secret caverns and grotto's of Vulcan sweating at his forge, and stamping the queen's image on viler metals, which he retales for beef, and pots of ale : or if thou wert content in simple narrative, to relate the cruel acts of implacable revenge, or the complaints of ravished virgins blushing to tell their adventures before the listening crowd of city damsels ; whilst in thy faithful history thou interminglest the gravest counsels and the purest morals. Nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy search and pompous description of the works of nature ; whether in proper and emphatic terms thou didst paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the stupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian sagacity, thou unravelledst intrigues of state, and the traiterous conspiracies of rebels, giving wise counsel to monarchs. How didst thou move our terror and our pity with thy passionate scenes between Jack-Catch and the heroes of the Old-Baily ! How didst thou describe their intrepid march up Holborn-hill ! Nor didst thou shine less in thy theological capacity, when thou gavest ghostly counsel to dying felons, and didst record the guilty pangs of sabbath-breakers. How will the noble arts. of John Overton's § painting and sculpture now languish ! where rich invention, proper expression, correct design, divine attitudes, and artful contrast, heightened with the beauties of *Clar. Obscur.* embellished thy celebrated pieces, to the delight and astonishment of the judicious multitude ! Adieu, persuasive eloquence ! the quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively simile, are fled for ever ! Instead of these, we shall have, *I know not what !*—*The illiterate will tell the rest with pleasure !* †

H 5

I hope,

§ The engraver of the cuts before the the Grub-street papers.

† Vid. the preface to four sermons by William Fleetwood, bishop

I hope, the reader will excuse this digression, due by way of condolence to my worthy brethren of Grubstreet, for the approaching barbarity that is likely to overspread all its regions, by this oppressive and exorbitant tax. It has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and so long as I preserved some figure and rank amongst the learned of that society, I scorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offered it *gratis* by the professors in those universities.

And now, that posterity may not be ignorant in what age so excellent a history was written (which would otherwise, no doubt, be the subject of its enquiries) I think it proper to inform the learned of future times, that it was compiled when Lewis XIVth was king of France, and Philip his grandson of Spain; when England and Holland, in conjunction with the emperor and the allies, entered into a war against these two princes, which lasted ten years under the management of the duke of Marlborough, and was put to a conclusion by the treaty of Utrecht under the ministry of the earl of Oxford in the year 1713.

bishop of St. Asaph, printed in 1712; where having displayed the *beautiful and pleasing prospect* which was opened by the war, he complains that the spirit of discord had given us in its stead—*I know not what—Our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure.* This preface was by order of the house of commons burnt by the hangman in Palace-yard, Westminster. *Hawkes.*

Many at that time did imagine the history of John Bull, and the personages mentioned in it, to be *allegorical*, which the author would never own. Notwithstanding; to indulge the reader's fancy and curiosity, I have printed at the bottom of the page, the *supposed* allusions of the most obscure parts of the story.

THE
HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

P A R T I.

C H A P. I.

The occasion of the law-suit.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels, that have happened in our neighbourhood since the death of the late lord Strutt †; how the parson, § and a † cunning attorney, got him to settle his estate upon his cousin || Philip Baboon to the great disappointment of his cousin * Esquire South. Some stick not to say, that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons: let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know, that the lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well-conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, &c. all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive

† Charles II. of Spain died without issue, and

§ Card. Portocarero and the

† Marshal of Harcourt, employed, as is supposed by the house of Bourbon, prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he settled the succession of the Spanish monarchy upon

|| Philip of Bourbon Duke of Anjou, though his right had by the most solemn renunciations been barred in favour of

* the Archduke Charles of Austria;

expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors : it is credibly reported, that the butchers and bakers bill of a lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom : the two chief were * John Bull the clothier, and † Nic. Frog the linen-draper : they told him, that the Bulls and Frogs had served the lord Strutts with drapery-ware for many years ; that they were honest and fair dealers ; that their bills had never been questioned ; that the lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters ; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty ; that they would use him as kindly, as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part, and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.

CH A P. II.

How Bull and Frog grew jealous, that the lord Strutt intended to give all his custom to his grandfather Lewis Baboon. §

IT happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) *a false bon*, of a grand father, that one might justly call a *Jack of all trades* ; † sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broadcloth, sometimes measuring linen, next day he would be dealing in mercery ware ; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace, he understood to a nicety ; Charles Mather could not bubble a young

* the English and

† the Dutch congratulate Philip upon a succession, which they were not able to prevent : but to disappoint the ambition of

§ Lewis the XIV. and hinder the French nation whose

† *trade and character* are thus described, and whose king had a

young beau better with a toy ; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe-buckles : when shop was shut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander * away at back-sword, quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. " It is not impossible (says Frog to Bull) " but this old rogue will take the management of " the young lord's business into his hands ; besides " the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as " cheap as any body. In that case, I leave you to " judge what must become of us and our families ; " we must starve, or turn Journeymen to old Lewis " Baboon ; therefore, neighbour, I hold it advise- " able, that we write to young lord Strutt to know " the bottom of this matter."

C H A P. III.

A copy of Bull and Frog's letter to lord Strutt.

MY LORD,

I Suppose your lordship knows, that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery-ware time out of mind : and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandfire old Lewis Baboon ; this is to inform your lordship, that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship, that
you

* *strong disposition to war*, from becoming too potent, an alliance was form'd to " procure a reasonable satisfaction to the " house of " Austria for its pretensions to the Spanish succession, and sufficient

you must find sufficient *security* * to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon ; or else we will take our remedy at *law*, clap an action upon you of 20,000 *l.* for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattles, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself ; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord ; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in *ready* either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail : he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation ; and promised upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers ; but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

CH A P. IV.

How Bull and Frog went to law with lord Strutt about the premises, and were joined by the rest of the tradesmen.

AL L endeavours of accommodation between lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain ; jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumoured abroad, that lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon.

* *security* to England and Holland for their dominions, navigation, and commerce, and to prevent the union of the two monarchies France and Spain." To effect these purposes, queen Anne was by

Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot, says she, you loiter about ale-houses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your Customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon't! up man, rouse thyself; I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave." You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to council learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their law-suit.

I told you before, that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of a Jack of *all trades*, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they, hearing of the quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned, † the chimney-sweeper of Savoy, and Tom ‡ the Portugal dustman, put in their claims; and the cause was put into the hands of Humphrey Hocus the attorney §.

A declaration was drawn up to shew "that Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper, without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that

¶ *the parliament* precipitated into the war as a principal. Among her Allies were

† the Duke of Savoy and

‡ the King of Portugal; and

§ John Churchill Duke of Marlborough was appointed general in chief of the confederate army.

“ that he sold goods, that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling and cudgel-play;” and abundance more to this purpose.

CHAP. V.

The true characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus.

FOR the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know, that Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing Fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at back-sword, single faulchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plumbs, and might have kept them had it not been for his unhappy law-suit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning sly whorson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestick affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of *high german* artists, and *legerdemain*: no man exceeded Nic. in these;

these ; yet it must be owned, that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney ; and though this was the first considerable suit, that ever he was engaged in, he shewed himself superior in address to most of his profession : he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper : he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family ; but he loved himself better than them all : the neighbours reported, that he was hen-pecked ; which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman, as his wife was.

C H A P. VI.

Of the various successs of the law-suit.

LA W is a bottomless pit ; it is a cormorant, a harpy, that devours every thing. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most ; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business : yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the *meanders* of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address was wanting : and, to say truth, John did not starve his cause ; there wanted not *yellow-boys* to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries ; lord Sirutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favour ; † and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination ; but alas ! that final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him : new trials upon new points still arose ; new doubts, new matters to be cleared ; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause, till

† The war was carried on against France and Spain with great success, and a peace might have been concluded upon the principles of the alliance ; but a partition of the Spanish dominions in favour of the house of Austria, and an engagement that the same person should never be king of France and Spain, were not now thought sufficient.

till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers pockets: then John began to borrow money upon Bank-stock and East-India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot: at last it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title †, to prove the *will forged*, and dispossess Philip lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their cloaths: now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, or linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shift, though he had as many as any other: his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and bare-footed; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef, and bullock's liver: in short, no-body got much by the matter, but the men of law.

C H A P. VII.

How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his success, that he was going to leave off his trade, and turn lawyer.

IT is wisely observed by a great philosopher, that habit is a second nature: this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law-words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench: he was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner. "How capriciously ‡ does fate or chance dispose of mankind?"

"How

† It was insisted, that the will in favour of Philip was contrary to treaty; and there was a parliamentary declaration for continuing the war, till he should be dethroned.

‡ The manners and sentiments of the nation became extravagant and chimerical.

Chap.

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“ How seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature ? It is plain, I was intended for a man of law : how did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter ? Bless me ! what immense estates these fellows raise by the law ? Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure is it to be victorious in a cause ? to swagger at the bar ? What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade ? for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will be ; one is never too old to learn.”

All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil ; these he used to babble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee-houses ; so that his neighbour tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs of Blackwell-hall, and price of broad-cloth, wool and bayes, he talks of nothing but *actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeas's, certiorari's, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipe's and dedimus*. This was matter of jest to the learned in law ; however, Hocus, and the rest of the tribe, encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him, that he had a great genius for law ; that they questioned not, but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges ; that if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a Lord Chief Justice || : as for the advice of honest friends and neighbours, John despised it ; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor groveling mechanics ; John reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have sold a bale of broad-cloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent ; for though he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

|| Hold the balance of power.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

How John discovered, that Hocus had an intrigue with his wife ; and what followed thereupon.

JOH N had not run on a madding so long, had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom Hocus, perceiving John to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, *that the last man of the parish, that knows of his cuckoldom, is himself.* It was observed by all the neighbourhood, that Hocus had dealings with John's Wife § that were not so much for his honour ; but this was perceived by John a little too late : she was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats and balls, differing very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. Hocus fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with John's own money. Every body said, that Hocus had a month's mind to her body ; be that as it will, it is matter of fact, that upon all occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor ; one that had taken so much pains in his law-suit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swinging sum of John's readiest cash went towards building of Hocus's *country-house*. † This affair between Hocus and Mrs. Bull was now so open, that all the world were scandalized at it ; John was not so clod-pated, but at last he took the hint. The parson ‡ of the parish preaching one day with more zeal

§ And it was believed, that the general tampered with the parliament.

† who settled upon him the manor of Woodstock, and afterwards entailed that, with 5000 l. per annum, payable out of the post-office, to descend with his honours ; over and above this immense sum was expended in building Blenheim-house. About this time (Nov. 6. 1709.)

‡ Dr. Henry Sacheverel preached a sermon against popular resistance of regal authority.

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zeal than sense against adultery *, Mrs. Bull told her husband that he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before people of condition ; that Hocus was of the same mind ; and that they would join to have him turned out of his living for using personal reflections. How do you mean, says John, by personal reflections ? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you ? “ No, thank God, my “ reputation is too well established in the world to “ receive any hurt from such a foul-mouthed scoundrel “ as he ; his doctrine tends only to make husbands “ tyrants, and wives slaves ; must we be shut up, “ and husbands left to their liberty ? very pretty in- “ deed ! a wife must never go abroad with a Plato- “ nic to see a play or a ball ; she must never stir “ without her husband ; nor walk in Spring-garden “ with a cousin. I do say, husband, and I will “ stand by it, that without the innocent freedoms “ of life, matrimony would be a most intolerable state ; “ and that a wife’s virtue ought to be the result of “ her own reason, and not of her husband’s govern- “ ment ; for my part, I would scorn a husband that “ would be jealous, if he saw a fellow a-bed with “ me. † ” All this while John’s blood boiled in his veins : he was now confirmed in all his suspicions ; jade, bitch, and whore were the best words that John gave her. ‡ Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. Bull aimed a knife at John, || though John threw a bottle ** at her head very brutally indeed †† : and after this, there was nothing but confusion : bot- tles, glasses, spoons, plates, knives, forks, and dishes flew about like dust ; the result of which was, that Mrs.

* The house of commons voted this sermon a libel on her Ma- jesty and her government, the revolution, the protestant succession, and the parliament ; they impeached him of high crimes and misde- meanors ; he was silenced for three years, and the sermon burnt by the hangman.

† These proceedings caused a great ferment in the nation.

‡ The house complained of being *asperged* and *vilified* ; oppro- brious terms were used by both parties, and one had recourse to

|| *military power*, because it was assaulted by the other with

** *tumult* and *riot*.

†† The confusion every day increased : the whig or low church party in the house of commons began to decline ; after much con- tention and debate.

Mrs. Bull* received a bruise in her right side, of which she died half a year after. The bruise imposthumated, and afterwards turned to a stinking ulcer, which made every body shy to come near her; yet she wanted not the help of many able physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of skill could do: but all to no purpose, for her condition was now quite desperate, all regular physicians, and her nearest relations, having given her over.

CHAP. IX.

How some quacks undertook to cure Mrs. Bull of her ulcer. †

THERE is nothing so impossible in nature, but mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs. Bull's condition was looked upon as desperate by all the men of art; but there were those, that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaister, which being applied to the sore, would cure it in a few days; at the same time they would give her a pill, that would purge off all her bad humours, sweeten her blood, and rectify her disturbed imagination. In spite of all applications, the patient grew worse every day; she stunk so, no body durst come within a stone's throw of her, except those quacks who attended her close, and apprehended no danger. If one asked them, how Mrs. Bull did? Better and better, said they; the parts heal, and her constitution mends; if she submits to our government, she will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her friends in the country, that she should dance a jig next October in Westminster-Hall, and that her illness had been chiefly owing to bad physicians. At last, ‡ one of them was sent for in great haste, his patient grew worse and worse: when he came, he affirmed that it was a gross mistake, and that she was

* the parliament was prorogued;

† and notwithstanding many attempts to prolong it, particularly some difficulties started by the Lord

‡ Chancellor, it was dissolved on the 21st Sept. 1710.

was never in a fairer way : bring hither the salve says he, and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial. As he was applying his ointments, and administering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghost, to the great confusion of the quack, and to the great joy of Bull and his friends. The quack slung away out of the house in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his medicines were infallible. Mrs. Bull having died without any signs of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a Christian burial. The relations had once resolved to sue John for the murder, but considering better of it, and that such a trial would rip up old sores, and discover things not so much to the reputation of the deceased, they dropt their design. She left no will, only there was found, in her strong box, the following words wrote on a scrip of paper, *My curse on John Bull, and all my posterity, if ever they come to any composition with the Lord Strutt.*

She left him three daughters, whose names were Polemia, Discordia, and Usuria.*

CHAP. X.

Of John Bull's second wife, and the good advice that she gave him. †

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and seeing that neither his constitution, or the affairs of his family could permit him to live in an unmarried state, he resolved to get him another wife ; a cousin of his last wife's was proposed, but John would have no more of the breed : in short, he wedded a sober country gentlewoman, of a good family, and a plentiful fortune, the reverse of the other in her temper ; not but that she loved money, for she was saving, and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last wife, and

* War, faction, and usury.

† The new parliament, which was averse to the war, made

and this ruinous law-suit, had brought him into. One day, as she had got her husband in good humour, she talked to him after the following manner. “ My dear *, since I have been your wife, I have observed great abuses and disorders in your family ; your servants are mutinous and quarrellsome, and cheat you most abominably ; your cookmaid is in a combination with your butcher, poulterer, and fishmonger : your butler purloins your liquor, and the brewer sells you hogwash ; your baker cheats both in weight and in tale ; even your milk-woman and your nursery-maid have a fellow-feeling ; your tailor, instead of shreads, cabbages whole yards of cloath ; besides, leaving such long scores, and not going to market with ready money, forces us to take bad ware of the tradesmen at their own price. You have not posted your books these ten years ; how is it possible for a man of business to keep his affairs even in the world at this rate ? Pray God this Hocus be honest : would to God you would look over his bills, and see how matters stand between Frog and you : † prodigious sums are spent in this law-suit, and more must be borrowed of scriveners and usurers at heavy interest. Besides, my dear, let me beg of you to lay aside that wild project of leaving your business to turn lawyer, for which, let me tell you, nature never designed you. Believe me, these rogues do but flatter, that they may pick your pocket ; observe what a parcel of hungry ragged fellows live by your cause ; to be sure they will never make an end of it ; I foresee this haunt, you have got about the courts will one day or another bring your family to beggary. Consider, my dear, how indecent it is to abandon your shop, and follow pettifoggers ; the habit is so strong upon you, that there is hardly a plea between two country esquires about a barren acre upon a common, but you draw yourself in as
“ bail,

* a representation of the management in the several offices, particularly these for victualing and cloathing the navy and army ;

† and of the sums that had been expended on the war,

“bail, surety or solicitor. §” John heard her all this while with patience, till she pricked his maggot, and touched him in the tender point ; then he broke out into a violent passion, “What ! I not fit for a lawyer ! let me tell you, my clodpated relations “spoiled the greatest genius in the world, when “they bred me a mechanic. Lord Strutt, and “his old rogue of a grandfire, have found to their “cost, that I can manage a law-suit as well as another.” “I do not deny what you say,” replied Mrs. Bull, “nor do I call in question your parts ; but “I say, it does not suit with your circumstances : “you and your predecessors have lived in good reputation among your neighbours by this same “cloathing trade, and it were madness to leave it “off. Besides, there are few that know all the tricks “and cheats of these lawyers ; does not your own “experience teach you, how they have drawn you “on from one term to another, and how you have “danced the round of all the courts, still flattering “you with a final issue, and, for aught I can see, “your cause is not a bit clearer than it was seven “years ago.” “I will be damned, says John, if I “accept of any composition from Strutt, or his grandfather ; I will rather wheel about the streets an engine to grind knives and scissars ; however, I will “take your advice, and look over my accompts.”

C H A P. XI.

How John looked over his attorney's bill.

WHEN John first brought out the bills, the surprise of all the family was unexpressible at the prodigious dimensions of them ; they would have measured with the best bale of cloath in John's shop. Fees to judges, puny judges, clerks, prothonotaries, philizers, chirographers, under-clerks, proclamators, council, witnesses, jury-men, marshals, tipstiffs, cryers, porters ; for enrollings, exemplifications, bails, VOL. V. I vouchers,

§ which was however still a favourite with people,

vouchers, returns, caveats, examinations, filings of writs, entries, declarations, replications, recordats, *noli prosequi's*, *certiorari's*, *mittimus's*, demurrers, special verdicts, informations, *scire facias*, *superedeas*, *habeas corpus*, coach-hire, treating of witnesses, &c. " Verily, says John, there are a prodigious number " of learned words in this law ; what a pretty science it is." " Ay ! but, husband, you have paid " for every syllable and letter of these fine words ; " bless me, what immense sums are at the bottom of " the account !" John spent several weeks in looking over his bills, and by comparing and stating his accounts, he discovered, that, besides the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiously cheated ; that he had paid for council that were never fee'd, for writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dressed, and journeys that were never made : in short, that the tradesmen, lawyers, and Frog, had agreed to throw the burden of the law-suit upon his shoulders.

CH A P. XII.

*How John grew angry, and resolved to accept a composition ; * and what methods were practised by the lawyers for keeping him from it.*

WELL might the learned Daniel Burges say, *that a law-suit is a suit for life.* He that sows his grain upon marble, will have many a hungry belly before harvest. This John felt by woeful experience. John's cause was a good milk cow, and many a man subsisted his family out of it. However, John began to think it high time to look about him. He had a cousin in the country, one Sir Roger Bold, † whose predecessors had been bred up to the law, and knew as much of it as any body ; but having left off the profession

* When at length peace was thought to be eligible upon more moderate terms, a treaty was entered into by

† Robert Harley, afterwards E. of Oxford, who was made treasurer instead of the Lord Godolphin, and there was now not only a new parliament, but a new ministry.

profession for some time, they took great pleasure in compounding law-suits among their neighbours, for which they were the aversion of the gentlemen of the long robe, and at perpetual war with all the country attorneys. John put his cause in Sir Roger's hands, desiring him to make the best of it: the news had no sooner reached the ears of the lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. They brought all the rest of the tradesmen upon John: 'Squire South * swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded; Frog said he was highly wronged; even lying Ned the chimney-sweeper, and Tom the dustman complained, that their interest was sacrificed. The lawyers, solicitors, Hocus, and his clerks, were all up in arms, at the news of the composition; † they abused him and his wife most shamefully. "You
 " silly, awkward, ill-bred, country sow, quoth one,
 " have you no more manners than to rail at Hocus,
 " that has saved that clodpated numskulled ninny-
 " hammer of yours from ruin, and all his family?
 " It is well known, how he has rose early and sat up
 " late to make him easy, when he was sopping at
 " every ale-house in town. I knew his last wife;
 " she was a woman of breeding, good humour, and
 " complaisance; knew how to live in the world:
 " as for you, you look like a puppet moved by clock-
 " work; your cloaths hang upon you, as they were
 " upon tenter-hooks, and you come into a room
 " as if you were going to steal away a piss-pot: get
 " you gone into the country to look after your mo-
 " ther's poultry, to milk the cows, churn the butter,
 " and dress up nosegays for a holyday, and not
 " meddle with matters, which you know no more of,
 " than the sign-post before your door: it is well
 " known, that Hocus had an established reputation;
 " he never swore an oath, nor told a lie in all his
 " life; he is grateful to his benefactors, faithful to
 " his friends, liberal to his dependants, and dutiful

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" to

* the measure was opposed by the allies and the general:

† The house of commons was censured as totally ignorant of business:

“to his superiors; he values not your money more than the dust under his feet, but he hates to be abused. Once for all, Mrs. Mynx, leave off talking of Hocus, or I will put out those saucer eyes of yours, and make that redstreak country face look as raw as an ox-cheek upon a butcher’s stall: remember, I say, that there are pillories and ducking stools.” With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. Bull no time to reply. No stone was left unturned to fright John from his composition: sometimes they spread reports at coffee-houses, * that John and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up house, and make over all their estate to Lewis Baboon; that John had been often heard talking to himself, and seen in the streets without shoes or stockings; that he did nothing from morning till night but beat his servants, after having been the best master alive: as for his wife, she was a mere natural. Sometimes John’s house was beset with a whole regiment of attorney’s clerks, bailiffs, and bailiffs-followers, and other small retainers of the law, who threw stones at his windows, and dirt at himself, as he went along the street. When John complained of want of ready money to carry on his suit, they advised him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. Bull should sell her linen and wearing-cloaths.

C H A P. XIII.

Mrs. Bull’s vindication of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, incumbent upon wives in case of the tyranny, infidelity, or insufficiency of husbands: being a full answer to the doctor’s sermon against adultery. †

JOHN found daily fresh proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceased wife; amongst other things, one day looking over his cabinet, he found the following paper.

I T

* and it was said, that the nation would at last be sacrificed to the ambition of France.

† The tories representation of the speeches at Sacheverel’s trial.

IT is evident that matrimony is founded upon an *original contract*, whereby the wife makes over the right she has by the law of nature to the *concubitus vagus*, in favour of the husband; by which he acquires the property of all her posterity. But then the obligation is mutual: and where the contract is broken on one side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a right, there must be a power to maintain it, and to punish the offending party. This power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indispensable duty of cuckoldom, lodged in all wives in the cases above-mentioned. No wife is bound by any law, to which herself has not consented: all æconomical government is lodged originally in the husband and wife, the executive part being in the husband; both have their privileges secured to them by law and reason: but will any man infer from the husband's being invested with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her share, and that which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom? And that she had no remedy left, but *preces et lachrymæ*, or an appeal to a supreme court of judicature? No less frivolous are the arguments, that are drawn from the general appellations and terms of husband and wife. A husband denotes several different sorts of magistracy, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some eastern nations it signifies a tyrant, with the absolute power of life and death: in Turkey it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment: in Italy it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks: in the countries of England, France, and Holland, it has a quite different meaning, implying a free and equal government, securing to the wife, in certain cases, the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pin-money, and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of husband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited chastity, and conjugal fidelity.

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The general exhortations to chastity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases, but they naturally suppose three conditions of ability, justice, and fidelity in the husband: such an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the wife could never be supposed by reasonable men; it seems a reflection upon the ch—ch, to charge her with the doctrines that countenance oppression.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is superior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives: it is much to the honour of our English wives, that they have never given up that *fundamental point*; and that though in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the illegality of cuckoldom upon any pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious colours upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families: such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them necessary means; for in many cases what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families; unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours, and estates; for, if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too: but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that Europe groans at present under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation, and the scrupulous nicety of a silly queen *, in not exercising this indispensable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir, and a controverted succession might have been avoided? These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, *That one must not do evil, that good may come of it.*

The asserters of this indefeasible right, and *jus divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favour gallants,

* The Queen of Charles II. of Spain, upon whose death without issue the war broke out.

gallants, and the pretenders to married women ; for, if the true legal foundation of the married state be once sapped, and instead thereof tyrannical maxims introduced, what must follow but elopements instead of secret and peaceable cuckoldom ?

From all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the absurdity of the doctrine of this seditious, discontented, hot headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, asserting, *That the grand security of the matrimonial state, and the pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an absolute unconditional fidelity to the husband's bed :* by which bold assertion he strikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the basis, upon which the happiness of a married state is built. As for his personal reflections, I would gladly know who are those *wanton wives* he speaks of ? who are those ladies of high stations, that he so boldly traduces in his sermon ? It is pretty plain, who these aspersions are aimed at, for which he deserves the pillory or something worse.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wisest wives in all ages, who by these means have preserved their husbands families from ruin and oblivion by want of posterity : but what has been said, is a sufficient ground for punishing this pragmatistical parson.

C H A P. XIV.

The two great parties of wives, the Devoto's and the Hitts.*

THE doctrine of unlimited chastity and fidelity in wives was universally espoused by all husbands ; who went about the country, and made the wives sign papers, signifying their utter detestation and abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty ; which gave rise to two great parties amongst the wives, the Devoto's and the Hitts. Though it must be owned, the distinction was more nominal than real ; for the Devoto's would abuse freedoms sometimes ; and those, who were distinguished by the name of
Hitts,

* Those who were for and against the doctrine of *non-resistance*.

Hitts, were often very honest. At the same time there came out an ingenious treatise with the title of *good advice to husbands*; in which they are counselled not to trust too much to their wives owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect family duty, and a due watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the greatest security to husbands was a vigorous constitution, good usage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation; many husbands having been sufferers by their trusting too much to general professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent husband, who trusting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him.

C H A P. XV.

An account of the conference between Mrs. Bull and Don Diego.

THE lawyers, as their last effort to put off the composition, sent Don Diego to John. * Don Diego was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to John, his mother, and present wife; and therefore supposed to have some influence over her: he had been ill used himself by Roger, † was against the composition: ‡ the conference between him and Mrs. Bull was word for word as follows.

Don Diego. Is it possible, cousin Bull, that you can forget the honourable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honestest best-meaning persons in the world, Esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, that have sacrificed their interests to yours? It is base to take advantage of

* Amongst other obstacles to the treaty was the opposition of the Earl of Nottingham, a tory nobleman, who had great influence in the house of commons.

† The cause of his animosity, from which this conduct is supposed to proceed, was Mr. Harley's being chosen to succeed him as principal secretary of state, when he was removed from that office in the year 1704.

‡ He expostulated against the peace with great warmth in the house, when the Queen was present *incog*.

of their simplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at last.

Mrs. Bull. I am sure they have left my family in a bad condition, we have hardly money to go to market; and no-body will take our words for six-pence. A very fine spark this Esquire South! My husband took him in, a dirty, snotty-nosed boy; it was the business of half the servants to attend him, the rogue * did bawl and make such a noise: sometimes he fell in the fire and burnt his face, sometimes broke his shins clambering over the benches, often pissed a-bed, and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragged through the kennel at a boarding-school. He lost his money at chuck-farthing, shuffle-cap, and all fours; sold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are so in love with bagpipes and puppet-shows! I wish you knew what my husband has paid at the pastry-cook's and confectioner's for Naples biscuit, tarts, custards, and sweet-meats. All this while my husband considered him as a gentleman of a good family, that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has settled him in a good creditable way of living, having procured him by his interest, one of the best places of the country: and what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us? he will hardly give me or my husband a good word, or a civil expression: instead of *Sir* and *Madam*† (which, tho' I say it, is our due) he calls us *goody* and *gaffer* such a-one: says, he did us a great deal of honour to board with us; huffs and dings at such a rate, because we will not spend the little we have left to get him the title and estate of Lord Strutt; and then forthwith, we shall have the honour to be his woollen-drappers. Besides, Esquire South will be Esquire South still; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so, when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man say what he will do when he is got above the world?

I 5

D. Diego.

* Something relating to the manners of a great Prince, superstition, love of operas, shows, &c.

† Something relating to forms and titles.

D. Diego. And would you lose the honour of so noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept this scandalous composition, and trust that old rogue, Lewis Baboon.

Mrs. Bull. Look you, friend Diego, if we law it on, till Lewis turns honest, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwell-hall. I wish every man had his own; but I still say, that Lord Strutt's money shines as bright, and chinks as well as Esquire South's. I do not know any other hold, that we tradesmen have of these great folks, but their interest; buy dear and sell cheap, and I will warrant ye you will keep your customer. The worst is, the Lord Strutt's servants have got such a haunt about the old rogue's shop, that it will cost us many a firkin of strong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego. But poor Frog, what has he done! On my conscience, if there be an honest, sincere man in the world, it is that Frog.

Mrs. Bull. I think, I need not tell you how much Frog has been obliged to our family from his childhood, † he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is, without our help. Ever since the commencement of this law-suit it has been the business of Hocus, in sharing our expences, to plead for Frog. "Poor Frog, says he, is in hard circumstances, he has a numerous family, and lives from hand to mouth; his children do not eat a bit of victuals from one year's end to the other, but live upon salt herring, sower curd, and borecole; he does his utmost, poor fellow, to keep things even in the world, and has exerted himself beyond his ability in this lawsuit; but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred pounds? place it upon your side of the account; it is a great deal to poor Frog, and a trifle to you." This has been Hocus's constant language, and I am sure he has had obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

D. Diego.

† On the other side complaint was made of the unequal burden of the war,

D. Diego. No doubt Hocus meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted, charitable man; Frog is indeed in hard circumstances.

Mrs. Bull. Hard circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree.* All the time of the law-suit, as fast as I have mortgaged, Frog has purchased: from a plain tradesman with a shop, ware-house, and a country hutt with a dirty fish-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman, with a noble landed estate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms, finer than any we were ever master of. Is it not strange, when my husband disbursed great sums every term, Frog should be purchasing some new farm or manor? so that if this law-suit lasts, he will be far the richest man in his country. What is worse, than all this, he steals away my customers every day; twelve of the richest and best have left my shop by his persuasion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again: judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

D. Diego. Frog is indeed pretty close in his dealings, but very honest: you are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some mistake in this.

Mrs. Bull. A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how Hocus, and those rogues kept my husband John Bull drunk for five years together with punch and strong waters; I am sure he never went one night sober to bed, till they got him to sign the strangest deed, that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I will tell you another time; at present I will read only the writing.

ARTICLES

* And of the acquisitions of the Dutch in Flanders: during these debates the house took in consideration.

ARTICLES of AGREEMENT

BETWIXT

JOHN BULL, CLOTHIER,

AND

NICHOLAS FROG, LINEN-DRAPER.*

I. THAT for maintaining the antient good correspondence and friendship between the said parties, I Nicholas Frog do solemnly engage and promise to keep peace in John Bull's family; that neither his wife, children, nor servants give him any trouble, disturbance, or molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their respective stations: and whereas the said John Bull, from the assured confidence that he has in my friendship, has appointed me executor of his last will and testament, and guardian to his children, I do undertake for me, my heirs and assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its parts, by John Bull, or any body else: for that purpose it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his house at any hour of the day or night; to break open bars, bolts, and doors, chests of drawers, and strong boxes, in order to secure the peace of my friend John Bull's family, and to see his will duly executed.

II. In consideration of which kind neighbourly office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleased to accept of the aforesaid trust, I John Bull, having duly considered,

* A treaty which had been concluded by the Lord Townshend at the Hague between the Queen and the States in 1709, for securing the protestant succession, and for settling a barrier for Holland against France. And it was resolved, that several articles of this treaty were destructive to the trade and interest of Great-Britain, that Lord Townshend had no authority to agree to them, and that he and all those, who advised ratifying the treaty, were enemies to their country.

considered, that my friend, Nicholas Frog, at this time lives in a marshy soil and unwholesome air, infested with fogs and damps, destructive of the health of himself, wife, and children; do bind and oblige me, my heirs and assigns, to purchase for the said Nicholas Frog, with the best and readiest of my cash, bonds, mortgages, goods, and chattles, a landed estate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and outlets, consisting of as large extent, as the said Nicholas Frog shall think fit. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog is at present hemmed in too close by the grounds of Lewis Baboon, master of the science of defence, I the said John Bull do oblige myself, with the readiest of my cash, to purchase and inclose the said grounds, for as many fields and acres as the said Nicholas shall think fit; to the intent that the said Nicholas may have free egress and regress, without lett or molestation, suitable to the demands of himself and family.

III. Furthermore the said John Bull obliges himself to make the country neighbours of Nicholas Frog allot a certain part of yearly rents to pay for the repairs of the said landed estate, to the intent that his good friend Nicholas Frog may be eased of all charges.

IV. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceased Lord Strutt about certain liberties, privileges, and immunities, formerly in the possession of the said John Bull; I the said John Bull do freely by these presents, renounce, quit, and make over to the said Nicholas, the liberties, privileges, and immunities contracted for, in as full a manner, as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The said John Bull obliges himself, his heirs and assigns, not to sell one rag of broad or coarse cloath to any gentleman within the neighbourhood of the said Nicholas, except in such quantities and such rates, as the said Nicholas shall think fit.

Signed and sealed,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

The reading of this paper put Mrs Bull in such a passion, that she fell downright into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the spirit of hartshorn before she recovered.

D. Diego. Why in such a passion, cousin ? considering your circumstances at that time, I do not think this such an unreasonable contract. You see Frog, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain ; he scorns to hearken to any composition without your privacy.

Mrs Bull. You know the contrary.* Read that letter.

[*Reads the superscription.*] For Lewis Baboon, master of the noble science of defence.

S I R,

I Understand, that you are, at this time, treating with my friend John Bull, about restoring the Lord Strutt's custom, and besides allowing him certain privileges of parks and fish-ponds ; I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that simple fellow. He has been my bubble these twenty years, and to my certain knowledge, understands no more of his own affairs than a child in swaddling cloaths. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatical silly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands ; but you and she both will find yourselves mistaken, I will find those that shall manage her ; and for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one step in his affairs without my consent. If you will give me what you promised him, I will make all things easy, and stop the deeds of ejectment against Lord Strutt: if you will not, take what follows: I shall have a good action against you, for pretending to rob me of my Bubble. Take this warning from

Your loving friend,

N I C. F R O G.

I am told, cousin Diego, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said

* In the mean time the Dutch were secretly negotiating with France.

said you will carry a green bag yourself, rather than we shall make an end of our law-suit: I will teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego. For God's sake, Madam, why so chole-ric? I say this letter is some forgery; it never entered into the head of that honest man, Nic. Frog, to do any such thing.

Mrs. Bull. I cannot abide you: you have been railing these twenty years at Esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, calling them rogues and pick-pockets, and now they are turned the honestest fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

D. Diego. Pray tell me how you came to employ this Sir Roger in your affairs, and not think of your old friend Diego?

Mrs. Bull. So, so, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed Sir Roger in several weighty affairs, and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My husband and I are now in such circumstances, that we must be served upon cheaper terms, than we have been.

D. Diego. Well, cousin, I find I can do no good with you; I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this Sir Roger.

C H A P. XVI.

*How the guardians of the deceased Mrs. Bull's three daughters came to John, and what advice they gave him; wherein are briefly treated the characters of the three daughters; also John Bull's answer to the three guardians.**

ITOLD you in a former chapter, that Mrs. Bull, before she departed this life, had blessed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous reflections upon young ladies, whose reputations ought
to

* The debates in parliament were however still continued.

to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of these were so well known in the neighbourhood, that it is doing them no injury, to make a short description of them.

The eldest † was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breathed: she used to rantipole about the house, pinch the children, kick the servants, and torture the cats and dogs; she would rob her father's strong box, for money to give the young fellows that she was fond of: she had a noble air, and something great in her mien, but such a noisome infectious breath, as threw all the servants that dressed her, into consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest nose-gay, it would shrivel and wither as if it had been blighted: she used to come home in her cups, and break the china and the looking-glasses; and was of such an irregular temper, and so intirely given up to her passion, that you might argue as well with the *north* wind, as with her Ladyship: so expensive, that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. Hocus loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. Bull.

The second daughter, ‡ born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was, ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer eyes, a sharp nose, and hunch-backed: but active, spritely, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon, and night: she never rested quietly a-bed; but used to disturb the whole family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for gospel: she would cry out murder, and disturb the whole neighbourhood; and when John came running down stairs to enquire what the matter was: nothing, forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown: she turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her sallad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel; but

† Polemia, war.

‡ Discordia, faction.

but such, as by flattery had procured her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the street concluded she was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad, but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal but such as knew her: of a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the Tower to destroy the protestant religion; of the Pope's being seen in a brandy-shop at Wapping; and of a prodigious strong man, that was going to shove down the cupola of St. Paul's; of three millions of five pound pieces, that Esquire South had found under an old wall; of blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such stuff. All the servants in the family made high court to her, for she domineered there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and Sir Roger, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him, as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a furtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the furtout was a little scanty.

As for the third,* she was a thiefe and a common mercenary prostitute, and that without any sollicitation from nature, for she owned she had no enjoyment. She had no respect of persons, a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest gentleman in the world to go to an ugly pocky fellow for six-pence more. In the practice of her profession she had amassed vast magazines of all sorts of things; she had above five hundred suits of
fine

* Usuria, usury.

fine cloaths, and yet went abroad like a cinder wench: she robbed and starved all the servants, so that no-body could live near her.

So much for John's three daughters, which you will say were rarities to be fond of: yet nature will shew itself; no-body could blame their relations for taking care of them: and therefore it was that Hocus, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the interest of the three girls, and give John their best advice before he compounded the law-suit.

Hocus. What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There is no-body loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs: as I hope, to be saved, I would do any thing to serve you; I would crawl upon all four to serve you; I have spent my health and paternal estate in your service. I have, indeed, a small pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a conscience as any man; but the thoughts of this disgraceful composition so touches me to the quick, that I cannot sleep: after I had brought the cause to the last stroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old Lewis, and Lord Strutt, and put you in the quiet possession of every thing; then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cause was my favourite, I had set my heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it should miscarry: for God's-sake consider only to what a dismal condition old Lewis is brought. He is at an end of all his cash: his attorneys have hardly one trick left; they are at an end of all their *chicane* besides, he has both his law and his daily bread now upon trust. Hold out only one term longer, and I will warrant you, before the next we shall have him in the *fleet*. I will bring him to the pillory; his ears shall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God do not compound: let me be damned if you have a friend in the world that loves you better than I: there is nobody can say I am covetous, or that I have any interest to pursue, but yours.

2d *Guardian.* There is nothing so plain, as that this Lewis has a design to ruin all his neighbouring tradesmen;

tradesmen ; and at this time he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize every thing : no-body will be able to sell a yard of drapery or mercery ware but himself. I then hold it adviseable, that you continue the law-suit, and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice ; for their estates, poor girls ! depend upon the success of this cause.

3d *Guardian*. I own this writ of ejectment has cost dear ; but then consider it as a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. Bull's declared enemies can say, he has any other security for his cloathing trade, but the ejectment of Lord Strutt. The only question then that remains to be decided, is, who shall stand the expences of the suit ? To which the answer is as plain ; who but he, that is to have the advantage of the sentence ? When Esquire South has got possession of his title and honour, is not John Bull to be his clothier ? Who then, but John, ought to put him in possession ? Ask but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at law ? and he will readily answer, his tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet possession of his estate, and, with the same generous spirit you have begun it, complete the good work. If you persist in the bad measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor orphans ? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent persons ; but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me ; I think my interest ought to be considered in the first place. As for you, Hocus, I cannot but say you have managed my law-suit with great address, and much to my honour, and, though I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the burthen be taken off Frog's back, and laid upon my shoulders ? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot, when I have been forced to mortgage my estate ; his
note

note will go farther than my bond. Is it not matter of fact, that from the richest tradesman in all the country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from scribblers and usurers, that suck the heart, blood and guts out of me? and what is all this for? Did you like Frog's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had an hundred yards at a time of the finest cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the tradesmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbid to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern than mine? As to holding out this term, I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years, *one term more, and old Lewis goes to pot*. If thou art so fond of my cause, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah Hocus! Hocus! I know thee; not a sou to save me from gaol, I trow. Look ye, gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart, never to stir out of my doors but to be pulled by the sleeve by some rascally dun or other? "Sir, remember my bill: there is a small concern of a thousand pounds, I hope you think on it, Sir." And to have these usurers transact my debts at coffee-houses, and ale-houses, as if I were going to break up shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous John Bull, clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, should be brought to compound his debts for five shillings in the pound; and to have his name in an advertisement for a statute of bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read somewhere in the Apocrypha, that one should not *consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer of selling; nor with an unmerciful man of kindness, &c.* I could have added one thing more, *nor with an attorney about compounding a law-suit*. The ejectment of Lord Strutt will never do. The evidence is crimp; the witnesses swear backwards and forwards, and contradict themselves; and his tenants stick by him. One tells me, that I must carry on my suit, because Lewis is poor; another,

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another, because he is still too rich : Whom shall I believe ? I am sure of one thing, that a penny in the purse is the best friend John can have at last ; and who can say that this will be the last suit I shall be engaged in ? Besides, if this ejectment were practicable, is it reasonable, that when Esquire South is losing his money to sharpers and pick-pockets, going about the country with fidlers and buffoons, and squandering his income with hawks and dogs, I should lay out the fruits of my honest industry in a law-suit for him, only upon the hopes of being his clothier ? And when the cause is over, I shall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market. Look ye, gentlemen, John Bull is but a plain man ; but John Bull knows when he is ill used. I know the infirmity of our family ; we are apt to play the boon companion, and throw away our money in our cups : but it was an unfair thing in you, gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakness ; to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzzas, and hunting-horns, and ringing the changes on butchers cleavers, never let me cool, and make me set my hand to papers, when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small remainder of a very great estate.

C H A P. XVII.

Esquire South's message and letter to Mrs. Bull.

THE arguments used by Hocus and the rest of the guardians had hitherto proved insufficient : || John and his wife could not be persuaded to bear the expence of Esquire South's law-suit. They thought it reasonable that since he was to have the honour and advantage, he should bear the greatest share of the charges ; and retrench what he lost to sharpers, and spent upon country-dances and puppet-plays, to apply

|| but as all attempts of the party to preclude the treaty were ineffectual, and complaints were made of the deficiencies of the house of Austria, the Archduke sent a message and letter.

ply it to that use. This was not very grateful to the Esquire; therefore, as the last experiment, he resolved to send Signior Benenato, § master of his foxhounds, to Mrs. Bull, to try what good he could do with her. This Signior Benenato had all the qualities of a fine gentleman, that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any person in the world could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken fidelity to her husband, and the constant purpose of her mind to pursue his interest, that the most refined arts of gallantry that were practised, could not seduce her heart. The necklaces, diamond crosses, and rich bracelets that were offered, she rejected with the utmost scorn and disdain. The music and serenades, that were given her, sounded more ungratefully in her ears than the noise of a screech-owl; however, she received Esquire South's letter by the hands of Signior Benenato with that respect, which became his quality. The copy of the letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual stile.

M A D A M,

THE writ of ejectment against Philip Baboon, (pretended Lord Strutt) is just ready to pass: there want but a few necessary forms, and a verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet possession of my honour and estate: I question not, but that according to your wonted generosity and goodness you will give it the finishing stroke; an honour that I would grudge any body but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the charges, I promise to furnish pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the stamps. Besides, I have ordered my stewards to pay out of the readiest and best of my rents, five pounds ten shillings a year,
till

§ By Prince Eugene, urging the continuance of the war, and offering to bear a proportion of the expence.

till my suit is finished. I wish you health and happiness, being with due respect,

M A D A M,

Your assured friend,

S O U T H.

What answer Mrs. Bull returned to this letter, you shall know in my second part, only they were at a pretty good distance in their proposals; for as Esquire South only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink, and paper, Mrs. Bull refused any more than to lend her barge § to carry his council to Westminster-hall.

§ This proportion was however thought to be so inconsiderable, that the letter produced no other effect, than the convoy of the forces by the English fleet to Barcelona.



C H A P.

LAW IS A BOTTOMLESS PIT:
 OR, THE
 HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.
 PART II.

THE PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE world is much indebted to the famous Sir Humphrey Polefworth for his ingenious and impartial account of John Bull's law-suit; yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he relates it only by parcels, and will not give us the whole work: this forces me, who am only the publisher, to bespeak the assistance of his friends and acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stingy humour, and gratify the curiosity of the public at once. He pleads in excuse, that they are only private memoirs, wrote for his own use, in a loose stile, to serve as a help to his ordinary conversation. § I represented to him the good reception the first part had met with; that, though calculated only for the meridian of Grubstreet, it was yet taken notice of by the better sort; that the world was now sufficiently acquainted with John Bull, and interested itself in his concerns. He answered, with a smile, that he had indeed some trifling things to impart, that concerned John Bull's relations and domestick affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave me free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the history of the law-suit more intelligible. When I had looked over the manuscript, I found likewise some further account of the composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former part.

§ This excuse of Sir Humphrey can only relate to the second part or sequel of the history. See the preface to the first part.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

*The character of John Bull's mother. **

JOHN had a mother, whom he loved and honoured extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly, old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise *prudes*, nor one of your fantastical old *belles*, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen: as she neither wore a ruff, fore-head cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimped ribbons in her head-dress, furbelow-scarfs, and hooped-petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel: though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses, and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanack, to mark the hours and the holy-days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan-work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon

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to

* The church of England.

to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies, that affect to smell a stink in every thing; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curt'fying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies, that affect a mighty regard for their relations; *We must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, and my cousin Betty died this time ten years: let us have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birth-day*; she looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birth-day, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors, § to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex: your rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sower and reserved: she was a zealous preacher up of chastity, and *conjugal fidelity* in wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the *indispensable duty of cuckoldom*: though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, *this is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it*. It has been observed, that such people are oftener in the wrong than any body.

Though

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

C H A P. II.

The character of John Bull's sister Peg, † with the quarrels that happened between master and miss in their childhood.

JOHN had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse, any body would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plumb, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippens, peaches, and nectarines; poor Miss a crab-apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fifty-cuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but Miss would not yield in the least point, but even when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tyger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would

K 2

prick

† The nation and church of S——d.

prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tye her to the bed-post, for which affront, Miss aimed a pen-knife at his heart. † In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted averfions; they gave one another nick-names; she called him *gundy-guts*, and he called her *lousy Peg*; though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours, and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. “What think you of my sister Peg, says he, “that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will “dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?” “What’s that to you, *gundy-guts*, quoth Peg, every “body’s to chuse their own musick.” Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her *Pater-noster*, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers, that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack had of late been her inclinations: * Lord Peter she detested: nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces, but Jack had found the way to her heart. I have often admired, what charms she discovered in that aukward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue, who gave me the following account of it.

† Henry the VIII. to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V. of Scotland: this offer was rejected, and followed by a war: to this event probably the author alludes.

* Love of presbytery.

C H A P. III.

Jack's charms, † or the method by which he gained Peg's heart.

IN the first place, Jack was a very young fellow, by much the youngest of the three brothers, and people, indeed, wondered how such a young upstart jack-anapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

Jack bragged of greater abilities than other men; he was *well-gifted*, as he pretended; I need not tell you what secret influence that has upon the ladies.

Jack had a most scandalous tongue, and persuaded Peg that all mankind, besides himself, were poxed by that scarlet-faced whore Signiora Bubonia. * “As for his brother, Lord Peter, the tokens were evident on him, blotches, scabs, and the corona: his brother Martin, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal pains, which his friends pretended were only scorbutical; but he was sure it proceeded from a worse cause.” By such malicious insinuations, he had possessed the lady, that he was the only man in the world of a sound, pure, and untainted constitution: though there were some that stuck not to say, that Signiora Bubonia and Jack railed at one another, only the better to hide an intrigue; and that Jack had been found with Signiora under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark stormy night.

Jack was a prodigious ogler; he would ogle you the outside of his eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himself out for a man of a great estate in the fortunate islands; of which the sole property was vested in his person: by this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of small sums, pretending to make over plantations in the said islands; but when the poor wretches came there with Jack's grant, they were beat, mocked, and turned out of doors.

I told

† Character of the presbyterians.

* The whore of Babylon, or the Pope.

Itold you that Peg was whimsical, and loved any thing that was particular : in that way, Jack was her man, for he neither thought, spoke, dressed, nor acted like other mortals : he was for your *bold strokes*, he railed at fops, though he was himself the most affected in the world ; instead of the common fashion, he would visit his mistress in a mourning cloak, band, short cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backwards, which, he said, shewed more humility, and less affectation : where other people stood, he sat ; where they sat, he stood ; when he went to court, he used to kick away the state, and sit down by his prince cheek by jole : *Confound these states*, says he, *they are a modern invention* : when he spoke to his prince, he always turned his b——ch upon him : if he was advised to fast for his health, he would eat roast-beef ; if he was allowed a more plentiful diet, then he would be sure that day to live upon water-gruel ; he would cry at a wedding, laugh and make jests at a funeral.

He was no less singular in his opinions ; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk of politics : †
 “ All government, says he, is founded upon the right
 “ distribution of *punishments* ; decent executions keep
 “ the world in awe ; for that reason the majority of
 “ mankind ought to be hanged every year. For ex-
 “ ample, I suppose, the magistrate ought to pass an
 “ irreverfible sentence upon all *blue eyed children* from
 “ the cradle ; § but that there may be some shew of
 “ justice in this proceeding, these children ought to
 “ be trained up by masters, appointed for that pur-
 “ pose, to all sorts of villainy ; that they may de-
 “ serve their fate, and the execution of them may
 “ serve as an object of terror to the rest of mankind.”
 As to the giving of *pardons*, he had this singular method, ‡ that when these wretches had the rope about their necks, it should be enquired, who believed they should be hanged, and who not ? The first were to be pardoned, the last hanged out-right. Such as
 were

† Absolute predestination.

§ Reprobation.

‡ Saving health ; a belief that one shall certainly be saved.

were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterwards for any crime whatsoever. || He had such skill in physiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a man's face, *That fellow, says he, do what he will, cannot avoid hanging; he has a hanging look.* By the same art he would prognosticate a principality to a scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the choice of his studies; they were generally bent towards exploded chimeras, the *perpetuum mobile*,* the circular shot, philosopher's stone, silent gun-powder, making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and instruments to unravel cobwebs and split hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct account of the methods he practised upon Peg. Her brother would now and then ask her, "What a devil dost thou see in that pragmatistical coxcomb to make thee so in love with him? he is a fit match for a taylor or a shoe-maker's daughter, but not for you, that are a gentlewoman." "Fancy is free, quoth Peg: I will take my own way, do you take yours. I do not care for your flaunting beaus, that gang with their breasts open, and their farks over their waistcoats; that accost me with set speeches out of Sidney's Arcadia, or the Academy of Compliments. Jack is a sober, grave young man; though he has none of your studied harangues, his meaning is sincere: he has a great regard to his father's will: and he that shews himself a good son, will make a good husband; besides, I know he has the original deed of conveyance to the fortunate Islands; the others are counterfeits." There is nothing so obstinate as a young lady in her amours; the more you cross her, the worse she is.

|| Election.

* The learning of the presbyterians.

CHAP. IV.

*How the relations reconciled John and his sister Peg, and what return Peg made to John's message.**

JOHNN BULL, otherwise a good-natured man, was very hard-hearted to his sister Peg, chiefly from an aversion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flourished, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful trade, poor Peg was forced to go hawking and peddling about the streets, selling knives, scissars, and shoe-buckles; now and then carried a basket of fish to the market; sewed, spun, and knit for a livelihood, till her fingers-ends were sore, and when she could not get bread for her family, she was forced to hire them out at journey-work to her neighbours. Yet in these poor circumstances she still preserved the air and mien of a gentlewoman, a certain decent pride, that extorted respect from the haughtiest of her neighbours; when she came into any full assembly, she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them. If one asked her, are not you related to John Bull? "Yes," says she; he has the honour to be my brother." So Peg's affairs went, till all the relations cried out shame upon John for his barbarous usage of his own flesh and blood; that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt but with advantage to himself, being she was an industrious person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of business. "Hang her, jade," quoth John; I cannot endure her, as long as she keeps that rascal Jack's company." They told him, the way to reclaim her was to take her into his house; that by conversation the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out. These arguments were enforced by a certain incident. It happened that John was at that time about making his will, † and entailing his estate, the very same in which

Nic.

* The treaty of Union between England and Scotland.

† The succession to the crown having been settled by act of parliament in England, upon the house of Hanover, and no such act having

Nic. Frog is named executor. Now, his sister Peg's name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough settlement without her consent. There was, indeed, a malicious story went about, as if John's last wife had fallen in love with Jack as he was eating custard on horseback; & that she persuaded John to take his sister into the house, the better to drive on the intrigue with Jack, concluding he would follow his mistress Peg. All I can infer from this story, is, that when one has got a bad character in the world, people will report and believe any thing of one, true or false. But to return to my story; when Peg received John's message, she huffed and stormed like the devil: || "My brother John, quoth she, is grown woderous kind-hearted all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt, whether it be not mair for their own conveniency than for my good; he draws up his writs and his deeds, forsooth, and I muist set my hand to them, unsight, unseen. I like the young man he has settled upon well enough, but I think I ought to have a valuable consideration for my consent. He wants my poor little farm, because it makes a nook in his park-wall: ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good use of; he gangs up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrelling, through all the country markets, making foolish bargains in his cups, which he repents when he is sober; like a thriftless wretch, spending the goods and gear that his forefathers won with the sweat of their brows; light come, light go, he cares not a farthing. But why should I stand surety for his contracts? the little I have is free, and I can call it my awn; hame's hame, let it be never so hamely. I ken him well enough, he could never abide me, and when he has his ends he'll e'en use me as he did before. I am sure I shall be treated

K 5

" like

having passed in Scotland, then a separate kingdom, it was thought a proper time to complete the union, which had been often attempted, and which was recommended to the Scots by K. William III.

¶ A presbyterian Lord Mayor of London.

|| The Scots expressed their fears for the presbyterian government, and of being burdened with the English national debts.

“ like a poor drudge ; I shall be set to tend the
 “ bairns, dearn the hose, and mend the linen. Then
 “ there’s no living with that old carline his mother ;
 “ she rails at Jack, and Jack’s an honest man than
 “ any of her kin : I shall be plagued with her spells
 “ and her *Pater-nosters*, and silly old-world ceremo-
 “ nies ; I mun never pare my nails on a friday, nor
 “ begin a journey on Childermas-day : and I mun
 “ stand beeking and binging, as I gang out and into
 “ the hall. Tell him he may e’en gang his get ; I’ll
 “ have nothing to do with him ; I’ll stay like the
 “ poor country mouse, in my awn habitation.” So
 Peg talked ; but for all that, by the interposition of
 good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was
 sent, and many more that were promised Peg, the
 matter was concluded, and *Peg taken into the house* up-
 on certain articles : one of which was, that she might
 have the freedom of Jack’s conversation, † and might
 take him better for worse, if she pleased ; provided
 always, he did not come into the house at unseason-
 able hours, and disturb the Rest of the old woman,
 John’s mother.

C H A P. V.

*Of some quarrels, that happened after Peg was taken into
 the family. †*

IT is an old observation, that the quarrels of relations
 are harder to reconcile than any other ; injuries
 from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of
 them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly
 represented by one of your old fables, called *Æsep*,
 in the story of the bird, that was grieved extremely
 at being wounded with an arrow feathered with his
 own wing ; as also of the oak, that let many a heavy
 groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own
 timber.

There

‡ The act of toleration.

† Quarrels about some of the articles of union, particularly the
 peerage.

There was no man in the world less subject to rancour than John Bull, considering how often his good nature had been abused ; yet I do not know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carried tales between him and his sister Peg, on purpose to sow jealousies, and set them together by the ears. They say that there were some hardships put upon Peg, which had been better let alone ; but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side, and moderate the resentments on the other ; a good friend acts both parts ; the one without the other will not do.

The purchase money of Peg's farm was ill paid ; || then Peg loved a little good liquor, and the servants shut up the wine-cellars : but for that Peg found a trick, for she made a false key. † Peg's servants complained that they were debarred from all manner of business, and never suffered to touch the least thing within the house ; ‡ if they offered to come into the warehouse, then strait went the yard slap over their noddle ; if they ventured into the counting room, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head ; if they came into the best apartment, to set any thing there in order, they were saluted with a broom ; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate with a laddle ; one that would have got into the stables, was met by two rascals, who fell to work with him with a brush and a curry-comb ; some, climbing up into the coach-box, were told, that one of their companions had been there before, that could not drive, then slap went the long whip about their ears.

On the other hand it was complained, that Peg's servants were always asking for drink-money ; ¶ that they had more than their share of the Christmas-box : to say the truth, Peg's lads buffed pretty hard for that,

|| By the 15th article of the treaty of union, it was agreed that Scotland should have an equivalent for several customs and excises to which she would become liable, and this equivalent was not paid.

† Run wine.

‡ By the test act dissenters are excluded from places and employments.

¶ Endeavoured to get their share of places.

that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fists, and pulled out handfuls of half crowns, shillings, and six-pences. Others in the scramble picked up guineas and broad pieces. But there happened a worse thing than all this; it was complained that Peg's servants had great stomachs, and brought so many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that John's family was like to be eat out of house and home. Instead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, Peg's young men were thrust away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do; spoons, plates, and dishes flew about the room like mad; and Sir Roger, who was now *major domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg said, this was contrary to agreement, whereby she was in all things to be treated like a child of the family; then she called upon those, that had made her such fair promises, and undertook for her brother John's good behaviour; but, alas! to her cost she found, that they were the first and readiest to do her the injury. John at last agreed to this regulation; that Peg's footmen * might sit with his book-keeper, journey-men, and apprentices; and Peg's better sort of servants might sit with his footmen, if they pleased.

Then they began to order plumb porridge and minced pies for Peg's dinner: Peg told them she had an aversion to that sort of food; that upon forcing † down a mess of it some years ago, it threw her into a fit, till she brought it up again. Some alledged it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be served up again for supper, and breakfast next morning; others would have made use of a horn; but the wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

CHAP.

* Articles of Union, whereby they could make a Scot's Commoner, but not a Lord, a Peer.

† Introducing Episcopacy into Scotland, by Charles I.

C H A P. VI.

The conversion between John Bull and his wife.

Mrs. Bull. **T**HOUGH our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them, since you seemed to be convinced of the ill course you have been in, and are resolved to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business, I have a curiosity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

J. Bull. I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family must have their run.

Mrs. Bull. But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: they have had law-suits, but though they spent the income, they never mortgaged the stock. Sure you must have some of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Prithce give me some account of these matters.

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon: he is the most cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as Nic. Frog and I were over a bottle, making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his Champagne, and so one after another, till my friend Nic. and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got bloody drunk. Lewis all the while, either by the strength of his brain, or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge. "My worthy friends, quoth Lewis, henceforth let us live neighbourly. I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, of my own temper, but it has been my misfortune to live among quarrelsome neighbours. There is but one thing can make us fall out, and that is the inheritance of Lord Struti's estate: I am content, for peace sake, to wave my right, and submit to any expedient to prevent

" prevent a law-suit: I think an *equal division* * will be the fairest way." *Well moved, old Lewis, quoth Frog; and I hope my friend John here will not be refractory.* At the same time he clapped me on the back, and flabbered me all over from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue. *Do as you please, gentlemen, quoth I; it is all one to John Bull.* We agreed to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of Lord Strutt's park wall with our surveying instruments, which accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain and a semicircle; Nic. paper, rulers, and a lead pencil; and I followed at some distance with a long pole. We began first with surveying the meadow grounds, afterwards we measured the corn fields, close by close; then we proceeded to the wood lands, the copper and tin mines. † All this while Nic. laid down every thing exactly upon paper, calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finished the land, we were going to break into the house and gardens to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs. Bull. What said Lord Strutt to all this?

J. Bull. As we had almost finished our concern, we were accosted by some of Lord Strutt's servants: " Hey day! What's here? what a devil's the meaning of all these trankrams and gimcracks, gentlemen? what in the name of wonder are you going about, jumping over my master's, hedges, and running your lines cross his grounds? If you are at any field pastime, you might have asked leave, my matter is a civil well-bred person as any is."

Mrs. Bull. What could you answer to this?

J. Bull. Why truly, my neighbour Frog and I were still hot-headed; we told him his master was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own business; that we were surveying his estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we being stronger than they, sent them away with a flea in their ear.

They

* A treaty for preserving the balance of power in Europe by a partition of the Spanish dominions.

† The West Indies.

They went home and told their master, * “ My lord, “ said they, there are three odd sort of fellows going “ about your grounds with the strangest machines, “ that ever we beheld in our life: I suppose they are “ going to rob your orchard, fell your trees, or drive “ away your cattle; they told us strange things of “ settling your estate: one is a lusty old fellow, in a “ black wig, with a black beard, without teeth: “ there’s another thick squat fellow, in trunk-hose: “ the third is a little, long-nosed thin man.” (I was then lean, being just come out of a fit of sickness.) “ I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry “ something away.”

Mrs. Bull. I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

J. Bull. Weak as he was, he called for his long Toledo, swore and bounced about the room. “ ’Sdeath! “ what am I come to, to be affronted so by my trades- “ men? I know the rascals: my barber, clothier, “ and linen-draper dispose of my estate! bring hither “ my blunderbuss. I’ll warrant ye, you shall see “ day-light through them. Scoundrels! dogs! the “ scum of the earth! Frog, that was my father’s “ kitchen-boy, he pretend to meddle with my estate! “ with my will! Ah poor Strutt, what art thou “ come to at last? Thou hast lived too long in the “ world, to see thy age and infirmity so despised: “ how will the ghosts of my noble ancestors receive “ these tidings? They cannot, they must not sleep “ quietly in their graves.” In short, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit, and after bleeding in both arms hardly recovered.

Mrs. Bull. Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding: I long to hear the rest of it.

J. Bull. After we had come back to the tavern, and taken the other bottle of Champagne, we quarrelled a little about the division of the estate. Lewis haled and pulled the map on one side, and Frog and I on the other, till we had like to have torn the parchment in pieces. At last Lewis pulled out a pair of great tail-
ors

* This partition of the King of Spain’s dominions was made without his content or even his knowledge.

ors sheers, and clipt a corner for himself, which he said was a manor that lay convenient for him, and left Frog and me the rest to dispose of as we pleased. We were overjoyed to think Lewis was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened indeed an incident that gave us some disturbance: a cunning fellow, one of my servants, two days after peeping through the key-hole observed, that old Lewis had stole away our part of the map, and saw him fidling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: he was muttering something to himself, which we did not well hear, only these words, *It is great pity, it is great pity!* My servant added, that he believed this had some ill meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his companions: Lewis and I are good friends, he is an honest fellow, and I dare say will stand to his bargain. The sequel of the story proved this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded; for Lewis* revealed our whole secret to the deceased Lord Strutt, who, in reward of his treachery and revenge to Frog and me, settled his whole estate upon the present Philip Baboon. Then we understood what he meant by piercing the map.

Mrs. Bull. And was you surprized at this? Had not Lord Strutt reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

J. Bull. Why, truly, wife, it was not easily reconciled to the common methods; but then it was the fashion to do such things. I have read of your golden age, your silver age, &c. one might justly call this the age of *lawyers*. There was hardly a man of substance in all the country, but had a *counterfeit* † that pretended to his estate. As the philosophers say, that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this age of the lawyers, there was at least two of every thing; nay, on my conscience, I think there were three Esquire Hackums † at one time. In short,

* It is suspected, that the French king intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the secret to the court of Spain, upon which the will was made in favour of his grandson.

† Several pretenders at that time. † Kings of Poland.

short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole estates in the country: *This lies convenient for me, Tom: thou wouldst do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it.* So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; every body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, calling for supper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every house you might observe two Sofia's quarrelling who was master. For my own part, I am still afraid of the same treatment, and that I should find somebody behind my counter selling my broad cloth.

Mrs. Bull. There are a sort of fellows, they call banterers and bamboozlers, that play such tricks; but it seems, these fellows were in earnest.

J. Bull. I begin to think, that *justice* is a better rule than *conveniency*, for all some people make so slight on it.

C H A P. VII.

*Of the hard shifts Mrs. Bull was put to, to preserve the manor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir Roger's method to keep off importunate duns.**

AS John Bull and his wife were talking together, they were surprized with a sudden knocking at the door: "Those wicked scriveners and lawyers, no doubt" quoth John; and so it was: some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. "What a cursed life" do I lead? quoth John; Debt is like deadly sin: "for

* After the dissolution of the parliament, the sinking ministry endeavoured to support themselves by propagating a notion, that the public credit would suffer if the Lord Treasurer Godolphin was removed; the dread of this event produced it: the monied men began to sell their shares in the bank: the governor, deputy governor, and two directors applied to the Queen to prevent the change; the alarm became general, and all the public funds gradually sunk. Perhaps by Bullock's Hatch the author meant the crown lands; see p. 241.

“ for God’s sake, Sir Roger, get me rid of the fellows.” “ I’ll warrant you, quoth Sir Roger; “ leave them to me.” And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger’s method with these importunate duns; his sincere friendship for John Bull made him submit to many things for his service, which he would have scorned to have done for himself. Sometimes he † would stand at the door with his long staff to keep off the duns, ’till John got out at the back-door. When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills, Sir Roger used to bargain before-hand for leave to cut off the quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased; he wore a pair of scissars in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldsmith, he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his calendar: when ready money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand pounds in six-pences, groats, and three-penny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of lawyers, attorneys, clerks and tradesmen; sometimes with sword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mightily inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he could send away to see some strange sight, as the dragon of *Hockley in the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next February. Now and then you would see him in the kitchen, * weighing the beef and butter; paying ready money, that the maids might not run a-tick at the market, and the butchers, by bribing them, sell damaged and light meat. Another time he would slip into the cellar, and gauge the casks. In his leisure minutes he was posting his books, and gathering in his debts. Such frugal methods were necessary, where money was so scarce,

† Manners of the Earl of Oxford.

* Some Regulations as to the purveyance in the Queen’s family.

scarce, and duns so numerous. All this while John kept his credit, could shew his head both at 'Change and Westminster-hall; no man protested his bill, nor refused his bond; only the sharpers and the scriveners, the lawyers and other clerks pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The squirter were at it with their kennel water, for they were mad for the loss of their bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's Hatch. Sir Roger shook his ears, and nuzzled along, well satisfied within himself, that he was doing a charitable work in rescuing an honest man from the claws of *barpies* and *bloodsuckers*. Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate wife, and a good housewife could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indivisible lines; it is impossible to march up close to the frontiers of frugality, without entering the territories of parsimony. Your good housewives are apt to look into the minutest things; therefore some blamed Mrs. Bull for new heel-piecing of her shoes, † grudging a quarter of a pound of *soap* and *sand* to scowre the rooms; but especially, that she would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of John Bunyan,* the London Apprentices, or the seven Champions in the black-letter.

C H A P. VIII.

A continuation of the conversation betwixt John Bull and his wife.

Mrs. Bull. **I**T is a most sad life we lead, my dear, to be so teased, paying interest for old debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I do not blame you for vindicating your honour, and chastizing old Lewis: to curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law: the only thing I want to know, is, how you came to make an end of your money, before you finished your suit.

J. Bull.

† The great savings in the house of commons.

* Restraining the liberty of the press by act of Parliament.

J. Bull. I was told by the learned in the law, that my suit stood upon three firm pillars; *more money for more law, more law for more money, and no composition.* More money for more law, was plain to a demonstration, for who can go to law without money? and it was plain, that any man, that has money, may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what composition could be made with a rogue, that never kept a word he said?

Mrs. Bull. I think you are most likely to get out of this labyrinth by the second door, by want of ready money to purchase this precious commodity: but you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought: else, how was it possible to run so much in debt, when at this very time, the yearly income of what is mortgaged to those usurers, would discharge Hocus's bills, and give you your belly full of law for all your life, without running one six-pence in debt? You have been bred up to business; I suppose you can cypher; I wonder you never used your pen and ink.

J. Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue, Suppose a young heir heedless, raw, and unexperienced, full of spirit and vigour, with a favourite passion, in the hands of money scriveners: such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills: if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at last, 'till they squeeze the heart, blood, and guts out of him. When I wanted money, † half a dozen of these fellows were always waiting in my antechamber with their securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the ready, some farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers, that like so many hell hounds were ready to devour me. Then the ragues would plead poverty, and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best rents, they were able to supply me with my own money. But what was worse, when I looked into the securities, there was no clause of redemption.

Mrs.

† Methods of preying upon the necessities of the government.

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Mrs. Bull. No clause of redemption, say you? that's hard.

J. Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse trick than that; the same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money, and gave the acquittance; the same man was butcher and grafter, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is something still worse than all this; there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to discharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker, even my herb-woman dunned me as I went along the streets. (Thanks to my friend Sir Roger, else I must have gone to gaol.) When I asked the meaning of this, I was told, the money went to the lawyers; counsel won't tick, Sir; Hocus was urging: my book-keeper sat frotting all day, playing at *put* and *all-fours*: in short, by griping usurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent servants, I am brought to this pass.

Mrs. Bull. This was hard usage! but, methinks, the least reflection might have retrieved you.

J. Bull. It is true: yet consider my circumstances; my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern, to ale-houses and brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs! "There goes the prettiest fellow in the world, † says one, for managing a jury; make him yours. There's another can pick you up witnesses: serjeant such a one has a silver tongue at the bar." I believe, in time I should have retained every single person within the inns of court. The night after a trial, I treated the lawyers, their wives and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums, and trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they placed me in the middle, the attorneys and their clerks dancing about me, whooping, and hallowing, *Long live John Bull, the Glory and support of the law!*

Mrs.

† Hiring still more troops.

Mrs.

government.

Mrs. Bull. Really, husband, you went through a very notable course.

J. Bull. One of the things, that first alarmed me, was, that they shewed a spite * against my poor old mother. “ Lord, quoth I, what makes you so jealous
“ of a poor, old, innocent gentlewoman, that minds
“ only her prayers, and her practice of piety : she
“ never meddles in any of your concerns ? Foh, say
“ they, to see a handsome, brisk, genteel, young
“ fellow, so much governed by a doating old woman !
“ why don’t you go and suck the bubbly ? Do you
“ consider she keeps you out of a good jointure ?
“ She has the best of your estate settled upon her for
“ a rent charge : hang her, old thief, turn her out
“ of doors, seize her land, and let her go to law if
“ she dares.” “ Soft and fair, gentlemen, quoth
“ I : my mother’s my mother ; our family are not of
“ an unnatural temper. Though I don’t take all
“ her advice, I won’t seize her jointure ; long may
“ she enjoy it, good woman ; I dont grudge it her, she
“ allows me now and then a brace of hundreds for
“ my law-suit ; that’s pretty fair.” About this
time the old gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort of a
distemper ; † it began with a coldness and numbness
in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves,
(I think the physicians call them) seized the brain, and
at last ended in a lethargy. It betrayed itself at first
in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all her
actions, coldness to her best friends, and an aversion
to stir or go about the common offices of life. She,
that was the cleanliest creature in the* world, never
shrunk now, if you set a close-stool under her nose.
She, that would sometimes rattle off her servants
pretty sharply ; now, if she saw them drink, or heard
them talk profanely, never took any notice of it.
Instead of her usual charities to deserving persons, ‡
she threw away her money upon roaring, swearing
bullies and beggars, that went about the streets.

“ What

* Railing against the church.

† Carelessness in forms and discipline.

‡ Disposing of some preferments to libertine and unprincipled persons.

“What is the matter with the old gentlewoman, said every body, she never used to do in this manner?” At last the distemper grew more violent, § and threw her downright into raving fits; in which she shrieked out so loud, that she disturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits she called upon one Sir William: “Oh! Sir William, || thou hast betrayed me! killed me! stabbed me! sold me to the cuckold of Dover-street! See, see, Clum with his bloody knife! seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the fury with her hissing snakes! Where’s my son John! Is he well, is he well! poor man, I pity him;” and abundance more of such strange stuff, that no-body could make any thing of. I knew little of the matter; for when I enquired about her health, the answer was, “that she was in a good moderate way.” Physicians were sent for in haste. Sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought Ratcliff; Garth came upon the first message. There were several others called in; but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the consultation.

At last they divided into two parties, one sided with Garth, the other with Ratcliff. Dr. Garth. † “This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old woman is whimsical; it is a common thing for your old woman to be so; I’ll pawn my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover her.” Others suggested strong purging, and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. Ratcliff. “Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case; it is plainly an acute distemper, and she cannot hold out three days, unless she is supported with strong cordials.” I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them, what they thought of my mother? “In no manner of danger, I avow to
“Gad,

§ The too violent clamour about the danger of the church.

|| Sir William a cant name of Sir Humphry’s for Lord Treasurer Godolphin.

† Garth, the low-church party. Ratcliff, high-church party.

"Gad, *quoth Garib*, the old woman is hysterical, "fanciful, Sir, I avow to Gad." "I tell you, Sir, "says *Ratcliff*, she cannot live three days to an end, "unless there is some very effectual course taken with "her; she has a malignant fever." Then fool, puppy, and blockhead were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you that one party of the physicians desired I would take my sister Peg into the house to nurse her, but the old gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked, if the lady had ever been used to take laudanum? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but indeed there was a High-German liveryman of hers, one Yan Ptschirnsooker,† that gave her a sort of quack-powder. The physician desired to see it: "Nay, says he, there is opium in this, I am sure."

Mrs. Bull. I hope you examined a little into this matter.

J. Bull. I did indeed, and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath, that they had heard some of the Livery-men || frequently railing at their mistress. "They said, she was a troublesome fiddle-faddle old woman, and so ceremonious, that there was no bearing of her. They "were so plagued with bowing and cringing as they "went in and out of the room, that their backs ached. She used to scold at one for his dirty shoes, "at another for his greasy hair, and not combing his "head: that she was so passionate and fiery in her "temper, that there was no living with her; she "wanted something to sweeten her blood: that they "never had a quiet night's rest, for getting up in the "morning to early sacraments; they wished they "could find some way or another to keep the old woman quiet in her bed." Such discourses were often

† Yan Ptschirnsooker, a bishop at that time, a great dealer in politics and physic.

|| The Clergy.

ten overheard among the livery-men, while the said Yan Ptschirnfooker had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit, "That she had seen the said Yan Ptschirnfooker, one of the livery-men, frequently making up of medicines, and administering them to all the neighbours; that she saw him one morning make up the powder, which her mistress took; that she had the curiosity to ask him, whence he had the ingredients? They come, says he, from several parts of the world; this I have from Geneva, that from Rome, this white powder from Amsterdam, and the red from Edinburgh; but the chief ingredient of all comes from Turkey." It was likewise proved, that the said Yan Ptschirnfooker had been frequently seen at the Rose with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his mistress: that he brought a certain powder to his mistress, which the examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words: "Madam, here is grand secret van de world, my sweetening powder, it does temperate the humour, dispel the windt, and cure the vapour, it lulleth and quieteth the animal spirits, procuring rest and pleasant dreams: it is the infallible receipt for the scurvy, all heats in the bloodt, and breaking out upon the skin: it is the true blood-stancher, stopping all fluxes of the bloodt: if you do take this, you will never ail any thing; it will cure you of all diseases:" and abundance more to this purpose, which the examinant does not remember.

JOHN BULL was interrupted in his story by a porter, that brought him a letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows.

CHAP. IX.

A copy of Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull.†

[*John Bull reads.*]

FRIEND JOHN,

“ **W**HAT schellum is this, that makes thee
 “ jealous of thy old friend Nicholas? Hast
 “ thou forgot how some years ago he took thee out
 “ of the ipunging-house?” † [*It is true, my friend
 Nic. did so, and I thank him, but he made me pay a
 swinging reckoning.*] “ Thou beginnest now to repent
 “ thy bargain, that thou wast so fond of; and, if
 “ thou durst, wouldst forswear thy own hand and
 “ seal. Thou sayst, that thou hast purchased me too
 “ great an estate already; when, at the same time,
 “ thou knowest I have only a mortgage: it is true, I
 “ have possession, and the tenants own me for master;
 “ but has not Esquire South the equity of redemp-
 “ tion?” [*No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily;
 poor Nic. has only possession, eleven points of the law.*]
 “ As for the turnpikes, ‡ I have set up, they are for
 “ other people, not for my friend John; I have order-
 “ ed my servant constantly to attend, to let thy car-
 “ riages through without paying any thing; only I
 “ hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil
 “ my ways. Certainly I have just cause of offence
 “ against thee, my friend, for supposing it possible that
 “ thou and I should ever quarrel: what houndsfoot is
 “ it that puts these whims in thy head? Ten thousand
 “ last of devils haul me, if I don't love thee, as I
 “ love my life.” [*No question, as the devil loves holy-
 water!*] Does not thy own hand and seal oblige
 “ thee to purchase for me, till I say it is enough?
 “ Are not these words plain? I say it is not enough.
 “ Dost

† A letter from the S—s G—l.

‡ Alluding to the Revolution.

§ The Dutch prohibition of trade.

“Dost thou think thy friend Nicholas Frog made a
 “child’s bargain? Mark the words of thy contract,
 “*tota pecunia*, with all thy money.” [*Very well! I
 have purchased with my own money, my children’s, and my
 grand-children’s money, is not that enough? Well, tota
 pecunia let it be, for, at present, I have none at all:
 he would not have me purchase with other people’s money
 sure: since tota pecunia is the bargain, I think it is plain,
 no more money, no more purchase.*] “And whatever
 “the world may say, Nicholas Frog is but a poor
 “man in comparison of the rich, the opulent John
 “Bull, great clothier of the world. I have had ma-
 “ny losses, six of my best sheep were drowned, and
 “the water has come into my cellar, and spoiled a
 “pipe of my best brandy: it would be a more friend-
 “ly act in thee to carry a brief about the country to
 “repair the losses of thy poor friend. Is it not
 “evident to all the world, that I am still hemmed in
 “by Lewis Baboon? Is he not just upon my borders?”
 [*And so he will be, if I purchase a thousand acres more,
 unless he get somebody betwixt them.*] “I tell thee friend
 “John, thou hast flatterers, that persuade thee that
 “thou art a man of business; do not believe them:
 “if thou wouldst still leave thy affairs in my hands,
 “thou shouldst see how handsomely I would deal by
 “thee. That ever thou shouldst be dazzled with
 “the enchanted islands, and mountains of gold, that
 “old Lewis promises thee! ‘Dswounds! why dost
 “thou not lay out the money to purchase a place at
 “court, of honest Israel? I tell thee, thou must not
 “so much as think of a composition.” [*Not think of a
 composition, that’s hard indeed; I cannot be!p thinking
 of it, if I would.*] “Thou complainest of want of mo-
 “ney; let thy wife and daughters burn the gold
 “lace of their petticoats; sell thy fat cattle; re-
 “trench but a sir-loin of beef and a peck-loaf in a week
 “from thy gormandizing guts.” [*Retrench my beef,
 a dog! retrench my beef! then it is plain the rascal has
 an ill design upon me, he would starve me.*] “Mortgage
 “thy manor of Bullocks-hatch, or pawn thy crop for
 “ten years.” [*A rogue! part with my count’y-seat, my
 patrimony,*

patrimony, all that I have left in the world ; I'll see him hanged first.] " Why hast thou changed thy attorney ? " " Can any man manage thy cause better for thee ? " [*Very pleasant ! because a man has a good attorney, he must never make an end of his law-suit.*] " Ah, John ! John ! I " with thou knewest thy own mind ; thou art as fickle " as the wind. I tell thee, thou hadst better let " this composition alone, or leave it to thy

Loving friend,

NIC. FROG.

CHAP. X.

Of some extraordinary things, † that passed at the Salutation tavern, in the conference between Bull, Frog, Esquire South, and Lewis Baboon.

FROG had given his word, that he would meet the above-mentioned company at the Salutation to talk of this agreement. Though he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse ; one time he pretended to be seized with the gout in his right knee : then he got a great cold, that struck him deaf of one ear ; afterwards two of his coach-horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water for fear of catching an ague. John would take no excuse, but hurried him away ; " Come, Nic, says " *he*, let's go and hear at least what this old fellow " has to propose ! I hope there's no hurt in that, " Be it so, quoth Nic. but if I catch any harm, woe " be to you ; my wife and children will curse you " as long as they live." When they were come to the Salutation, John concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with law affairs ; he thought every body as plain and sincere as he was.

" Well,

† The treaty of Utrecht : the difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the Dutch would not speak their sentiments, nor the French deliver in their proposals. The house of Austria talked very high.

“ Well, neighbours, *quoth he*, let’s now make an end
 “ of all matters, and live peaceably together for the
 “ time to come ; if every body is as well inclined
 “ as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our
 “ affair.” And so pointing to Frog to say something,
 to the great surprize of all the company, Frog was
 seized with a dead palsy in the tongue. John began
 to ask him some plain questions, and whooped and
 hollowed in his ear. “ Let’s come to the point. Nic.
 “ who wouldst thou have to be Lord Strutt ? wouldst
 “ thou have Philip Baboon ?” Nic. shook his head,
 and said nothing. “ Wilt thou then have Esquire
 “ South to be Lord Strutt ?” Nic. shook his head a
 second time. “ Then who the devil wilt thou have ? say
 “ something or another.” Nic. opened his mouth, and
 pointed to his tongue, and cried, “ A, a, a, a !” which
 was as much as to say, he could not speak. John
 Bull.] “ Shall I serve Philip Baboon with broad-cloth,
 “ and accept of the composition that he offers, with
 “ the liberty of his parks and fish-ponds ?” Then Nic.
 roared like a bull. “ O, o, o, o !” John Bull.] “ If
 “ thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take
 “ them thyself ?” Then Nic. grinned, cackled, and
 laughed, till he was like to kill himself, and seemed
 to be so pleased, that he fell a frisking and dancing
 about the room. John Bull.] “ Shall I leave all this
 “ matter to thy management, Nic. and go about my
 “ business ?” Then Nic. got up a glass, and drank to
 John, shaking him by the hand, till he had like to
 have shook his shoulder out of joint. John Bull.] “ I
 “ understand thee, Nic. but I shall make thee speak
 “ before I go.” Then Nic. put his finger in his
 cheek, and made it cry *Buck* ; which was as much as
 to say, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull.]
 “ I have done Nic. if thou wilt not speak, I’ll make
 “ my own terms with old Lewis here.” Then
 Nic. lolled out his tongue, and turned up his bum
 to him ; which was as much as to say, *kiss*——

John perceiving that Frog would not speak, turns
 to old Lewis : “ Since we cannot make this obstinate
 “ fellow speak, Lewis, pray condescend a little to his
 humour,

“humour, and set down thy meaning upon paper,
“that he may answer it in another scrap.

“I am infinitely sorry, *quoth Lewis*, that it happens
“so unfortunately; for playing a little at cudgels
“the other day, a fellow has given me such a rap
“over the right-arm, that I am quite lame: I have
“lost the use of my fore-finger and my thumb, so
“that I cannot hold my pen.”

J. Bull. “That’s all one, let me write for you.”

Lewis. “But I have a misfortune, that I cannot
“read any body’s hand but my own.”

J. Bull. “Try what you can do with your left-
“hand.”

Lewis. “That’s impossible; it will make such a
“scrawl, that it will not be legible.”

As they were talking of this matter, in came Esquire South*, all dressed up in feathers and ribbons, stark staring mad, brandishing his sword, as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, “Room, room, boys, for the grand Esquire of the world! the flower of Esquires! What! covered in my presence? I’ll crush your souls, and crack you like lice!” With that he had like to have struck John Bull’s hat into the fire; but John, who was pretty strong-sifted, gave him such a squeeze as made his eyes water. He went on still in his mad pranks; “When I am Lord of the universe, the sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, shalt be my bailiff; Lewis my taylor; and thou, John Bull, shalt be my fool!”

All this while Frog laughed in his sleeve, gave the Esquire t’other noggan of brandy, and clapped him on the back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor John stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: “Well, John, thou art got into rare company! One has a dumb devil, the other a mad devil, and the third a spirit of infirmity. An honest man has a fine time on’t among such rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all? Some mighty boon, one would

* The archduke was now become Emperor of Germany; being unanimously elected upon the death of Joseph the first.

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" would think ! only to sit quietly at thy own fire-
 " side. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with such fel-
 " lows ! John Bull, after all his losses and crosses, can
 " live better without them, than they can without
 " him. Would to God I lived a thousand leagues
 " off them ! but the devil's in't, John Bull is in, and
 " John Bull must get out as well as he can."

As he was talking to himself, he observed Frog and old Lewis edging towards one another to whisper * ; so that John was forced to sit with his arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder.

Some people advised John to blood Frog under the tongue, or to take away his bread and butter, which would certainly make him speak ; to give Esquire South hellebore ; as for Lewis, some were for emollient pulstesses, others for opening his arm with an incision-knife.

CHAP. XI. †

The apprehending, examination, and imprisonment of Jack for suspicion of poisoning.

THE attentive reader cannot have forgot, that the story of Yan Ptschirnsooker's powder was interrupted by a message from Frog. I have a natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled with the distemper myself ; therefore to gratify that uneasy itching

* Some attempts of secret negotiation between the French and the Dutch.

† The receiving the holy sacrament as administered by the church of England once at least in every year, having been made a necessary qualification for places of trust and profit, many of the dissenters came to the altar, merely for this purpose. A bill to prevent this practice had been three times brought into the house and rejected, under the title of *A bill to prevent occasional conformity*. But the Earl of Nottingham having brought it in a fourth time under another name, and with the addition of such clauses as were said to enlarge the toleration, and to be a further security to the protestant succession, the whigs, whose cause the Earl then appeared to espouse, were persuaded to concur ; some, because they were indeed willing that the bill should pass, and others, because they believed the Earl of Oxford would at last procure it to be thrown out. The four following chapters contain the history of this transaction.

itching sensation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

Yan Pitschirnsooker came off (as rogues usually do upon such occasions) by peaching his partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows. Jack was accused as the contriver of all the roguery.* And indeed it happened unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate spite against the old gentlewoman; and consequently, that never any ill accident happened to her, but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she pricked her finger, Jack, to be sure, laid the pin in the way; if some noise in the street disturbed her rest, who could it be but Jack in some of his nocturnal rambles? If a servant ran away, Jack had debauched him: every idle tittle-tattle that went about, Jack was always suspected for the author of it: however, all was nothing to this last affair of the temperating, moderating powder.

The hue and cry went after Jack to apprehend him dead or alive, wherever he could be found. The constables looked out for him in all his usual haunts; but to no purpose. Where d'ye think they found him at last? even smoaking his pipe very quietly at his brother Martin's; from whence he was carried with a vast mob at his heels before the worshipful Mr. Justice Overdo. Several of his neighbours made oath, that of late the prisoner † had been observed to lead a very dissolute life, renouncing even his usual hypocrisy, and pretences to sobriety: that he frequented taverns and eating-houses, and had been often guilty of drunkenness and gluttony at my Lord Mayor's table: that he had been seen in the company of lewd women: that he had transferred his usual care of the engrossed copy of his father's will, to bank bills, orders for tallies, and debentures: ‡ these he now affirmed,

* All the misfortunes of the church charged upon the presbyterian party.

† The manners of the dissenters changed from their former strictness.

‡ Dealing much in stock-jobbing.

firmed, with more literal truth, to be *meat & drink, and cloth, the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine*: that he was so far from shewing his customary reverence to the *will*, that he kept company with those that called his father a cheating rogue, and his will a forgery: * that he not only sat quietly and heard his father railed at, but often chimed in with the discourse, and hugged the authors as his bosom friends: *That instead of asking for blows † at the corners of the streets*, he now bestowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In short, that he was grown a mere rake: and had nothing left in him of old Jack, except his spite to John Bull's mother.

Another witness made oath, That Jack had been over-heard bragging of a trick † he had found out to manage the *old formal jade*, as he used to call her. "Damn this numb-skull of mine, *quoth he*, that I could not light on it sooner. As long as I go in this ragged tattered coat, I am so well known, that I am hunted away from the old woman's door by every barking cur about the house; they bid me defiance. There's no doing mischief as an open enemy, I must find some way or other of getting within doors, and then I shall have better opportunities of playing my pranks, besides the benefit of good keeping."

Two witnesses swore, || that several years ago, there came to their mistress's door a young fellow in a tattered coat, that went by the name of Timothy Trim, whom they did in their conscience believe to be the very prisoner, resembling him in shape, stature, and the features of his countenance: that the said Timothy Trim, being taken into the family, clapped their mistress's livery over his own tattered coat: that the said Timothy was extremely officious about their mistress's person, endeavouring by flattery and

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tale-

§ Tale of a Tub.

* Herding with deists and atheists.

† Tale of a Tub.

‡ Getting into places and church preferments by occasional conformity.

|| Betraying the interests of the church, when got into preferments.

tale-bearing to set her against the rest of the servants: no-body was so ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropt: that he used to shove and elbow his fellow-servants to get near his mistress, especially when money was a paying or receiving; then he was never out of the way; that he was extremely diligent about every body's business, but his own: that the said Timothy, while he was in the family, used to be playing roguish tricks; when his mistress's back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths and laugh at her, walking behind her like Harlequin, ridiculing her motions and gestures; but if his mistress looked about, he put on a grave, demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: that he used often to trip up stairs so smoothly, that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: that he would pinch the children and servants, when he met them in the dark, so hard, that he left the print of his fore-finger and his thumb in black and blue, and then sink into a corner, as if no-body had done it: out of the same malicious design he used to lay chairs and joint-stools in their way, that they might break their noses by falling over them: the more young and unexperienced he used to teach to talk saucily, and call names: during his stay in the family, there was so much plate missing; being caught with a couple of silver spoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he said he was only going to carry them to the goldsmith's to be mended: that the said Timothy was hated by all the honest servants for his ill-conditioned, splenetic tricks, but especially for his slanderous tongue; translating them to their mistress, as drunkards, thieves, and whore-masters: that the said Timothy by lying stories used to set all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; particularly one day sitting at table, * he spoke words to this effect: "I am of opinion, *quoth he*, that little
 " short fellows, such as we are, have better hearts,
 " and

† The original of the distinction in the names of low-church-men and high-church-men.

“ and could beat the tall fellows ; I wish it came to
“ a fair trial ; I believe these long fellows, as fight-
“ ly as they are, should find their jackets well
“ thwacked.”

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themselves affronted by the discourse, took up the quarrel, and to it they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues still a faction in the family to the great disorder of our mistress's affairs : the said Timothy carried this frolick so far, that he proposed to his mistress, that she should entertain no servant that was above four foot seven inches high ; and for that purpose had prepared a gage, by which they were to be measured. The good old gentlewoman was not so simple as to go into his project ; she began to smell a rat. “ This Trim, *quoth he*, is an odd sort of a fellow ; methinks he makes a strange figure with that ragged, tattered coat, appearing under his livery ; cannot he go spruce and clean, like the rest of the servants ? the fellow has a roguish leer with him, which I do not like by any means ; besides, he has such a twang in his discourse, and an ungraceful way of speaking through the nose, that one can hardly understand him ; I wish the fellow be not tainted with some bad disease.” The witnesses farther made oath, that the said Timothy lay out a-nights, and went abroad often at unseasonable hours ; and it was credibly reported, he did business in another family : that he pretended to have a squeamish stomach, and could not eat at table with the rest of the servants, though this was but a pretence to provide some nice bit for himself ; that he refused to dine upon salt-fish, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head (his favourite dish) in private ; that for all his tender stomach, when he was got by himself, he could devour capons, turkeys, and sirloins of beef, like a cormorant.

Two other witnesses gave the following evidence : that in his officious attendance upon his mistress, he had tried to slip a powder into her drink ; and that he was once caught endeavouring to stifle her with a pillow as she was asleep : that he and Pischirnfooker
were

were often in close conference, and that they used to drink together at the Rose, where it seems he was well enough known by his true name of Jack.

The prisoner had little to say in his defence; he endeavoured to prove himself *alibi*; so that the trial turned upon this single question, whether the said Timothy Trim and Jack were the same person; which was proved by such plain tokens, and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was no withstanding the evidence; therefore the worshipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his trial.

CHAP. XII.

How Jack's friends came to visit him in prison, and what advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had passed in the world for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were strangely surprized to find him in such a roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false name, hire himself out for a servant to an old gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poison her. They said, that it was more generous to profess open enmity, than under a profound dissimulation to be guilty of such a scandalous breach of trust, and of the sacred rights of hospitality. In short, the action was universally condemned by his best friends; they told him in plain terms, that this was come as a judgment upon him for his loose life, his gluttony, drunkenness, and avarice, for laying aside his father's *will* in an old mouldy trunk, and turning stock-jobber, news-monger, and busy-body, meddling with other people's affairs, shaking off his old serious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pick-pockets, his father's sworn enemies: that he had best throw himself upon the mercy of the court; repent, and change his manners. To say truth, Jack heard these discourses with some compunction; however, he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: they

they sent Habbakkuk Slyboots, * who delivered him the following message, as the peremptory commands of his trusty companions.

Habbakkuk. Dear Jack, I am sorry for thy misfortune: matters have not been carried on with due secrecy; however we must make the best of a bad bargain: thou art in the utmost jeopardy, that is certain; hang, draw, and quarter, are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to save thy life: thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the enemy, by the means of Don Diego; he assures us there is no mercy for thee; and that there is only one way left to escape; it is indeed somewhat out of the common road; however, be assured it is the result of most mature deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you *make as if you hanged yourself*; † they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of prison in a bier; and John Bull, being busied with his law-suit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hanged myself?

Hab. Nay, you must really hang yourself up, in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the rest to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of some concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me; a rope and a noose are no jesting matters!

Hab. Why so mistrustful? hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I presume to ask who it is, that is entrusted with so important an office?

Hab.

* Habbakkuk Slyboots, a certain great man who persuaded the dissenters to consent to the bill against *occasional conformity*, as being for their interest.

† Consent to the bill against *occasional conformity*.

Hab. Is there no end of thy how's and thy why's ?
That's a secret.

Jack. A secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange thing for a man, before he hangs himself up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou suspicious creature ! if thou must needs know it, I tell thee it is Sir Roger : † he has been in tears evers since thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it so, that he is to be in the next room, and before the rope is to be about thy neck, rest satisfied, he will break in and cut thee down : fear not, old boy ; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I must hang myself up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the credit of Don Diego : a fine stratagem indeed to save my life, that depends upon hanging, Don Diego, and Sir Roger !

Hab. I tell thee there is a *mystery* in all this, my friend, a piece of profound *policy* ; if thou knewest what good this will do to the *common cause*, thy heart would leap for joy : I am sure thou wouldst not delay the experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to the tune of *all for the better*. What's your cause to me, when I am hanged ?

Hab. Refractory mortal ! If thou wilt not trust thy friends, take what follows ; know assuredly, before next full-moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the most conspicuous places of the kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging : they talk of empaling, or breaking on the wheel ; and thou chusest that, before a gentle suspending of thyself for one minute. Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several, that have undergone it ; they all agree it is no manner of uneasiness : be sure thou take good notice of the symptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels,

† It was given out, that the Earl of Oxford would oppose the occasional bill, and so lose his credit with the Tories ; and the dissenters did believe he would not suffer it to pass.

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heels, and a wry mouth or so : Sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack. But what if Sir Roger should not come ; will my friends be there to succour me ?

Hab. Doubt it not ; I will provide every thing against to-morrow morning ; do thou keep thy own secret ; say nothing : I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the common good, that thou shouldst go through this operation.

C H A P. XIII.

How Jack hanged himself up by the persuasion of his friends, who broke their words, and left his neck in the noose.

JACK was a professed enemy to *implicit faith*, and yet I dare say it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this occasion. He was now with his old friends, in the state of a poor disbanded officer after a peace, or rather a wounded soldier after a battle ; like an old favourite of a cunning minister after the job is over ; or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in quest of new game ; or like a hundred such things, that one sees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot ; Jack's life was the purchase of Diego's friendship, † much good may it do them. The interest of Hocus and Sir William Crawley, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor Jack absolutely necessary. You may easily guess, that his rest that night was but small, and much disturbed ; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his custom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or singing a double verse of a psalm ; but amused himself with disposing of his bank-stock. Many a doubt, many a qualm overspread his clouded imagination : " Must I then, *quoth he*, hang up my own personal, " natural, individual self, with these two hands !

Durus

† The earl of Nottingham made the concurrence of the whigs, to bring in and carry this bill, one of the conditions of his engaging in their cause.

“ *Durus sermo !* What if I should be cut down, as my friends tell me ? There is something infamous in the very attempt ; the world will conclude, I had a guilty conscience. Is it possible that good man, Sir Roger, can have so much pity upon an unfortunate scoundrel, that has persecuted him so many years ? No, it cannot be ; I don’t love favours that pass through Don Diego’s hands. On the other side, my blood chills about my heart at the thought of these rogues, with their bloody hands grabbing in my guts, and pulling out my very entrails : hang it, for once I’ll trust my friends.” So Jack resolved ; but he had done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of his country, and made his defence in form ; many things happen between the cup and the lip ; witnesses might have been bribed, juries managed, or prosecution stopped. But so it was, Jack for this time had a sufficient stock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the sequel of the story shews.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour, to see it put in practice. Habbakkuk brought him a smooth, strong, tough rope, made of many a ply of wholesome Scandinavian hemp, compactly twisted together, with a noose that slipt as glib as a bird-catcher’s gin. Jack shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it ; he handled it, he measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the iron bar of the window to try its strength ; but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickness, and the twist ; nay, the very colour did not please him. “ Will nothing less than hanging serve, *quoth Jack ?* Won’t my enemies take bail for my good behaviour ? Will they accept of a fine, or be satisfied with the pillory and imprisonment, a good round whipping, or burning in the cheek ? ”

Hab. Nothing but your blood will appease their rage ; make haste, else we shall be discovered. There’s nothing like surprizing the rogues : how they

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will be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their revenge, and hanged thine own self?

Jack. That's true; but what if I should do it in effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? we are not so unlike, but it may pass.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir Roger.

Jack. Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. Dost take me for a common liar? be satisfied, no damage can happen to your person; your friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my rope? It galls my neck strangely: besides, I don't like this running knot, it holds too tight, I may be stifled all of a sudden.

Hab. Thou hast so many *if's* and *and's*; prithee dispatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But now I think on'r, I would fain settle some affairs, for fear of the worst: have a little patience.

Hab. There's no having patience, thou art such a faintling, silly creature.

Jack. O thou most detestable, abominable *passive obedience*! did I ever imagine, I should become thy votary in so pregnant an instance! How will my brother Martin laugh at this story, to see himself outdone in his own calling? He has taken the doctrine, and left me the practice.

No sooner had he uttered these words, but like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous days. This footstool Habbakkuk kicked away, and left poor Jack swinging, like the pendulum of Paul's clock. The fatal noose performed its office, and with most strict ligature squeezed the blood into his face, till it assumed a purple dye. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, Habbakkuk walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great temper, and with jeers and scoffs instead of pity. "Jack has hanged himself, *quoth they*! let us go and see how

"how the poor rogue swings." Then they called Sir Roger. "Sir Roger, quoth Habbakkuk, Jack has hanged himself, make haste and cut him down." Sir Roger turned first one ear, and then the other, not understanding what he said.

Hab. I tell you, Jack has hanged himself up.

Sir Roger. Who's hanged?

Hab. Jack.

Sir Roger. I thought this had not been hanging day.

Hab. But the poor fellow has hanged himself.

Sir Roger. Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the fellow has been mad these twenty years. With this he flunk away.

Then Jack's friends began to lurch and push one another, "Why don't you go, and cut the poor fellow down? Why don't you? And why don't you? Not I, quoth one; Not I, quoth another; Not I, quoth a third; he may hang till doomsday before I relieve him." Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that Ptschirnfooker and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs, and thumped him on the breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing, which they had advised and justified before, viz. his getting into the old gentlewoman's family, and putting on her livery. The keeper, who performed the last office, coming up, found Jack swinging with no life in him; he took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company. "This, gentlemen, is the rope that hanged Jack; what must be done with it?" Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities of Gresham-College,† and it is called *Jack's rope* to this very day. However, Jack after all had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hope of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner's inquest supposing him to be dead, brought him in *non compos*.

CHAP.

† Since removed with the royal society into Crane-court in Fleet-street.

C H A P. XIV.

The conference between Don Diego and John Bull.

DURING the time of the foregoing transactions, Don Diego was entertaining John Bull.

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend Diego, and the treachery of Sir Roger.

J. Bull. What's the matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for several years, to have justice done upon that rogue Jack; but what through the remissness of constables, justices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Consider then, who is your best friend; he that would have brought him to condign punishment, or he that has saved him. By my persuasion Jack had hanged himself, if Sir Roger had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you, that Sir Roger has done so?

D. Diego. You seem to receive me coldly; methinks my services deserve a better return.

J. Bull. Since you value yourself upon hanging this poor scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging work, I'll send for thee: I have some better employment for Sir Roger: in the mean time, I desire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he first came out of the north country into my family, under the pretended name of Timothy Trim, the fellow seemed to mind his loom and his spinning-wheel, 'till somebody turned his head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the government of my whole family: I could never order any thing within or without doors, but he must be always giving his counsel, forsooth: nevertheless, tell him, I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his business for the future, and not meddle out of

of his own sphere, he will find, that John Bull is not of a cruel disposition.

D. Diego. Yet all your skilful physicians say, that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of Jack's liver boiled in her soup.

J. Bull. Those are quacks: my mother abhors such cannibals food: she is in perfect health at present, I would have given many a good pound to have had her so well some time ago. There are indeed two or three troublesome old nurses, * that, because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's rest with knocking me up: "Oh, Sir, your mother is taken extremely ill! she is fallen into a fainting fit! she has a great emptiness, wants sustenance!" This is only to recommend themselves for their great care: John Bull, as simple as he is, understands a little of a pulse.

C H A P. XV.

The sequel of the meeting at the Salutation.†

WHERE I think I left John Bull, sitting between Nic. Frog and Lewis Baboon, with his arms a-kimbo, in great concern to keep Lewis and Nic. asunder. As watchful as he was, Nic. found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table to slip a short note into Lewis's hand; which Lewis as slyly put into John's Pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. John had the curiosity to retire into a corner to peruse these *billet doux* ‡ of Nic's; wherein he found, that Nic. had used great freedoms both with his interest and reputation. One contained these words: "Dear Lewis, thou seest clearly, that this blockhead can never bring his matters to bear: let thee and me talk to-night by ourselves at the

" Role,

* New clamours about the danger of the church.

† At the congress of Utrecht.

‡ Some offers of the Dutch at that time, in order to get the negotiation into their hands.

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"Rose, and I'll give thee satisfaction." Another was thus expressed; "Friend Lewis, has thy sense quite forsaken thee, to make Bull such offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better bargain, I'll warrant thee."

In some of his billets he told Lewis, "That John Bull was under his guardianship; that the best part of his servants were at his command; that he could have John gagged and bound whenever he pleased by the people of his own family." In all these epistles, blockhead, dunce, ass, coxcomb, were the best epithets he gave poor John. In others he threatened. "That he, † Esquire South, and the rest of the tradesmen, would lay Lewis down upon his back and beat out his teeth, if he did not retire immediately, and break up the meeting."

I fancy I need not tell my reader, that John often changed colour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give Nic. a good slap on the chaps; but he wisely moderated his cholerick temper. "I saved this fellow, *quoth he*, from the gallows, when he ran away from his last master, § because I thought he was harshly treated; but the rogue was no sooner safe under my protection, than he began to lie, pilfer, and steal like the devil. † When I first set him up in a warm house, he had hardly put up his sign, when he began to debauch my best customers from me. Then it was his constant practice to rob my fish-ponds, † not only to feed his family, but to trade with the fishmongers: I connived at the fellow, till he began to tell me, that they were his as much as mine. In my manor of Eastcheap, † because it lay at some distance from my constant inspection, he broke down my fences, robbed my orchards, and beat my servants. When I used to re-

"primand

† Threatening that the allies would carry on the war, without the help of the English.

§ The King of Spain, whose yoke the Dutch threw off with the assistance of the English.

†† Complaints against the Dutch for encroachment in trade, fishery, East Indies, &c. The war with the Dutch on these accounts.

" primand him for his tricks, he would talk saucily,
 " lye, and brazen it out, as if he had done nothing
 " amiss. Will nothing cure thee of thy pranks, Nic.
 " *quoth I?* I shall be forced some time or other to
 " chastise thee. The rogue got up his cane, and
 " threatened me, and was well thwacked for his
 " pains. But I think his behaviour at this time worst
 " of all; after I have almost drowned myself to keep
 " his head above water, he would leave me sticking
 " in the mud, trusting to his goodness to help me out.
 " After I have beggared myself with his troublesome
 " law-suit, with a pox to him, he takes it in mighty
 " dudgeon, because I have brought him here to end
 " matters amicably, and because I won't let him make
 " me over by deed and indenture as his lawful cully;
 " which to my certain knowledge he has attempted se-
 " veral times. But, after all, canst thou gather grapes
 " from thorns? Nic. does not pretend to be a gen-
 " tleman; he is a tradesman, a self seeking wretch;
 " but how camest thou to bear all this, John? The
 " reason is plain; thou conferrest the benefits, and
 " he receives them; the first produces love, and the
 " last ingratitude. Ah! Nic. Nic. thou art a dam-
 " ned dog, that's certain: thou knowest too well, that I
 " I will take care of thee; else thou wouldst not use
 " me thus. I won't give thee up, it is true; but
 " as true as it is, thou shalt not sell me, according
 " to thy laudable custom." While John was deep
 " in this soliloquy, Nic. broke out into the following
 " protestation.

GENTLEMEN,

" I believe, every body here at present will allow
 " me to be a very just and disinterested person. My
 " friend John Bull here is very angry with me, for-
 " sooth, because I won't agree to his foolish bargains.
 " Now, I declare to all mankind, I should be ready to
 " sacrifice my own concerns to his quiet; but the
 " care of his interests and that of the honest *tradesmen*
 " § that are embarked with us, keeps me from entering
 " into this composition. What shall become of those
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§ The allies.

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“ poor creatures? the thought of their impending
“ ruin disturbs my night’s rest, therefore I desire they
“ may speak for themselves. If they are willing to
“ give up this affair, I shan’t make two words of it.”

John Bull begged him to lay aside that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the interest of those tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him some years ago, on a like occasion. Nic. answered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatswain’s whistle. Upon the first whiff, the *tradesmen* came jumping into the room, and began to surround Lewis, like so many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to use a modester simile, like duns at a great Lord’s levee the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by his sleeve, another by the skirt, and a third a hollowed in his ear: they began to ask him for all that had been taken from their forefathers by stealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchase: some asked for manors, others for acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his fences, level his ditches: all agreed in one common demand, that he should be purged, sweated, vomited, and starved, till he came to a sizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours: one modestly asked him leave to call him brother; Nic. Frog demanded two things, to be his porter and his fishmonger, to keep the keys of his gates, and furnish the kitchen. John’s sister Peg only desired, that he would let his servants sing psalms a Sundays. Some descended even to the asking of old cloaths, shoes, and boots, broken bottles, tobacco-pipes, and ends of candles.

“ Monsieur Bull, *quoth Lewis*, you seem to be a man
“ of some breeding; for God’s sake use your interest
“ with these messieurs, that they would speak but one
“ at once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands,
“ and as many tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at
“ this rate.” John begged they might proceed with
some method; then they stopped all of a sudden, and
would not say a word. “ If this be your play, *quoth*
“ *John*, that we may not be like a quaker’s dumb
“ meeting, let us begin some diversion; what d’ye
“ think

“ think of rously-pouly, or a country dance ? What if
 “ we should have a match at foot-ball ? I am sure we
 “ shall never end matters at this rate.”

C H A P. XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled their accounts.

J. Bull. **D**URING this general cessation of talk, what if you and I, Nic. should enquire how money-matters stand between us ?

Nic. Frog. With all my heart, I love exact dealing ; and let Hocus audit ; he knows how the money was disbursed.

J. Bull. I am not much for that at present ; we'll settle it between ourselves : fair and square, Nic. keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this law-suit, at one time, 36000 pounds and 40000 crowns : in some cases I, in others you, bear the greatest proportion.

Nic. Right : I pay three fifths of the greatest number, and you pay two thirds of the lesser number : I think this is fair and square, as you call it.

J. Bull. Well, go on.

Nic. Two thirds of 36000 pounds are 24000 pounds for your share, and there remains 12000 for mine. Again, of the 40000 crowns I pay 24000, which is two fifths ; 24000 crowns make 6000 pounds ; and 16000 crowns make 4000 pounds ; 12000 and 6000 make 18000 ; and 24000 and 4000 makes 28000. So there are 18000 pounds to my share of the expences, and 28000 to yours.

After Nic. had bamboozled John a while about the 18000 and the 28000, John called for counters ; but what with slight of hand, and taking from his own score, and adding to John's, Nic. brought the balance always on his own side.

J. Bull. Nay, good friend Nic. though I am not quite so nimble in the fingers, I understand cyphering as well as you. I will produce you my accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books : and here I be-
gin

gin with the first. You must excuse me, if I don't pronounce the law terms right.

[John reads.]

For the *expences ordinary* of the suits, fees, to judges, puny judges, lawyers, innumerable of all sorts. Of *extraordinaries*, as follows, *per accompt*.

To Esquire South's account for <i>post terminums</i>				
To ditto for <i>non est factums</i>	-	-	-	-
To ditto for <i>noli prosequi's</i> , <i>discontinuance</i> , and <i>retraxit</i>				
For <i>writs of error</i>	-	-	-	-
Suits of <i>conditions unperformed</i>	-	-	-	-
To Hocus for <i>dedimus potestatem</i>	-	-	-	-
To ditto for a <i>capias ad computandum</i>	-	-	-	-
To Frog's new tenants <i>per accompt</i> to Hocus, for <i>audita querela's</i>	-	-	-	-
On the said account for <i>writs of ejectment</i> and <i>distringas</i> .				
To Esquire South's quota for a return of a <i>non est invent.</i> and <i>nulla habet bona</i>	-	-	-	-
To — for a pardon <i>in forma pauperis</i>	-	-	-	-
To Jack for a <i>melius inquirendum</i> upon a <i>felo de se</i>				
To coach-hire	-	-	-	-
For treats to juries and witnesses	-	-	-	-

John having read over his articles, with the respective sums, brought in Frog debtor to him upon the balance

3382 12 00

Then Nic. Frog pulled his bill out of his pocket and began to read :

Nicholas Frog's accompt.

Remains to be deducted out of the former accompt.

Paid by Nic. Frog, for his share of the <i>ordinary expences</i> of the suit	-	-	-	-
To Hocus for entries of a <i>rege inconsulto</i>	-	-	-	-
To John Bull's nephew for a <i>venire facias</i> , the money not yet all laid out	-	-	-	-
To coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this law-suit.				

For the extraordinary expences of feeding my family during this law-suit.

To Major Ab.

To Major Will.

And summing all up, found due upon the balance by John Bull to Nic. Frog,

J. Bull. As for your *venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonsuited, I'll take care of my nephew myself. Your *coach-hire* and family charges are most unreasonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But who the devil are those two *Majors*, that consume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some service. To tell you plainly, Major Ab. denotes thy greater *ability*, and Major Will, thy greater *willingness* to carry on this law-suit. It was but reasonable that thou shouldst pay both for thy *power* and thy *positiveness*.

J. Bull. I believe, I shall have those two honest Majors discount on my side in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this higgling with thy friend about such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not ashamed. O Hocus! Hocus! where art thou? It used to go another-guise manner in thy time. When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy conscience, John?

J. Bull. Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy lawyers by the year, so a fresh law-suit adds but little to thy expences; they are thy customers;† I hardly ever sell them a farthing's worth of any thing: nay, thou hast set up an eating house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckoned, I believe thou gettest more of my money, than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at least, that thy accompts are false.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I; I refer myself to these

† The money spent in Holland and Flanders.

these honest gentlemen ; let them judge between us. Let Esquire South speak his mind, whether my accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our law-suit.

J. Bull. Consult the butchers about keeping of Lent. Dost think, that John Bull will be tried by piepowders ? † I tell you once for all, John Bull knows where his shoe pinches : none of your Esquires shall give him the law, as long as he wears this trusty weapon by his side, or has an inch of broad-cloath in his shop.

Nic. Frog. Why, there it is ; you will be both judge and party ; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy head-strong humour before these strange gentlemen : I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin some time or other : let it never be said, that the famous John Bull has departed in despite of court.

J. Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, Nic. to turn barreter in thy old days ; a stirrer up of quarrels amongst thy neighbours ? I tell thee, Nic. some time or other thou wilt repent this.

But John saw clearly, he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little success in settling his accompts, as ending the composition.

" Since they will needs overload my shoulders, *quoth John*, I shall throw down the burden with a squash
" amongst them, take it up who dares ; a man has a
" fine time of it amongst a combination of sharpers,
" that vouch for one another's honesty. John, look
" to thyself ; old Lewis makes reasonable offers ;
" when thou hast spent the small pittance that is left,
" thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art
" brought to live upon Nic. Frog and Esquire South's
" generosity and gratitude : if they use thee thus,
" when they want thee, what will they do when thou
" wantest them ? I say again, John, look to thyself."

JOHN wisely stifled his resentments, and told the
M 2 company,

† Court of Piepowders (*curia pedis pulverizati*) is a court of record incident to every affair ; whereof the steward is judge, and the trial is by merchants and traders in the fair. It is so called, because it is most usual in the summer ; and because of the expedition in hearing causes ; for the matter is to be done, complained of, heard and determined the same day, that is, before the dust goes off the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants.

company, that in a little time he should give them law, or something better.

All. Law! law! Sir, by all means. § What is twenty-two poor years towards the finishing a law-suit? For the love of God more law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your demands, how many years more of law do you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly? In the mean while farewell.

CH A P. XVII.

How John Bull found all his family in an uproar at home. †

N I C. F R O G, who thought of nothing but carrying John to the market, and there disposing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that John thought himself now of age to look after his own affairs. He resolved to traverse this new project, and to make him uneasy in his own family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his servants into the most extravagant conceits in the world; that their master was run mad, and wore a dagger in one pocket, and poison in the other; that he had sold his wife and children to Lewis, disinherited his heir, and was going to settle his estate upon a *parish-boy*; that if they did not look after their master, he would do some very mischievous thing. When John came home, he found a more surprizing scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He called his cook-maid Betty to bespeak his dinner: Betty told him, "That she begged his pardon, she could not dress dinner, till she knew what he intended to do with his will." Why, Betty, *quoth* John, thou art not run mad, art thou? My will at present is to have dinner." "That may be, *quoth* Betty, but my conscience won't allow me to dress, till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your heir?" "I am sorry for that," Betty,

§ Clamours for continuing the war.

† Clamours about the danger of the succession.

"Betty, *quoth John*, I must find some body else then." Then he called John the barber. "Before I begin, *quoth John*, I hope your honour won't be offended, if I ask you whether you intend to alter your will? If you won't give me a positive answer, your beard may grow down to your middle, for me." "Igad, so it shall, *quoth Bull*, for I will never trust my throat in such a mad fellow's hands." Where's Dick the butler? "Look ye, *quoth Dick*, I am very willing to serve you in my calling, d'ye see; but there are strange reports, and plain-dealing is best, d'ye see; I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your nephew, and if Nic. Frog is still your executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfy me to these points, you may drink with the ducks." "And so I will, *quoth John*, rather than keep a butler that loves my heir better than myself," Hob the shoe-maker, and Pricket the taylor told him, "They would most willingly serve him in their several stations, if he would promise them never to talk with Lewis Baboon, and let Nicholas Frog linen-draper manage his concerns; that they could neither make shoes nor cloaths to any, that were not in good correspondence with their worthy friend Nicholas."

J. Bull. Call Andrew my journey-man. How goes affairs, Andrew? I hope the devil has not taken possession of thy body too.

Andrew. No, Sir; I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Just as other dead folks, do, Andrew.— This is amazing! [*Aside.*]

Andrew. I mean, if your nephew shall inherit your estate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it sure?

J. Bull. Thou meanest, that I should put him in possession, for I can make it no surer without that; he has all the law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed possession, as you say, would make it much surer; they say, it is eleven points of the law.

JOHN

JOHN began now to think that they were all enchanted; he enquired about the age of the moon; if Nic. had not given them some intoxicating *potion*, or if old mother Jenisa was still alive? "No, o'my
 " faith, *quoth Harry*, I believe there is no *potion* in
 " the case, but a little *aurum potabile*. You will have
 " more of this by and by." He had scarce spoke the
 word when another friend of John's accosted him after the following manner.

" Since these worthy persons, who are as much
 " concerned for your safety as I am, have employed
 " me as their orator, I desire to know whether you
 " will have it by way of *syllogism*, *enthymem*, *dilemma*,
 " or *sorites*."

JOHN now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have *sorites* by all means; though they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all, who are versed in history, that there were two *sisters* that played the whore two thousand years ago: therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse with Lewis Baboon: if it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse (correspondence, if you will, that is much the same thing) then *a fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said John to make over his wife and children to the said Lewis: if his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratsbane in his *pockets*: if he wears a dagger and ratsbane, it must be to do mischief, to himself, or some body else: if he intends to do mischief, he ought to be under guardians, and there is none so fit as myself, and some other worthy persons, who have a commission for that purpose from Nic. Frog, the executor of his will and testament.

J. Bull. And this is your *sorites*, you say,—With that he snatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the man that was first at the door: crouding to get out, they tumbled down stairs; and it is credibly reported, some of them
 dropped

dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

"That any of these rogues, *quoth John*, should imagine, I am not as much concerned as they about having my affairs in a settled condition, or that I would wrong my heir for I know not what! Well, Nic. I really cannot but applaud thy diligence; I must own this is really a pretty sort of a trick, but it shan't do thy business for all that."

C H A P. XVIII.

*How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what passed between them.**

I THINK it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not wrote by Sir Humphrey himself, but by another very able pen of the university of Grub-street.

JOHN had (by some good instructions given him by Sir Roger) got the better of his cholerick temper, and wrought himself up to a great steadiness of mind to pursue his own interest through all impediments that were thrown in the way: he began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very considerable progress in politics, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a football, or a match at cricket; for which Sir Roger was sure to take him to task. John was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a most thoughtful countenance: his servant brought him word, that one Lewis Baboon below wanted to speak with him. John had got an impression, that Lewis was so deadly cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: at last he took heart of grace; "Let
" him

* Private negotiations about Dunkirk.

“ him come up, *quoth he*, it is but sticking to my point,
“ and he can never over-reach me.”

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge, that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of back-sword and cudgel-play from my youth, and now I bear in my body many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows. I had as good a warehouse, and as fair possessions, as any of my neighbours, though I say it ; but a contentious temper, flattering servants, and unfortunate stars, have brought me into circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my misfortunes are heightened by domestic calamities. That I need not relate. I am a poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace : but, alas ! I see but small hopes of that, for every new circumstance affords an argument to my enemies to pursue their revenge ; formerly I was to be banged, because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist ; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppressed when too poor. Nic. Frog has used me like a *scoundrel* ; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myself in your hands to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Master Baboon, as to your usage of your neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that chapter ; let it suffice at present, that you have been met with : you have been rolling a great stone up hill all your life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to pieces : plain-dealing is best. If you have any particular mark, Mr. Baboon, whereby one may know when you fib, and when you speak truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly ; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I shall trust you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongst us tradesmen, but interest ; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time ; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Bull. The trust I give is in short this ; I must have

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have something in hand, before I make the bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To shew you I deal fairly, name your something.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old boy; thou canst guess.

L. Baboon. Ecclesdown-castle, * I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

J. Bull. Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Ecclesdown-castle, you say!

L. Baboon. Just so.

J. Bull. Every single stone of Ecclesdown-castle, to m'own self, speedily!

L. Baboon. When you please; what needs more words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old boy, hast thou laid aside all thy *equivocals* and *mentals* in this case?

J. Baboon. There's nothing like matter of fact; seeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talkest to the purpose; let us shake hands, old boy. Let me ask thee one question more; what hast thou to do to meddle with the affairs of my family? to dispose of my estate, old boy?

L. Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the affairs of Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Ay, but my trade, my very being was concerned in that.

L. Baboon. And my interest was concerned in the other: but let us both drop our pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a Master Bull, or you a Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Agreed, old boy; but then I must have security, that I shall carry my broad-cloth to market, old boy.

L. Baboon. That you shall: Ecclesdown-castle! Ecclesdown! remember that: why wouldst thou not take it, when it was offered thee some years ago?

M 5

J. Bull.

* Dunkirk.

J. Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou would'st not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monsieur Bull be so grossly abused by downright nonsense ? they that advised you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the experiment ? but I can tell you more of that matter, than perhaps you know at present.

J. Bull. But what say'st thou as to the Esquire Nic. Frog, and the rest of the tradesmen ? I must take care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou hast but small obligations to Nic. to my certain knowledge : he has not used me like a gentleman.

J. Bull. Nic. indeed is not very nice in your punctilios of ceremony ; he is clownish, as a man may say : belching and calling of names have been allowed him time out of mind, by prescription : but however, we are engaged in one common cause, and I must look after him.

L. Baboon. All matters that relate to him, and the rest of the plaintiffs in this law-suit, I will refer to your justice.

CHAP. XIX.

Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull ; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his conduct, with relation to John Bull and the law-suit.

NIC. perceived now that his cully had eloped, that John intended henceforth to deal without a broker ; but he was resolved to leave no stone unturned to recover his bubble : amongst other artifices he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character.

DEAR

DEAR FRIEND, §

“WHEN I considered the late ill usage I have
“ met with from you, I was reflecting what
“ it was that could provoke you to it ; but upon a
“ narrow inspection into my conduct, I can find no-
“ thing to reproach myself with, but too partial a con-
“ cern for your interest. You no sooner set this com-
“ position a-foot, but I was ready to comply, and
“ prevented your very wishes ; and the affair might
“ have been ended before now, had it not been for
“ the greater concerns of Esquire South, and the
“ other poor creatures embarked in the same com-
“ mon cause, whose safety touches me to the quick.
“ You seemed a little jealous, that I had dealt un-
“ fairly with you in money-matters, ’till it appeared
“ by your own accounts, that there was something due
“ to me upon balance. Having nothing to answer
“ to so plain a demonstration, you began to com-
“ plain, as if I had been familiar with your reputa-
“ tion ; when it is well known, not only I, but the
“ meanest servants in my family, talk of you with the
“ utmost respect. I have always, as far in me lies,
“ exhorted your servants and tenants to be dutiful ;
“ not that I any way meddle in your domestic affairs,
“ which were very unbecoming for me to do. If
“ some of your servants express their great concern
“ for you in a manner, that is not so very polite, you
“ ought to impute it to their extraordinary zeal,
“ which deserves a reward, rather than a reproof.
“ You cannot reproach me for want of success at the
“ Salutation, since I am not master of the passions
“ and interests of other folks. I have beggared my-
“ self with this lawsuit, undertaken merely in com-
“ plaisance to you ; and if you would have had but a
“ little patience, I had still greater things in reserve,
“ that I intended to have done for you. I hope,
“ what I have said will prevail with you to lay aside
“ your unreasonable jealousies, and that we may
“ have

§ Substance of the States’ letter,

“ have no more meetings at the Salutation, spending
 “ our time and money to no purpose. My concern
 “ for your welfare and prosperity almost makes me
 “ mad. You may be assured I will continue to be

“ Your affectionate

“ Friend and servant,

NIC. FROG.”

John received this with a good deal of *sang froid*: *transeat*, quoth John, *cum cæteris erroribus*. He was now at his ease; he saw he could now make a very good bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other folks. “ My shirt, quoth he, is near me, but
 “ my skin is nearer: whilst I take care of the welfare
 “ of other folks, nobody can blame me to apply a
 “ little balsam to my own sores. It is a pretty thing,
 “ after all, for a man to do his own business; a man
 “ has such a tender concern for himself, there’s no-
 “ thing like it. This is something better, I trow,
 “ than for John Bull to be standing in the market, like
 “ a great dray-horse, with Frog’s paws upon his head.
 “ —*What will you give me for this beast?* Serviteur
 “ Nic. Frog, you may kiss my backside, if you please.
 “ Though John Bull has not read your Aristotle’s,
 “ Plato’s, and Machiavel’s, he can see as far into a
 “ mill-stone as another.” With that John began to
 chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burst his
 sides.

CHAP. XX.

The discourse † that passed between Nic. Frog and Esquire South, which John Bull overheard.

JOHN thought every minute a year, till he got into Ecclestown-castle; he repairs to the Salutation, with a design to break the matter gently to his partners:

† Negotiations between the emperor and the Dutch for continuing the war, and getting the property of Flanders.

partners : before he entered, he overheard Nic. and the Esquire in a very pleasant conference.

Esq. South. Oh the ingratitude and injustice of mankind ! that John Bull, whom I have honoured with my friendship and protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more money for me ! that the family of the Souths, by his sneaking temper, should be kept out of their own !

Nic. Frog. An't like your worship, I am in amaze at it ; I think the rogue should be compelled to his duty.

Esq. South. That he should prefer his scandalous self, the dust and dregs of the earth, to the prosperity and grandeur of my family !

Nic. Frog. Nay he is mistaken there to ; for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his vails. It is strange he should prefer Philip Baboon's custom to Esquire South's.

Esq. South. As you say, that my clothier, that is to get so much by the purchase, should refuse to put me in possession ; did you ever know any man's tradesman serve him so before ?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't please your worship, it is a very unusual proceeding : and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your honour had not a great stock of moderation and patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq. South. It is most intolerable, that's certain, Nic. and I will be revenged.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is strange, that Philip Baboon's tenants do not all take your honour's part, considering how good and gentle a master you are.

Esq. South. True, Nic. but few are sensible of merit in this world : it is a great comfort, to have so faithful a friend as thyself in so critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the world should forsake you, be assured Nic. Frog never will ; let us stick to our point, and we'll manage Bull, I'll warrant ye.

Esq. South. Let me kiss thee, dear Nic. I have found one honest man among a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog. If it were possible, your honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your interest.

Esq.

Esq. South. Tell me quickly, dear Nic.

Nic. Frog. You know I am your tenant; the difference between my lease and an inheritance is such a trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on; besides it will make Bull as mad as the devil: you and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

Esq. South. Say no more, it shall be done, Nic. to thy heart's content.

JOHN all this while was listening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his sleeve at the pride and simplicity of the Esquire, and the sly roguery of his friend Nic. Then of a sudden, bolting into the room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought Lewis to reasonable terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawled out aloud, "No composition, long live Esquire South and the law!" As John was going to proceed, some roared, some stamped with their feet, others stopt their ears with their fingers.

Nay, gentlemen, *quoth John*, if you will but stop proceeding for a while, you shall judge yourselves whether Lewis's proposals are reasonable. †

All. Very fine indeed, stop proceeding, and so lose a term.

J. Bull. Not so neither, we have something by way of advance, he will put us in possession of his manor and castle of Ecclestown.

Nic. Frog. What dost thou talk of *us*, thou meanest thyself.

J. Bull. When Frog took possession of any thing, it was always said to be for *us*, and why may not John Bull be *us*, as well as Nic. Frog was *us*? I hope John Bull is no more confined to singularity than Nic. Frog; or, take it so, the constant doctrine, that thou hast preached up for many years, was, that thou and I are one; and why must we be supposed two in this case, that were always one before: it is impossible that thou and I can fall out, Nic. we must trust one another;

† Proposals for cessation of arms, and delivery of Dunkirk.

another ; I have trusted thee with a great many things, prithee trust me with this one trifle.

Nic. Frog. That principle is true in the main, but there is some *specialty* in this case, that makes it highly inconvenient for *us both*.

J. Bull. Those are your jealousies, that the common enemies sow between us ; how often hast thou warned me of those rogues, *Nic.* that would make us mistrustful of one another !

Nic. Frog. This Ecclestown-castle is only a bone of contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it so, for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the air and soil, the expences of reparations and servants ? I would scorn to accept of such a quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great man, *Nic.* but in my circumstances, I must be even content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really so silly as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you ?

J. Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact, I stand and fall by that, I am resolved to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And so relinquish the hopefulest cause in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever !

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchase it, *Nic.* ? thou shalt have a lumping pennyworth ; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou wouldst but moderate that hasty, impatient temper of thine, thou shouldst quickly see a better thing than all that. What shouldst thou think to find old Lewis turned out of his paternal estates, and the mansion-house of Clay-pool ? † Would not that do thy heart good, to see thy old friend *Nic. Frog.* Lord of Clay-pool ? then thou and thy wife and children should walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we should have a country-dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve see myself in Ecclestown-castle, as thee in Clay-pool. I tell you
again,

† Clay-pool, Paris. Lutetia.

again, Lewis gives this as a pledge of his sincerity; if you won't stop proceeding to hear him, I will.

CHAP. XXI.

The rest of Nic's fetches † to keep John out of Ecclestown-castle.

WHEN Nic. could not dissuade John by argument, he tried to move his pity; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his wife and children in a starving condition, if John did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome business as this law-suit, and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him. When he saw that John was still inexorable, he pulled out a case-knife, with which he used to snicker-snee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his windpipe, with a most determined threatening air. "What signifies life, *quoth he*, in "this languishing condition? It will be some pleasure, that my friends will revenge my death upon "this barbarous man, that has been the cause of it." All this while John looked sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the knife, nor stop his blow, trusting to the tenderness Nic. had for his own person: when he perceived, that John was immovable in his purpose, he applied himself to Lewis.

"Art thou, *quoth he*, turned bubble in thy old age, "from being a sharper in thy youth? What occasion "hast thou to give up Ecclestown-castle to John Bull? "his friendship is not worth a rush; give it me, and "I'll make it worth thy while. If thou dislikest that "proposition, keep it thyself, I'd rather thou shouldst "have it than he. If thou hearkenest not to my advice, "vice, take what follows; Esquire South and I will "go on with our law-suit in spite of John Bull's "teeth."

L. Baboon.

† Attempts to hinder the cessation, and taking possession of Dan-kirk.

L. Baboon. Monsieur Bull has used me like a gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my promise, and trust him for the consequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating fool.—With that, Nic. bounced up with a spring equal to that of one of your nimblest tumblers or rope-dancers, and fell foul upon John Bull, to snatch the cudgel he had in his hand, † that he might thwack Lewis with it : John held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last 'Squire South buckled too, to assist his friend Nic : John haled on one side, and the two on the other ; sometimes they were like to pull John over ; then it went all of a sudden again on John's side ; so they went see-sawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glasses, and tobacco-pipes : the wine and the tobacco were all spilt about the room, and the little fellows were almost trod under foot, till more of the tradesmen joining with Nic. and the 'Squire, John was hardly able to pull against them all, yet would he never quit hold of his trusty cudgel : which by the contrary force of two so great powers broke short in his hands. ‡ Nic. seized the longer end, and with it began to bastinado old Lewis, who had slunk into a corner, waiting the event of this squabble. Nic. came up to him with an insolent menacing air, so that the old fellow was forced to skuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung-cart. He called to Nic. "Thou insolent jackanapes ! time was when thou durst not have used me so, thou now takest me unprovided, but, old and infirm as I am, I shall find a weapon by and by to chastise thy impudence."

When John Bull had recovered his breath, he began to parly with Nic. "Friend Nic. I am glad to find thee so strong after thy great complaints : really thy motions, Nic. are pretty vigorous for a consumptive man. As for thy worldly affairs, Nic. if it can do thee any service, I freely make over to thee

† The army.

‡ The separation of the army.

“ thee this *profitable law-suit*, and I desire all these gentlemen to bear witness to this my act and deed. Yours be all the gain, as mine has been the charges; I have brought it to bear finely: however, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, thou shalt have it with all its appurtenances, I ask nothing but leave to go home.”

Nic. Frog. The counsel are feed, and all things prepared for a trial, thou shalt be forced to stand the issue: it shall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine: go home if thou canst, the gates are shut, the turnpikes locked, † and the roads barricadoed.

J. Bull. Even these very ways, *Nic.* that thou toldst me, were as open to me as thyself: if I can't pass with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied passage through those very grounds, that I have purchased with my own money; however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

JOHN BULL was so overjoyed that he was going to take possession of Ecclestdown, that nothing could vex him. “ *Nic. quoth he*, I am just a going to leave thee, cast a kind look upon me at parting.”

Nic. looked sour and grum, and would not open his mouth.

J. Bull. “ I wish thee all the success that thy heart can desire, that these honest gentlemen of the long robe may have their belly full of law.”

Nic. could stand it no longer, but flung out of the room with disdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. “ B'uy, B'uy, *Nic.* not one poor smile at parting; won't you shake your day-day, *Nic.* b'uy *Nic.*” With that John marched out of the common road cross the country to take possession of Ecclestdown.

† Difficulty of the march of part of the army to Dunkirk.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the great joy that John expressed when he got possession of Ecclestown. †

WHEN John had got into his castle, he seemed like Ulysses upon his plank after he had been well foused in salt-water; who, as Homer says, was as glad as a judge going to sit down to dinner, after hearing a long cause upon the bench. I dare say John Bull's joy was equal to that of either of the two; he skipped from room to room; ran up stairs and down stairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; sometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vast solidity of the mason's work; at other times he commended the symmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens: he bathed himself in the canal, swimming, diving, and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white swan. The hall resounded with the sprightly violin, and the martial hautboy. The family tript it about and capered, like *bail-stones bounding from a marble floor*. Wine, Ale, and October flew about as plentifully as kennel-water: then a frolick took John in the head to call up some of Nic. Frog's pensioners, that had been so mutinous in his family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to see your master in Ecclestown-castle?

All. Yes, indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me, that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their souls to the lowest pit of hell, if any person in the world rejoiced more than they did.

J. Bull. Now, hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured rascals; however take this bumper of October to your master's health.

Then

† Dunkirk.

Then John got upon the battlements, and looking over, he called to Nic. Frog:

“ How d’ye do, Nic? D’ye see where I am, Nic?
 “ I hope the *cause* goes on swimmingly, Nic. When
 “ dost thou intend to go to Clay-pool, Nic? Wilt
 “ thou buy there some high heads of the newest cut
 “ for my daughters? How comest thou to go with
 “ thy arm tied up? Has old Lewis given thee a rap
 “ over thy fingers-ends? Thy weapon was a good
 “ one, when I wielded it, but the butt-end remains
 “ in my hands. I am so busy in packing up my goods,
 “ that I have no time to talk with thee any longer.
 “ It would do thy heart good to see what waggon-
 “ loads I am preparing for market. If thou wantest
 “ any good office of mine, for all that has happened,
 “ I will use thee well, Nic. B’uy, Nic.”

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P O S T S C R I P T.

IT has been disputed amongst the Literati of Grubstreet, whether Sir Humphry proceeded any farther into the history of John Bull. By diligent enquiry we have found the titles of some chapters, which appear to be a continuation of it; and are as follow.

Chap. I. *How John was made angry with the articles of agreement. How he kicked the parchment through the house, up stair and down stairs, and put himself in great heat hereby.*

Chap. II. *How in his passion he was going to cut off Sir Roger's head with a cleaver. Of the strange manner of Sir Roger's escaping the blow, by laying his head upon the dresser.*

Chap. III. *How some of John's servants attempted to scale his house with rope-ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.*

Chap. IV. *Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preserve the peace amongst his neighbours: how he kept a pair of still-yards to weigh them; and by diet purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to equal bulk and strength.*

Chap. V. *Of false accounts of the weights given in by some of the journeymen; and of the New-market tricks, that were practised at the still-yards.*

Chap. VI. *How John's new journeymen brought him other-wise accounts of the still-yards.*

Chap. VII. *How Sir Swain Northy § was, by bleeding, purging, and a steel diet, brought into a consumption; and how John was forced afterwards to give him the gold cordial.*

Chap. VIII. *How Peter Bear † was over-fed, and afterwards refused to submit to the course of physick.*

§ King of Sweden.

† Czar of Muscovy.

Chap.

- Chap. IX. *How John pampered Esquire South with tit-bits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with Calabrian wine, and longed for Sicilian beef, and how John carried him thither in his barge.*
- Chap. X. *How the Esquire from a foul feeder, grew dainty; how he longed for mangoes, spices, and Indian birds-nests, &c. and could not sleep but in a Chintz bed.*
- Chap. XI. *The Esquire turned tradesman; how he set up a China-shop § over-against Nic. Frog.*
- Chap. XII. *How he procured Spanish flies to blister his neighbours, and as a provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravished Nic. Frog's favourite daughter.*
- Chap. XIII. *How Nic. Frog, hearing the girl squeak, went to call John Bull as a constable: calling of a constable no preventive of a rape.*
- Chap. XIV. *How John rose out of his bed in a cold morning, to prevent the duel between Esquire South and Lord Strutt; how to his great surprize, he found the combatants drinking Geneva in a Brandy-shop, with Nic's favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John so that he was forced to fight his way out.*
- Chap. XV. *How John came with his constable's staff to rescue Nic's daughter, and break the Esquire's China-ware.*
- Chap. XVI. *Commentary upon the Spanish proverb. Time and I against any two: or advice to dogmatical politicians, exemplified in some new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.*
- Chap. XVII. *A discourse of the delightful game of quadrille. How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a game solo in clubs, and was beasted: how John called Lewis for his King, and was afraid that his own partner should have too many tricks: and how the success and skill of quadrille depends upon calling a right King.*

§ The Ostend Company.

P R O.

PROPOSALS for printing a very curious discourse, intituled, **ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ**; or, **THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.**

THERE is now in the press, a curious piece, intituled, **Ψευδολογία Πολιτική**; or, *The Art of Political Lying*: consisting of two volumes in *quarto*.

The **PROPOSALS** are,

I. That if the author meets with suitable encouragement, he intends to deliver the first volume to the subscribers by Hilary Term next.

II. The price of both volumes will be, to the subscribers, fourteen shillings, seven whereof are to be paid down, and the other seven at the delivery of the second volume.

III. Those that subscribe for six shall have a seventh *gratis*; which reduces the price to less than six shillings a volume.

IV. That the subscribers shall have their names and places of abode printed at length.

For the encouragement of so useful a work, it is thought fit the public should be informed of the contents of the first volume, by one who has with great care perused the *manuscript*.

T H E

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THE author, in his preface, makes some very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and sciences : that at first they consist of scattered theorems and practices, which are handed about amongst the masters, and only revealed to the *filiis artis*, till such time as some great genius appears, who collects these disjointed propositions, and reduces them into a regular system. That this is the case of that noble and useful art of *political lying*, which, in this last age, having been enriched with several *new discoveries*, ought not to lie any longer in rubbish and confusion, but may justly claim a place in the Encyclopædia, especially such as serves for a model of education for an able politician. That he proposes to himself no small stock of fame in future ages, in being the first who has undertaken this design ; and for the same reason he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excused. He invites all persons who have any talents that way, or any new discovery, to communicate their thoughts, assuring them that honourable mention shall be made of them in his work.

The first volume consists of eleven chapters.

In the *first* chapter of his excellent treatise, he reasons philosophically concerning the nature of the *soul of man*, and those qualities which render it susceptible of *lies*. He supposes the soul to be of the nature of a *plano-cylindrical speculum*, or looking-glass ; that the plain side was made by God almighty, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other side into a cylindrical figure. The plain side represents objects just as they are ; and the cylindrical side, by the rules of catoptrics, must needs represent true objects false, and false objects true ; but the cylindrical side, being much the *larger surface*, takes in a *greater compass* of

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visual rays. That upon the cylindrical side of the soul of man depends the whole art and success of *political lying*. The author, in this chapter, proceeds to reason upon the qualities of the mind: as its peculiar fondness of the *malicious* and the *miraculous*. The tendency of the soul towards the *malicious* springs from self-love, or a pleasure to find mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate, than ourselves. The design of the *miraculous* proceeds from the inactivity of the soul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The author having established the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds.

In his *second* chapter, to treat of the *nature* of *political lying*; which he defines to be, *the art of convincing the people of salutary falsehoods, for some good end*. He calls it an *art*, to distinguish it from that of telling truth, which does not seem to want *art*; but then he would have this understood only as to the *invention*, because there is indeed more *art* necessary to convince the people of a *salutary* truth, than a *salutary* falsehood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are *salutary* falsehoods, of which he gives a great many instances, both before and after the revolution; and demonstrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the war so long without several of those *salutary* falsehoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a *political lye*, in pounds, shillings, and pence. By *good* he does not mean that, which is absolutely so, but what appears so to the artist, which is a sufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum utile, dulce, et honestum*. He shews you, that there are *political lyes* of a mixed nature, which include all the *three* in different respects: that the *utile* reigns generally about the Exchange, the *dulce* and *honestum* at the Westminster end of the town. One man spreads a lye to sell or buy *stock* to greater advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his *party*; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify his *revenge*. Hav-

ing explained the several terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his *third* chapter, to treat of the *lawfulness* of *political lying*; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles by enquiring into the several rights, that mankind have to *truth*. He shews, that people have a right to *private truth* from their neighbours, and *æconomical truth* from their own family, that they should not be abused by their wives, children, and servants; but that they have no right at all to *political truth*; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and possess great estates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author with great judgment states the *several shares* of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their several capacities, dignities, and professions; and shews you, that children have hardly any share at all; in consequence of which, they have very seldom any truth told them. It must be owned, that the author in this chapter has some seeming difficulties to answer, and *texts of scripture* to explain.

The *fourth* chapter is wholly employed in this question, *whether the right of coinage of political lies be wholly in the government?* The author, who is a true friend to English liberty, determines in the negative, and answers all the arguments of the opposite party with great acuteness: that, as the government of England has a mixture of democratical in it, so the right of inventing and spreading *political lies* is partly in the *people*; and their obstinate adherence to this just privilege has been most conspicuous, and shined with great lustre of late years: that it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of England to pull down a ministry and government they are weary of, but by exercising this their undoubted right: that abundance of *political lying* is a sure sign of true English *liberty*: that as ministers do sometimes use tools to support their power, it is but reasonable that the people should employ the same weapon to defend themselves, and pull them down.

In his *fifth* chapter, he divides *political lies* into several

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veral species and classes, and gives precepts about the inventing, spreading, and propagating the several sorts of them: he begins with the *rumores*, and *libella famosa*, such as concern the reputation of men in power: where he finds fault with the common mistake, that takes notice only of one sort, viz. the *detractory* or *defamatory*, whereas in truth there are three sorts, the *detractory*, the *additory*, and the *translatory*. The *additory* gives to a great man a larger share of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to serve some good end or purpose. The *detractory* or *defamatory* is a lye, which takes from a great man the reputation that justly belongs to him, for fear he should use it to the detriment of the public. The *translatory* is a lye, that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another, who is in himself more deserving; or transfers the demerit of a bad action from the true author to a person, who is in himself less deserving. He gives several instances of very great strokes in all the three kinds, especially in the last, when it was necessary for the good of the public to bestow the valour and conduct of one man upon another, and that of many to one man, nay, even, † upon a good occasion, a man may be robbed of his victory by a person, that did not command in the action. The restoring and destroying the public may be ascribed

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to

† Major General Webb obtained a glorious victory over the French near Wynendale in the year 1708. He was sent with 6000 of the confederate troops to guard a great convoy to the allied army besieging Lisle; Count de la Motte came out from Ghent with near 24000 men to intercept them; but Major General Webb disposed his men with such admirable skill, that notwithstanding the vast superiority of numbers, by the pure force of order and disposition, the French were driven back in two or three successive attempts, and, after having lost 6 or 7000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This may justly be reckoned amongst the greatest actions of that war: but the Duke of Marlborough's secretary, in his letter written to England, gave all the honour of it to General Cadogan, the Duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was so resented by General Webb, that he left the army in disgust: and coming into England to do himself justice, received the unanimous thanks of the house of commons for his eminent services by that great action; which was also acknowledged in a distinguishing manner by the King of Prussia, who bestowed on him the order of generosity Hawkes.

to persons, who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners to exercise themselves in the *translatory*, because the *existence* of the things themselves being visible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the public, but a *false author*, or a *false cause*; which is no great presumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the secret springs of things are for the most part unknown.

The author proceeds to give some precepts as to the *allditory*: that when one ascribes any thing to a person, which does not belong to him, the lye ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities: for example, one would not make the French king present at a protestant conventicle; nor, like Queen Elizabeth, restore the overplus of taxes to his subjects. One would not bring in the Emperor giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the Dutch paying more than their *quota*. One would not make the same person zealous for a standing-army and public liberty; nor an atheist support the church; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners; not a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb forward for a scheme of moderation. But if it is absolutely necessary, that a person is to have some good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is, that it should not be done at first in *extremo gradu*. For example, they should not make a covetous man give away all at once five thousand pounds in a charitable generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may suffice at first. They should not introduce a person of remarkable ingratitude to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for some good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a service to a person, who is capable still to do him another. A man whose personal courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole squadrons before him; but he may be allowed the merit of some squabble, or throwing a bottle at his adversary's head.

It will not be allowed to make a great man, that is a known despiser of religion, spend whole days in his closet at his devotion; but you may with safety make him

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him sit out public prayers with decency. A great man, who has never been known willingly to pay a just debt, ought not all of a sudden to be introduced making restitution of thousands he has cheated; let it suffice at first to pay twenty pounds to a friend, who has lost his note.

He lays down the same rules in the *detraſtory* or *deſamatory* kind; that they ſhould not be quite oppoſite to the qualities the perſons are ſuppoſed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the ſound rules of *pſeudology*, to report of a pious and religious prince, that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce hereſy; but you may report of a merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal, who did not deſerve it. You will be unſucceſſful, if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the public, that he ſquanders away the nation's money; but you may ſafely relate that he hoards it: you muſt not affirm he took a bribe; but you may freely cenſure him for being tardy in his payments; becauſe though neither may be true, yet the laſt is credible, the firſt not. Of an open-hearted generous miniſter you are not to ſay, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm with ſome probability, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to theſe precepts; for want of which, many of their lyes of late have proved abortive, or ſhort-lived.

In the *ſixth* chapter he treats of the *miraculous*; by which he underſtands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In reſpect of the people it is divided into two ſorts, the *τὸ φοβερόν*, or the *τὸ δεινόν*, *terrifying lyes*, and *animating* or *encouraging lyes*, both being extremely uſeful on their proper occaſions. Concerning the *τὸ φοβερόν* he gives ſeveral rules; one of which is, that terrible objects ſhould not be too frequently ſhewn to the people, leſt they grow familiar. He ſays, it is abſolutely neceſſary, that the people of England ſhould be frightened with the French King and the Pretender once a year; but that the bears ſhould be chained up again, till that time twelvemonth. The want of obſerving this ſo
neceſſary

necessary a precept, in bringing out the *raw-head and bloody bones* upon every trifling occasion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the *animating or encouraging lyes*, he gives the following rules; that they should not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there should be variety of them; and the same lye not obstinately insisted upon; that the promissory or prognosticating lyes should not be upon *short days*, for fear the authors should have the shame and confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines by these rules that well-meant, but unfortunate lye of the *conquest of France*, which continued near *twenty years* together; but at last, by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn threadbare, and became unsuccessful.

As to the *τὸ θαυμάσιον*, or the *prodigious*, he has little to advise, but that their comets, whales, and dragons should be *sizeable*: their storms, tempests, and earthquakes, without the reach of a *day's journey* of a man and horse.

The *seventh* chapter is wholly taken up in an enquiry, which of the *two parties* † are the greatest artists in *political lying*. He owns, that sometimes the one party, and sometimes the other, is better believed, but that they have both very great geniuses amongst them. He attributes the ill success of either *party* to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once: when there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He proposes a scheme for the recovery of the credit of any *party*, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not favour of that sound judgment the author has shewn in the rest of the work. It amounts to this, that the party should agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for six months lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit persons to execute this scheme. Towards the end of the chapter, he inveighs severely against the folly of

* During the reign of K. William and Q. Anne. *Hawk.*

† See the *Examiner*. No. xiv. vol. 2.

of parties in retaining scoundrels and men of low genius to retail their lyes; such as most of the present news-writers are, who, except a strong bent and inclination towards the profession, seem to be wholly ignorant in the rules of *pseudology*, and not at all qualified for so weighty a trust.

In his next chapter he treats of some extraordinary geniuses, who have appeared of late years, especially in their disposition towards the *miraculus*. He advises those hopeful young men to turn their invention to the service of their country, it being inglorious at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chases, horse-courses, feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of peaches, pulling out whole fetts of teeth to clean, &c. when their country stands so much in need of their assistance.

The *eighth* chapter is a project for uniting the several smaller corporations of liars into one society. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole scheme: what is most remarkable is, that this society ought to consist of the heads of each party: that no lye is to pass current without their approbation, they being the best judges of the present exigencies, and what sort of lyes are demanded: that in such a corporation there ought to be men of all professions, that τὸ πρῶτον, and the τὸ εὐλόγον, that is, *decency* and *probability*, may be observed as much as possible: that besides the persons above-mentioned, this society ought to consist of the hopeful geniuses about the town, (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the several coffee-houses) travellers, virtuofos, fox-hunters, jockies, attornies, old seamen and soldiers out of the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea: to this society, so constituted, ought to be committed the sole management of *lying*: that in their outer-room there ought always to attend some persons endowed with a great stock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this soil and climate: he thinks a sufficient number of them may be picked up any where about the Exchange: these are to circulate, what the other coin; for no man spreads a lye with so good a grace,

a grace, as he that believes it : that the rule of the society be to invent a lye, and sometimes two, for every day ; in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather and the season of the year : your *φερεα*, or *terrifying lyes*, do mighty well in November and December, but not so well in May and June, unless the easterly winds reign : that it ought to be penal for any body to talk of any thing but the lye of the day : that the society is to maintain a sufficient number of spies at court, and other places, to furnish hints and topics for invention, and a general correspondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lies : that if any one of the society were observed to blush, or look out of countenance, or want a necessary circumstance in telling the lye, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable : besides the roaring lies, there ought to be a private committee for whispers, constituted of the ablest men of the society. Here the author makes a digression in praise of the *whig-party*, for the right understanding and use of *proof-lyes*. A *proof-lye* is like a *proof-charge* for a piece of ordnance, to try a standard credulity. Of such a nature he takes transubstantiation to be in the church of Rome, a *proof-article*, which if any one swallows, they are sure he will digest every thing else : therefore the *whig-party* do wisely to try the credulity of the people sometimes by *swingers*, that they may be able to judge, to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this chapter, he warns the heads of parties against believing their own lies, which has proved of pernicious consequence of late, both a wise party and a wise nation having regulated their affairs upon lies of their own invention. The causes of this he supposes to be too great a zeal and intenseness in the practice of this *art*, and a vehement heat in mutual conversation, whereby they persuade one another, that what they wish, and report to be true, is really so : that all parties have been subject to this misfortune. The *Jacobites* have been constantly infected with it ; but the *whigs* of late seemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakness. To this chapter the author subjoins

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a calendar of lyes, proper for the several months of the year.

The *ninth* chapter treats of the *celerity* and *duration* of lyes. As to the *celerity* of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible : he gives several instances of lyes, that have gone faster, than a man can ride post : your *terrifying lyes* travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour ; your *whispers* move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says, it is impossible to explain several *phenomena* in relation to the celerity of lyes, without the supposition of *synchronism* and *combination*. As to the *duration* of lyes, he says, there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages ; that there are some, which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form ; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lye surely to answer their purpose ; to last just as long, and no longer than the turn is served.

The *tenth* chapter treats of the characteristics of lyes ; how to know, when, where, and by whom invented ? Your Dutch, English, and French ware are amply distinguished from one another ; an *Exchange lye* from one coined at the other end of the town : great judgment is to be shewn as to the place, where the species is intended to circulate : very low and base coin will serve for Wapping : there are several coffee-houses, that have their particular stamps, which a judicious practitioner may easily know. All your great men have their proper *phantateustics*. The author says, he has attained by study and application to so great skill in this matter, that bring him any lye, he can tell whose image it bears so truly, as the great man himself shall not have the face to deny it. The *promissory lyes* of great men are known by shoudering, hugging, squeezing, smiling, bowing ; and their lyes in matter of fact by immoderate swearing.

He spends the whole *eleventh* chapter on one simple question, *whether a lye is best contradicted by truth, or by another lye ?* the author says, that, considering the large extent of the *cylindrical surface* of the *soul*, and the great propensity to believe lyes in the generality

of mankind of late years, he thinks the properest contradiction to a lye is another lye. For example; if it should be reported, that the Pretender was at London, one would not contradict it by saying, he never was in England; but you must prove by eye-witnesses, that he came no farther than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus if it be spread about, that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health, and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed, that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and slavery into England, was signed the 15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not by opposing truth to his lye, that there was no such treaty; but that to his certain knowlege, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

The account of the second volume of this excellent treatise is reserved for another time.

REASONS

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REASONS humbly offered by the company exercising the trade and mystery of **UPHOLDERS**, against part of the **BILL**, *for the better viewing, searching, and examining drugs, medicines, &c.* 1724.*

BEING called upon by several retailers and dispensers of *drugs and medicines* about town, to use our endeavours against the bill now depending *for viewing, &c.* In regard of our common interest, and in gratitude to the said retailers and dispensers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we presume to lay the following reasons before the public against the said bill.

That the company of upholders *are far from being averse to the giving of drugs and medicines in general*, provided they may be of such qualities as we require, and administered by such persons, in whom our company justly repose the greatest confidence: and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and the consumption of the *woollen manufacture* of this kingdom.

We beg leave to observe, that *there hath been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens whom we have attended.* Our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a second operation, excepting one gentlewoman; who, after her first burial, having burdened her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us performed without any farther charges to the said husband of the deceased. And we humbly hope, that one single instance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a sexton in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of skill, or care in our company.

We

* In the year 1724 the physicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicines without the prescription of a physician: during which this tract was dispersed in the court of requests. *Hawkes.*

We humbly conceive, that the *power by this bill lodged in the censors of the college of physicians*, to restrain any of his majesty's subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking what medicines they please, *is a manifest incroachment on the liberty and property of the subject.*

As the company, exercising the trade and mystery of upholders, have an undisputed right in and upon the *bodies* of all and every the subjects of the kingdom; we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them *out of possession* by unreasonable *delays*, to the great detriment of our company and their numerous families.

We hope it will be considered, that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reversionary patents, and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives, and play-debts upon joint lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way, than by the dispensing of *drugs and medicines* in the manner they *now are*; burying *alive* being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceased, who by certain mechanical motions and powers are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time, by any other well-ordered government: by want of a due *police* in this particular our company have been great offenders.

That *frequent funerals* contribute to preserve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are no where so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion; to maintain *necessitous clergy*; to enable the *clerks* to appear in decent habits to officiate of Sundays; to feed the great retinue of *sober and melancholy men*, who appear at the said funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular employment.

ployment. Moreover, we desire it may be remembered, that by the passing of this bill the nobility and gentry will have their *old coaches* lie upon their hands, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope, that frequent funerals will not be discouraged, as is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left of *carrying* some people to *church*.

We are afraid, that by the hardships of this bill our company will be reduced to leave their business here, and *practise at York and Bristol, where the free use of bad medicines will be still allowed.*

It is therefore hoped, that no specious pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of art) as long as they can by the course of nature, to the prejudice of our company, and the decay of trade.

That as our company are like to suffer in some measure by the power given to physicians to dissect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope, that the manufacture of cases for skeletons will be reserved solely to the coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume, that the interests of the several trades and professions, which depend upon ours, may be regarded; such as that of hearsets, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, stone-cutters, feather-men, and bell-ringers; and especially the manufacturers of crapes; and the makers of *snuff* who use great quantities of old coffins, and who, considered in the consumption of their drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

To the Right Honourable the Mayor and Aldermen of
the city of London.

The humble PETITION of the Colliers, Cooks,
Cook-maids, Blacksmiths, Jack-makers, Braisers,
and others.

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain *virtuosi*, disaffected to
the government, and to the trade and prosper-
ity of this kingdom, taking upon them the name and
title of the CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have
presumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bund-
ling up the *sun beams*, by the help of certain *glasses*,
to make, produce, and kindle up several new *focus's*,
or fires, within these his Majesty's dominions, and
thereby to boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of
viſtuals and provisions, to brew, distil spirits, smelt
oar, and in general to perform all the offices of culina-
ry fires; and are endeavouring to procure to them-
selves the monopoly of their said invention: We beg
leave humbly to represent to your honours,

That such grant or patent will utterly ruin and re-
duce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, child-
ren, servants, and trades on them depending; there
being nothing left to them, after the said invention,
but warming of cellars and dressing of suppers in the
winter-time: That the abolishing so considerable a
branch of the coasting trade, as that of the colliers,
will destroy the *navigation* of this kingdom. That
whereas the said *catoptrical victuallers* talk of making
use of the *moon* by night, as of the *sun* by day, they
will utterly ruin the numerous body of *tallow-chand-
lers*, and impair a very considerable branch of the *re-
venue*, which arises from the *tax* upon tallow and
candles.

That the said *catoptrical victuallers* do profane the
emanations of that glorious luminary the *sun*, which
is appointed to *rule the day*, and not to *roast mutton*.
And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary

to

to the known laws of this kingdom, to confine forestall, and monopolize the beams of the sun. And whereas the said *catoptrical victuallers* have undertaken by burning glasses made of ice to roast an ox upon the Thames next winter : we conceive all such practices to be an encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the *company of watermen*.

That the diversity of exposition of the several kitchens in this great city, whereby some receive the rays of the sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great irregularity as to the *time of dining* of the several inhabitants, and consequently great uncertainty and confusion in the dispatch of business : and to those, who, by reason of their northern exposition, will be still forced to be at the expences of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to such inequality, as is inconsistent with common justice : and the same inconveniency will affect *landlords* in the *value of their rents*.

That the use of the said glasses will oblige cooks, and cook-maids to study optics and astronomy, in order to know the due distances of the said *focus's*, or fires, and to adjust the position of their glasses to the several altitudes of the sun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the seasons of the year ; which studies, at these years, will be highly troublesome to the said cooks and cook-maids, not to say any thing of the utter incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult arts ; or (which is still a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of *cooking* into the hands of astronomers and glass-grinders, persons utterly unskilled in other parts of that profession, to the great detriment of the *health* of his Majesty's good subjects.

That it is known by experience, that meat roasted with sun-beams is extremely unwholesome ; witness several that have died suddenly after eating the provisions of the said *catoptrical victuallers* ; forasmuch as the sun beams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and adust, occasion great sweatings, and dry up the radical moisture.

The

The sun-beams taken *inwardly* shed a malignant influence upon the *brain* by their natural tendency towards the *moon* and produce madness and distraction at the time of the full moon. That the constant use of so great quantities of this *inward light* will occasion the growth of *quakerism* to the danger of the *church*, and of *poetry* to the danger of the state.

That the influences of the constellations, through which the sun passes, will, with his beams, be conveyed into the *blood*; and when the sun is among the horned signs, may produce such a spirit of *unchastity* as is dangerous to the honour of your worships families.

That mankind living much upon the seeds and other parts of plants, these being impregnated with the sun beams, may *vegetate* and *grow* in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous consequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heaviest upon the poor, who live upon roots; and the weak and sickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, &c. for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent physicians, that the taste and property of the victuals is much altered to the worse by the said *solar cookery*, fricasses being deprived of the *haut gout* they acquired by being dressed over charcoal.

Lastly, Should it happen by an eclipse of an extraordinary length, that this city should be deprived of the sun-beams for several months; how will his Majesty's subjects subsist in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In consideration of these, and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray, that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the *sun-beams* for any of the useful purposes of life, or, in the ensuing parliament, procure a *tax to be laid* upon them, which may answer both the duty and price of *coals*, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shillings *per yard square*, reserving the sole
right

right and privilege of the *catoptrical cookery* to the *royal society*, and to the commanders and crews of the bomb-vessels, under the direction of Mr. Whiston for finding out the longitude, who by reason of the remoteness of their stations, may be reduced to straits for want of firing.

And we likewise beg, that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the Reverend Mr. Flamstead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government *to look after the heavenly luminaries*, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.



IT CANNOT RAIN BUT IT POURS,

OR,

LONDON STROWED WITH RARITIES.

Being an account of the arrival of a white bear, at the house of Mr. Ratcliff in Bishopsgate-street : as also of Faustina, the celebrated Italian singing woman ; and of the copper-farthing Dean from Ireland. And lastly, Of the wonderful wild man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted and taken in toyls ; how he behaveth himself like a dumb creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being called Peter ; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry, 1726.

WE shall begin with a description of Peter the savage, deferring our other curiosities to some following papers.

Romulus and Remus the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orfin that of the moderns, have been justly the admiration of all mankind : nor can we presage less of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accomplished, is most easily interpreted :

*When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
And Espagne break the Assiento ;
When eagle split shall fly to China,
And Christian folks adore Faustina :
Then shall an oak be brought to bed
Of creature neither taught nor fed ;
Great feats shall be achieve ———*

The

The Pope is now going to Benevento : the Spaniards have broke their treaty ; the Emperor trades to China ; and Lilly, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the Empress Faustina, that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident, by several tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us ; but there being no register of his christening, his age is only to be guessed at by his stature and countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing room in full expectation of some attempt upon their chastity : so far is true, that he endeavoured to kiss the young lady Walpole, who, for that reason, is become the envy of the circle ; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her superior beauty.

Aristotle saith, that man is the most mimic of all animals ; which opinion of that great philosopher is strongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his first impressions at court : his manners are first to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them ; to thrust his hand into every body's *pocket* ; to climb over people's *bends* ; and even to make use of the *royal hand* to take what he has a mind to. At his first appearance he seized on the Lord Chamberlain's staff, and put on his hat before the King ; from whence some have conjectured, that he is either descended from a grandee of Spain, or the Earls of Kinsale in Ireland. However, these are manifest tokens of his innate ambition ; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he discovered, what wild beast had nursed him : observing children to ask blessing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a sow, and muttered some sounds in that humble posture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is Ulrick's natural brother, because of some resemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him ;
but

but the superiority of parts and genius in Peter demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of antient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious physician, who is intrusted with his education) yet he distinguishes objects by certain sounds framed to himself, which Mr. Rotenberg, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one day the shambles with great fear and astonishment, ever since he calls man by the same sound, which expresseth wolf. A young lady is a peacock, old women magpies and owls; a beau with a *toupee*, a monkey; glass, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; an heap of gold, a turd. The first ship he saw, he took to be a great beast swimming on her back, and her feet tied above her: the men, that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were so unlike their dam. He understands perfectly the language of all beasts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one species. He can bring any beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much missed now in his native woods, where he used to do good offices among his fellow citizens, and served as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of sheep, that were driving to the shambles, of their danger; and upon uttering some sounds, they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in conversation with horses; and going to the Meuse to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's stables, as he passed by, he neighed to the horse at Charing-cross, being, as it were, surprized to see him so high: he seemed to take it ill, that the horse did not answer him; but I think no-body can undervalue his understanding for not being skilled in statuary.

He expresseth his joy most commonly by neighing; and whatever the philosophers may talk of their risibility, neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than laughing, which seems to me to have something silly in it; and besides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking laughter; and I take it to

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be a general observation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkeys and birds ; witness Harlequins, Scaramouches, and Masqueraders : on the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind. Love he expresseth by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven ; and it is not doubted, but that he will serve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals. .

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of simples ; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the censors of the college in their visitation of apothecaries shops.

I am told, that the new sect † of *herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen ; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own composing, and with equal facility in the *chromatic*, *inharmonic*, and *diatonic* stile, and consequently must be of infinite use to the academy in judging of the merits of their composers, and is the only person, that ought to decide betwixt Cuzzoni and Faustina. †

I cannot omit his first notion of cloaths, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a stocking, thinking the poor man was a flaying.

I am not ignorant, that there are disaffected people, who say he is a *pretender*, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such, as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild ; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The senses of this wild man are vastly more acute, than those of a tame one ; he can follow the track of
a man,

† Dr. Cheyne's followers, *Hawkes*.

‡ Two rival singers at that time in the Italian operas here. *Hawkes*.

312 IT CANNOT RAIN, &c.

a man, or any other beast of prey. A dog is an ass to him for finding *troufles*; his hearing is more perfect, because his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the sonorous object.

Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild youth, by being brought to court, has been made a Christian; so such as are at court, and are no Christians, may lay aside their savage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekness of the gospel.

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The NARRATIVE of Dr. ROBERT NORRIS,
concerning the *strange* and *deplorable phrenzy* of
Mr. JOHN DENNIS, * an officer of the custom-
house.

Written in the year 1713.

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I should be wanting in my duty, not only to myself, but also to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession or honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the public an account of all, that has past between the unhappy gentleman and myself.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet, pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my assistance her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow by enquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr. Dennis, an officer of the custom-house, who was taken ill of a violent phrenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies,

* The history of Mr. Dennis is to be seen in Jacob's Lives of the Poets; or in Mr. Pope's Dunciad, among the notes upon which the curious reader may find some extracts from his writings. The occasion of this Narrative sufficiently appears from the Doctor's own words. *Hawkes.*

extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. Alas, Sir, *says she*, this day fortnight in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room, but he cried out, *the devil was come*. He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a *witch*, and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pited my very heart to think, that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horse-shoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of his door; but I don't find my master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, *S'death! a messenger from the French King! I shall die in the Bastile*.

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-cross, up *three pair* of stairs, (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatic *conceals* the place of his residence on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable *friends* and *physicians*, who might attempt his cure) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot bookseller on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned, calls himself a *grammarian*; the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fullness of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "*S'death, a Frenchman! I am*

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"betrayed to the tyrant ! who could have thought
 "the Queen would have delivered me up to France in
 "this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends,
 "would have been in a conspiracy against me ?"—

Sir, said I, here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends sent for me on no other account. I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation, when any thing was spoken, inso-much that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear ; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ancles.

I observed his room was hung with *old tapestry*, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy called *Cato*, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *absurd*, *monstrous*, *execrable*, were every where written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fire-side lay three farthings-worth of small-coal in a Spectator, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art ; for her master never read in them, but he was either quite moped or in raving fits. There was

nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were any where else to be found ; such as *Gibraltar, a comedy* ; *Remarks on Prince Arthur* ; *The grounds of criticism in poetry : An essay on public spirit*. The only one I had any knowledge of was a *Paradise Lost*, interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts, as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles ; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was casting my eyes round on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surprized to hear the man speak in the following manner.

“ Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as
 “ with your predecessor the famous Hippocrates,
 “ whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for in
 “ this very manner to cure the philosopher Democri-
 “ tus ; he returned full of admiration at the wisdom
 “ of that person, whom he had supposed a lunatic.
 “ Behold, Doctor, it was thus Aristotle himself, and
 “ all the great ancients, spent their days and nights,
 “ wrapt up in criticism, and beset all around with
 “ their own writings. As for me, whom you see in
 “ the same manner, be assured I have none other
 “ disease than a swelling in my legs, whereof I say
 “ no more, since your art may further certify you.”

I began now to be in hopes, that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in this narrative ; and I call my conscience to witness, as it upon oath, that I shall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling ?
 Denn. By a criticism.

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Dr. A criticism that's a distemper I never read of.

Denn. S'death, Sir, a distemper! It is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it; and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Dr. What made you sit so many hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Dr. Sir, I speak of your distemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato. *

Old Wom. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of his madness: alas! poor master is just falling into his fits.

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z—— what fits! A man may well have swellings in his legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the *Remarks*.

Dr. The *Remarks*! what are those?

Denn. S'death! have you never read my remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever published my advertisements.

Mr. Lintot. Z—! I published advertisement upon advertisement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G——, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Christendom.

Dr. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear those are the fewel that feed his *delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse.

I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible man; I suppose, Sir, you are his apothecary:

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed, since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage of Celsus, which says, if the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted sternutation by hellebore.

O 2

Gent.

Dr.

* Remarks on Cato, published by Mr. D. in the year 1711.

Gent. Sir, no such matter, you utterly mistake.

Dr. Mistake: am I not a physician? and shall an apothecary dispute my *nostrums*?—You may perhaps have filled up a prescription or two of *Ratchiff's*, which chanced to succeed, and with that very prescription, injudiciously prescribed to different constitutions, have destroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. S'death, Sir, my friend an apothecary! a base mechanic! He who, like myself, professes the noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry! Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himself inserted three whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public spirit*, nay assisted me in my description of the *furies and infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr. Lintot. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, and no man's else.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries! O destruction! perdition! *Opera! Opera!** As poetry once raised cities, so, when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to death!

Dr. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am sick of the *sentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *protasis*, of the *epitasis*,

* He wrote a treatise proving the decay of public spirit to proceed from Italian operas.

epitaphs, and the *catastrophe*.—Alas! what is become of the *drama*, the *drama*?

Old Wom. The *dram*, Sir? Mr. Lintot drank up all the *gin* just now; but I'll go fetch more presently!

Denn. O shameful want, scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z—— no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *change*.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increases; good Mr. Lintot, hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid, they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil will buy the *Remarks*? [*Here Mr. Lintot scratched his head.*]

Dr. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow—Mr. Lintot, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's servant, and as you are friend to the patient, be so kind as to stay this evening, whilst he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for Avicen says, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a co-texture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these undigested ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs, stand off, unhand me, miscreants! Is the man, whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foisted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right-hand, and Aristotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that support them. Am I to be assassinated? and shall a bookseller, who hath lived upon my labours, take away that life, to which he owes his support?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion as to the *peripætia*—Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I should conceive

ceive you to be a graduate physician ; but by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of a *person*, I am loath to say *quack*, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others : the gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectuals, and unerring judgment : I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

THESE were all the words that passed among us at this time ; nor was there need for more, it being necessary, we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long-Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glasses ; in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a closet, who, it is plain from his last speech, was likewise touched in his intellects, after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedstead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of Verdier arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above-mentioned bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the shin of Mr. Lintot ; Mr. John Dennis also, starting up with cupping-glasses on his head, seized another folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the skull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's servant is ready to attest upon oath, who, taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that which wounded my head, to be Gruterus's *Lampas Critica*, and that, which broke Mr. Lintot's shin, was Scaliger's *Poetices*. After this Mr. John Dennis, strengthened at once by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block, that stood by the bedside, and wielded it round in so furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his visage—He looked so ghastly, and his

his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. Lintot, and Verdier's servant were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds drest, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May, 1712. between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his shop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that No.—where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street. That the said John Dennis, on the 27th of March, 1712, finding on the said Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an *Essay on criticism*, just then published, he read a page to two with much frowning, till coming to these two lines,

*Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.*

He flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried
By G—d he means me.

That being in his company on a certain time, when Shakespear was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said Shakespear was a *rascal*, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakespear.

That about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him, and had not my servant luckily caught him by the sleeve, I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess
of

of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reasons, which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish this whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place, Mr. John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported, that I entered into his room *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly, He hath given out, about Fleetstreet and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his book-seller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate physician, and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal-Exchange, Custom-house, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign spy, employed by the French king to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot, and that, if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Bastile.

All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: so wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M. D.

From my house in Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God save the Queen.

A full

A full and true ACCOUNT of a horrid and
barbarous REVENGE BY POISON, on the
body of Mr. EDMUND CURLL, bookseller.

With a faithful copy of his last will and testament.

HISTORY furnisheth us with examples of many satirical *authors*, who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any *booksellers*, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-street, who was yesterday poison'd by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

Every body knows, that the said Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th instant, published a satirical piece, intitled, *Court Poems*, in the preface whereof they were attributed to a Lady of quality, Mr. Pope, or Gay; by which indiscreet method, though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now, on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr. Curll, about settling a *title-page*, inviting him at the same time to take a *whet* together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room, under pretence of business with Mr. Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his *Homer*. This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the *preface*. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance

reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged ; and though the liquor, in colour and taste, differed not from common sack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife observing his colour changed, said, " Are you not sick, my dear ?" He replied, " Bloody sick ;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind misgave her, that he was bewitched ; but he soon let her know, that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumstance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot, in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him : " Brother Curll, *says he*, I fear you have got " the vomiting distemper ; which I have heard kills " in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning, as " I do, and abstain from sack." Mr. Curll replied in a moving tone, " Your author's sack, I fear has done " my business." " Z—ds, *says Mr. Lintot*, my author !—Why did not you drink old hock ?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance, he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water ; but Mr. Curll did with great obstinacy refuse it ; which made Mr. Lintot infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the symptoms encreased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. " Brother Lintot, " *says he*, I perceive my last hour approaching ; do " me the friendly office to call my partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was hastening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner : " If I survive this, I will be revenged on Ton-

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"son; it was he first detected me as the printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul; and in the same instant Mr. Lintot, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. Curll being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will (Mrs. Curll having first put on his night-cap) in the following manner :

GENTLEMEN, in the first place, I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgessees, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by publications; particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if I have villified his grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late Duke of Ormond; if I have abused the honourable Mr. Walpole, I have also libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: so that I have preserved that *equality* and *impartiality*, which becomes an *honest man* in times of faction and division.

I call my conscience to witness, that many of these things, which may seem malicious, were done out of *charity*; I have made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God blefs Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no *copy-money*.

The second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called Mr. Prior's, will sell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertisements, which I was obliged to publish *against him*: therefore you may

may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

The French Cato, with the criticism shewing how superior it is to Mr. Addison's (which I wickedly ascribed to Madam Dacier) may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his poems without his leave in quarto. Mr. Gildon's *Rehearsal, or Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; though upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the *Trials of Sodomy*, in an Elzevir letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's *Essays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted) and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of Madam Mascaranny.

[Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article, about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if Mr. Lincolt had not interposed, and Mr. Curll vomited.]

What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings) that the reader is intreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hick's hall for publishing Rochester's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife, and helpless child.

The case of impotence was my best support at the last long vocation.

[In this last paragraph Mr. Curll's voice grew more free, for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.]

For

For the copies of noblemens and bishops *last wills and testaments*, I solemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpose of defamation; but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from *doctors commons*, at one *shilling* a piece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blind-fold.

For Mr. Manwaring's *Life*, I ask Mrs. Oldfield's pardon: neither *his* nor my Lord Hallifax's lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me: but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these words, Mr. Oldmixon entered. "Ah! Mr. Oldmixon, *said poor Mr. Curll*, "to what a condition have your works reduced me! "I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, "in these my last moments I will be just to all men; "you shall have your third share of the *Court Poems*, "as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will "you find *another bookseller*? Your *Protestant packet* "might have supported you, had you writ a little less "scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted. *Why not find another bookseller, Brother Curll?* and then took Mr. Oldmixon aside and whispered him: "Sir as soon as Curll is "dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a pint "at the Devil."

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him he had several *taking title pages*, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired that when they were written, his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a *Common prayer book*, and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and a *week's wages* advance to each of his gentlemen

gentlemen authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution ; when of a sudden he was surpris-ly relieved by a plentiful scetid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

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A further ACCOUNT of the most DEPLORABLE CONDITION of Mr. EDMUND CURL, Bookseller.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curl's imprisonment by a faithful, though unpolite historian of Grub-street. I am but the continuer of his history; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignified scribler of a sheet and a half, and the author of a three-penny stitched book, like myself.

"Wit, *saith Sir Richard Blackmore,** proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an affluence of animal spirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the ingenious particles rise with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the soul, which we commonly call *madness*. The verity of this hypothesis is justified by the symptoms, with which the unfortunate Mr. Edmund Curl bookseller hath been afflicted, ever since his swallowing the poison at the Swan-tavern in Fleet-street. For though the neck of his *retort*, which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind were at first only *speaking civilly to his customers, singeing a pig with a new purchased libel, and refusing two-and-nine-pence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays*.

As the poor man's frenzy encreased, he began to void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr. Pemberton's *A—* by violence.

But at last he came to such a pass, that he would dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a chyster for a whipt syllabub, and made Mr. Lintot eat a suppository for a radish, with bread and butter

We

* Blackmore's Essays, vol. i.

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll : at first she privately put a *bill* into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a *wretched stationer*, distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintott.

A true copy of Mrs. Curll's letter to Mr. Lintot.

WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

“ **Y**OU and all the neighbours know too well the
 “ frenzy, with which my poor man is visited. I
 “ never perceived he was out of himself, till that
 “ melancholy day, that he thought he was poisoned
 “ in a glass of sack ; upon this he ran a vomiting all
 “ over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining-
 “ room. Alas ! this is the greatest adversity that ever
 “ befel my poor man, since he lost *one testicle* at school
 “ by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord ! if he
 “ should die, where should I dispose of the *stock* ?
 “ unless Mr. Pemberton or you would help a distressed
 “ widow ; for God knows, he never published any
 “ books that lasted above a week, so that if he
 “ wanted *daily books*, we wanted *daily bread*. I can
 “ write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll’s
 “ *ivory-headed cane* upon the counter.—Pray recom-
 “ mend me to your *pastry-cook*, who furnishes you
 “ yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for
 “ Mr. Curll has disobligeed ours, since his fits came
 “ upon him ;—before that, we generally lived upon
 “ baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but
 “ just time to put his *son* out of the way for fear of
 “ mischief : so wishing you a merry Easter, I re-
 “ main your

“ Most humble servant,

“ C. C U R L L.”

“ P. S. As to the report of my poor husband’s
 “ stealing o’ *calf*, it is really groundless, for he al-
 “ ways binds in *sheep*.”

But

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a *lucid interval*, that enabled him to send a general summons to all *his authors*. There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's shop to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a porter how to find Mr. Curll's authors.

- " **A**T a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half
 " way under the blind arch: ask for the *bis-*
 " *torian*.
 " At the Bedsted and Bolster, a music-house in
 " Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.
 " At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a
 " school-master with carbuncles on his nose.
 " At a blacksmith's shop in the Friars, a pindaric
 " writer in red stockings.
 " In the Calendar-mill-room at Exeter-change, a
 " composer of meditations.
 " At the three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch-
 " yard, one that has been a parson, he wears a blue
 " camblet-coat, trimmed with black: my best writer
 " against *revealed religion*.
 " At Mr. Summers a thief-catcher's, in Lewkner's
 " Lane, the man that wrote against the impiety of
 " Mr. Rowe's plays.
 " At the Farthing-pye-house in Tooting-fields, the
 " young man, who is writing my new Pastorals.
 " At the Laundresses, at the Hole in the Wall in
 " Curfitor's.alley, up three pair of stairs, the author
 " of *Church History*,—if his flux be over—you may
 " also speak to the gentleman, who lies by him in the
 " flock-bed, my *Index-maker*.
 " The Cook's * wife in Buckingham-court; bid
 " her bring along with her the *similes*, that were lent
 " her for the next new play.
 " Call at Budge-Row for the gentleman, you used
 " to

* Mrs. Centlivre.

“ to go to in the *cockloft* ; I have taken away the *ladder*, but his landlady has it in keeping.

“ I don’t much care if you ask at the Mint for the old beetle-browed critic, and the purblind poet at the Alley over against St. Andrew’s Holborn. But this as you have time.”

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll’s dining-room, two excepted ; one of whom was the gentleman in the *cockloft* ; his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad Parnassum* taken down ; the other happened to be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room, but all of them shewed in their behaviour some *suspicion* of each other ; some turning away their heads with an air of contempt ; others squinting with a leer, that shewed at once *fear* and *indignation*, each with a haggard abstracted mein ; the lively picture of *scorn*, *solitude*, and *short commons*. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Lybian leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare : high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or, as a housewife stands before her pales, surrounded by her geese ; they fight, they hiss, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter’s snow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct ; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke, (but without rising from the close-stool).

“ *Whores* and *authors* must be paid before hand to put them in good humour ; therefore here is half a crown a piece for you to drink your own healths, and confusion to Mr. Addison, and all other successful writers.”

“ Ah, gentlemen ! What have I not done ? what have I not suffered, rather than the world should be deprived of your lucubrations ? I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once I was hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice I was tossed in a blanket ; I have had boxes on the ear,

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"flaps on the chops; I have been frightened, pumped, kicked, slandered, and beshitten.—I hope, gentlemen, you are all convinced, that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest methods of revenge."

He had scarce done speaking, but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart Pindaric, says the red-stocking-poet, would effectually do his business. But the *index-maker* said, there was dothing like an *index* to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, that every member of this society, according to his several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope.

"*Resolved*, That towards the libelling of the said Pope, there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and nine-pence (not including advertisements.)

"*Resolved*, That he has on purpose, in several passages, perverted the true ancient Heathen sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the popish religion.

"*Resolved*, That the printing of Homer's *battles* at this juncture has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this kingdom.

"*Ordered*, That Mr. Barnivelt * be invited to be a member of this society, in order to make further discoveries."

"*Resolved*, That a number of effective *errata's* be raised out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746,) and that every gentleman, who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have the whole works of this society *gratis*.

Resolved,

* *The key to the lock*, a pamphlet written by Mr. Pope, in which *The rape of the lock* was with great solemnity proved to be a political libel, was published in the name of Esdras Barnivelt apothecary. *Hawksf.*

“ *Resolved*, That a sum not exceeding ten shillings
 “ and six-pence be distributed among the members of
 “ this society for *coffee* and *tobacco*, in order to enable
 “ them the more effectually to defame him in *coffee-*
 “ *houses*.

“ *Resolved*, That towards the further lessening the
 “ character of the said Pope, some persons be deputed
 “ to abuse him at ladies *tea-tables*., and that in
 “ consideration our authors are not *well dressed*
 “ enough, Mr. C——y and Mr. Ke——l be deputed
 “ for that service.

“ *Resolved*, That a *ballad* be made against Mr. Pope,
 “ and that Mr. Oldmixon,* Mr. Gildon,† and Mrs.
 “ Centlivre,‡ do prepare and bring in the same.

“ *Resolved*, That above all, some effectual ways
 “ and means be found to encrease the joint-stock of
 “ the reputation of this society, which at present is
 “ exceeding low, and to give their works the greater
 “ currency; whether by raising the denomination of
 “ the said works by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing
 “ a greater quantity of the fine metal of other
 “ authors with the alloy of this society.

“ *Resolved*, That no member of this society for the
 “ future mix *stout* in his *ale* in a morning, and that
 “ Mr. B—— remove from the Hercules and Still.

“ *Resolved*, That all our members, (except the
 “ *cook's wife*) be provided with a sufficient quantity
 “ of the *vivifying drops*, or Byfield's *sal volatile*.

“ *Resolved*, That Sir Richard Blackmore § be appointed

* Oldmixon was all his life a party writer for hire: and after having falsified Daniel's Chronicle in many places, he charged three eminent persons with falsifying Lord Clarendon's History, which was disapproved by Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, the only survivor of them. *Hawkesf.*

† Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, who abused Mr. Pope in several pamphlets and books printed by Curll. *Hawkesf.*

‡ Mis. Susannah Centlivre, wife of Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty, wrote a song before she was seven years old, and many plays: she wrote also a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it. *Hawkesf.*

§ Sir Richard Blackmore in his Essays, vol. ii. p. 270, accused Mr. Pope in very high and sober terms, of prophaneness and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a travesty on the first Psalm. *Hawkesf.*

"pointed to endue this society with a large quantity
"of *regular, and exalted ferments*, in order to *enliven*
"their *cold sentiments* (being his true receipt to make
wits." †

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, that in order to drive a *Pope* out of his belly, he should get the mummy of some deceased *Moderator* of the *general assembly* in Scotland, to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote against *Antichrist*; but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive, that the *liver* of the person who administered the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's *Essays* on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool, and besh-t the *Essays* (which may probably occasion a *second edition*) then without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone, he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him;

Now G——d damnt all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling journeymen! born in garrets among lice and cobwebs, nursed up on grey peas, bullocks liver, and porters ale? —Was not the first light you saw, the *farthing* candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into *dirty sheets* of brown paper? —And have not I clothed you in double *royal*, lodged you handsomely on *decent shelves*, laced your backs with *gold*,
equipt

† See page 323.

equip you with splendid *titles*, and sent you into the world with the names of *persons of quality*? Must I be *always* plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? *Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheeps cloathing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return.* Why hold you forth your *texts* to me, ye paltry *sermons*? Why cry ye,——at every word to me, ye *barudy poems*?—To my shop at Tunbridge ye shall go, by G—, and thence be drawn like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the *passage-house*; for in this present emotion of my bowels, how do I compassionate those, who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with?

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

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STRANGE BUT TRUE

RELATION,

How Mr. EDMUND CURLL, of Fleet-street, stationer, out of an extraordinary desire of lucre went into Change-ally, and was converted from the Christian religion, by certain eminent Jews; and how he was circumcised, and initiated into their mysteries.

AVARICE (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his *Essays* hath elegantly observed) *is an inordinate impulse of the soul towards the amassing or heaping together a superfluity of wealth, without the least regard of applying it to its proper uses.*

And how the mind of man is possessed with this vice, may be seen every day both in the city and suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by Plato, Puffendorff, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned usurers and stock-jobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and estates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiscence of youth is converted into the covetousness of age, and those appetites are now become **VENAL**, which should be **VENEREAL**.

In the first place, let us shew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly sin of avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not *Ætius* inform us, that he received fifty broad pieces for the assassination of that renowned

renowned Emperor Julius Cæsar, who fell a sacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the Papists?

Did not Themistocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addison hath very well observed) though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unsullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus, for a hundred *rix-dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *talents* and thirty *sestertii*, according to Mr. Demoivre's calculation. See *Hesiod in his seventh chapter of Feasts and Festivals*.

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, Sylla the Roman Consul shot Alcibiades the Senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several *bank bills* and *chequer notes*, to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied *Christian burial*. Hence comes the proverb *incidat in Syllam*.

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance, though well known, and often quoted by historians, *viz.* Echard, Dionysius, Halicarnassæus, Virgil, Horace, and others. It is that I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, earrings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Antony); all these things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the siege of Damascus.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll the stationer, should renounce the *Christian religion* for the *Mammon* of unrighteousness, and barter his precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of *stocks*.

It having been observed to Mr. Curll, by some of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion) what immense sums the

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Jews got by *bubbles*,* &c. he immediately turned his mind from the business, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club, at the sign of the Cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the *Christian faith*, which he for some time zealously, and, *like a good Christian*, obstinately defended. They promised him *Paradise*, and many other advantages *hereafter*, but he artfully insinuated, that he was more inclinable to listen to *present* gain. They took the hint, and promised him, that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion, he should become as rich as a Jew.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, *videlicet*, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at first strenuously denied, for indeed he thought them Roman catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his christianity, he called for a *pork-grisking*.

They now promised, if he would poison his wife, and give up his *grisking*, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his *godliness* was only

VOL. V.

P

gain,

* *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects for which subscriptions were raised, and negotiated at vast premiums in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720. A name, which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-sea, and not to their splendor, emptiness and inutility; for it did not become a name of reproach in this case, till time completed the metaphor and the bubble broke. *Harlequin*.

gain, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely, that of *avarice*.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the *apostles creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the *nine and thirty articles* for a *bull*;* but insisted hard upon *black-puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his *bottomry*; upon this he was persuaded out of his *Christian name*: but he still adhered to *black puddings*.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with *forty pound* subscription in *Ram's bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *four evangelists*, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but *black-pudding* and *circumcision*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But on the 17th of March, Mr. Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man, with a fallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of sheers, and in his left a red hot searing-iron. At sight of this, Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now intreated them in the most moving tone of voice to dispense with that *unmanly* ceremonial, which

* *Bulls and bears.* He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is proverbially said *to sell the skin before he has caught the bear*; it was the practice of stock-jobbers in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring S. S. stock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to sell had frequently no stock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in consequence of his bargain; the seller was therefore called a *bear*, in allusion to the proverb; and the buyer a *bull*, perhaps only as a similar distinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the rise or fall of stock; if it rose the seller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the sum determined by the same computation to the seller. *Hawkes.*

if they would consent to, he faithfully promised, that he would eat a quarter of *pascal lamb* with them the next Sunday following.

All these protestations availed him nothing, for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains should be void, unless he would submit to bear all the *outward* and *visible* signs of Judaism.

Our apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his back, spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high priest take up the *clef stick*, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The savour of the *effluvia*, that issued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his assistants, that he needed no present *purgation*, wherefore without further *anointing* him, he proceeded in his office; when by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which, by the *levitical law*, is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their contracts: wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woeful, and miserable sight, at the sign of the Old Testament and Dial, in Fleet-street; his wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loss, and her husband's indignity.

P R A Y E R.

[To save the stamp.*]

KEEP us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of black-puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of white-ones. And that we may avoid such like calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woful example, to abominate the heinous sin of avarice, which sooner or later, will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and Stock-jobbers. Amen.

* All forms of prayer and thanksgiving, books of devotion, &c. being excepted in the statute of 12 Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a sheet, with one halfpenny, and every such paper, being one whole sheet, with a stamp-duty of one penny for every copy. *Hawkes.*

G O D'S

G O D'S REVENGE against PUNNING.

Shewing the miserable fates of persons addicted to
this crying sin, in court and town.

MANIFOLD have been the judgments, which heaven, from time to time, for the chastisement of a sinful people, has inflicted on whole nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, it is but just the punishment should be general: of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that destructive pestilence, whose mortality was so fatal, as to sweep away, if Sir William Petty may be believed, five millions of Christian souls, besides women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful conflagration ensuing, in this famous metropolis of London, which consumed according to the computation of Sir Samuel Morland, one hundred thousand houses, not to mention churches and stables.

Scarce had this unhappy nation recovered these funest disasters, when the abomination of play-houses rose up in this land: from hence hath an inundation of obscenity flowed from the court and overspread the kingdom: even infants disfigured the walls of holy temples, with exorbitant representations of the members of generation; nay, no sooner had they learned to spell, but they had wickedness enough to write the names thereof in large capitals: an enormity observed by travellers to be found in no country but England.

But when whoring and popery were driven hence by the happy *revolution*; still the nation so greatly offended, that Socianism, Arianism, and Whistonism, triumphed in our streets, and were in a manner become universal.

And yet still, after all these visitations, it has pleased heaven to visit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of consequence more fatal: this was foretold to

us,

us, first, by that unparalleled eclipse in 1714: secondly, by the dreadful coruscation in the air this present year: and thirdly, by the nine comets seen at once over Soho-square, by Mrs. Katherine Wadlington, and others; a contagion that first crept in amongst the first quality, descended to their footmen, and infused itself into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occasion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God translated into our language, which certainly every sober Christian must tremble at.

Now, such is the enormity of this abomination that our very nobles not only commit *punning* over tea, and in taverns, but even on the Lord's-day, and in the king's chapel: therefore to deter men from this evil practice, I shall give some true and dreadful examples of God's revenge against *punsters*.

The Right Honourable—but it is not safe to insert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to say, that such a one has been *seen*: which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his sleeves: this young nobleman was not only a flagitious *punster* himself, but was accessary to the *punning* of others, by consent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence of the evil committed, for which the Lord mercifully spared his neck, but as a mark of reprobation *wryed his nose*.

Another nobleman of great hopes, no less guilty of the same crime, was made the punisher of himself with his own hand, in the loss of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy displeasure of his aged grandmother.

A third of no less illustrious extraction, for the same vice, was permitted to fall into the arms of a Dallah, who may one day cut off his curious hair, and deliver him up to the Philistines.

Colonel F—, an antient gentleman of grave deportment, gave into this sin so early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to speak common sense, he hesitates so, as not to be understood.

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Thomas Pickle, gentleman, for the same crime banished to Minorca.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miserable invalid at Tilbury-fort.

—Eustace, Esq; for the murder of much of the king's English in Ireland is quite deprived of his reason, and now remains a lively instance of emptiness and vivacity.

Poor Daniel Button for the same offence deprived of his wits.

One Samuel an Irishman, for his forward attempt to pun, was stunted in his stature, and hath been visited all his life after with *bulls* and *blunders*.

George Simmons, shoemaker at Turnstile in Holborn, was so given to this custom, and did it with so much success that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors, no-body would trust him; so that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miserable condition.

Divers eminent clergymen of the university of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and Tories.

From which calamities, the Lord in his mercy defend us all, &c. &c.

A wonderful

A wonderful PROPHECY taken from the mouth of the spirit of a person, who was barbarously slain by the MOHOCKS :

Proving also, that the said Mohocks and Hawcubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations; and therefore that this vain and transitory world will shortly be brought to its final dissolution.

Breathed forth in the year 1712.

Woe ! Woe ! Woe !

WOE to London ! Woe to Westminster ! Woe to Southwark ! and woe to the inhabitants thereof !

I am loth to say, Woe to the old and new churches, those that are built, and those that are not built !

But woe to the gates, the streets, and the houses ! Woe to the men, the women, and the children ! for the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are already come, the time draweth near, and the end approacheth !

Not to mention the near resemblance betwixt the names of MOHOCK and GOG, HAWCUBITE and MAGOG (though I think there is a great deal even in that) I shall go on to proceed in my more solid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are but also the things that are not.

The things that are, are the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES ; the things that are not, are GOG and MAGOG ; and yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the same thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For

A WONDERFUL PROPHECY. 347

FOR when the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES came, Satan came also among them; and where Satan is, there are GOG and MAGOG also.

They have the mark of the beast in their foreheads, and the beast himself is in their hearts, their teeth are sharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of scorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

Here the same spirit paused a while—and thus again proceeded.

Now listen to what is to come.

Those that are in shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out—Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

But be not dejected——fear not——but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead also, and the next world draweth nigh.

That antient Whig, the Antichrist of St. John, shall lead the van like a young dragon, but he shall be cut piece-mail, and dispossessed.

The dragon upon Bow-church, and the grasshopper upon the Royal-exchange, shall meet together upon Stocks-market, and shake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people! my time is short, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your repentance, and shorten your iniquities.

Lo! the comet appeareth in the south! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Christians! Ah blind brethren! think not that this baleful dog-star only shaketh his tail at you in waggery; no, it shaketh it as a rod. It is not a sporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tale of a harlot; yea, such a tail as may reach, and be told, to all posterity.

I am the *porter* that was barbarously slain in Fleet-street: by the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES was I slain, when they laid violent hands upon me.

They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my nostrils asunder, they sent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am returned again to foretell their destruction.

348 A WONDERFUL PROPHECY, &c.

The time is at hand, when the free-thinkers of Great-Britain shall be converted to Judaism: and the Sultan shall receive the foreskins of Toland and Collins * in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day, yea, upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day, those emblems of GOG and MAGOG, at the Guild-hall, shall fall to the ground, and be broken asunder. With them shall perish the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES, and the whole world shall perish with them.

Here the spirit disappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.

* Authors of several books in favour of infidelity. *Hawkes.*

The C O U N T R Y - P O S T .

From Tuesday, August the 12th, to Thursday,
August the 14th.

From the hen-roost, August the 4th.

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful consternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us ; he made several *motions* as if he designed to attack our *left wing*, which covered our *infantry*. We were alarmed at his approach, and upon a general muster of all our forces, the kitchen maid came to our relief ; but we were soon convinced, that she had betrayed us, and was in the interest of the kite aforesaid ; for she twisted off two of our companions necks, and stript them naked : five of us were also clapped in a *close prison*, in order to be sold for slaves the next market-day.

P. S. The black *ben* was last night safely delivered of seven young *ducks*.

From the garden, August the 3d.

The *boars* have done much mischief of late in these parts, to such a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can lie safe in their *beds*. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noses bored, and rings thrust through them, as a mark of infamy for such practices.

From the great pond, August the 1st.

Yesterday a large *sail* of ducks passed by here, after a small resistance from two little boys, who flung stones at them ; they landed near the barn-door, where they *foraged* with very good success : while they were upon this enterprize, an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat,

petticoat, and she retired with great *precipitation*. This afternoon being somewhat rainy, they set sail again, and took several *frogs*. Just now arrived the *parson's wife*, and twenty ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not, however two of them were condemned; it was also *observed*, that she carried off a gosling and three sucking pigs.

From the little fort at the end of the garden, Aug 15.

Last night two young men of this place made a *detachment* of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two *overtures* of the said fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already *bombarded* by the *rear-guard* of Sarah and Suky, who fearing these young men were come to beat up their *quarters*, deserted their *necessary* posts, which were immediately taken possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoyed by reason of several stink-pots, that had been flung there the same morning.

From the barley-mow near the barn, August the 3d.

It was yesterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuscade in the said mow; upon this the farmer assembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was resolved, that the mow should be removed to prevent the farther destruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and seventy nine mice and three large rats were killed, and a vast number wounded, by pitch-forks and other instruments of husbandry. A mouse, that was close pursued, took shelter under Dolly's petticoats, but by the vigilance of George Simmons he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep morass, and crushed to death on the spot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was *observed* to make water under the said mow, as she was going a milking.

From

From the great yard, August the 2d.

It is very credibly reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock, and the pyed hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together: he yesterday made her a present of three *barley corns*, so that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the same cock, that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

From the 'Squire's house.

On Sunday last there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were present the parson and the farmer: the parson eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parson: we refer you to the curious in calculations to decide which eat most.

It is reported, that the minister christened a male child last week, but it wants *confirmation*.

From the justices meeting, August the 7th.

This day a jack daw, well known in the parish, was ordered close prisoner to a cage, for crying *cuckold* to a justice of the *quorum*; and the same evening certain apples, for *bissing* in a disrespectful manner as they were *roasting*, were committed to *Lamb's-wool*. The same day the said justices caused a pig to be whipt to death, and eat the same, being convicted of *squeaking* on the 10th of June.

From the church, August the 8th.

Divine service is continued in our parish as usual, though we have seldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by whose manner of living it may be conjectured, that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or else regarded as matters of little consequence.

From the church-yard, August the 8th.

The minister, having observed his only daughter to seem too much affected with the intercourse of his bull and the cows of the parish, has ordered the ceremony

remony for the future to be performed not in his own court, but in the church-yard; where, at the first solemnity of that kind, the grave stones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey were spurned down. This has already occasioned great debates in the vestry, the latter being the deceased wife of the *singing-clerk* of this place.

Casualties this week.

Several casualties happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much encreased. There have died of the *falling-sickness* two stumbling horses, as also one of their riders. *Smothered* (in onions) seven rabbits. *Stifled* (in a soldier's breeches) two geese. Of a *fore throat*, several sheep and calves at the butchers. *Starved to death*, one bastard child nursed at the parish charge. *Still-born*, in eggs of turkeys, geese, ducks, and hens, thirty-six. *Drowned*, nine puppies. Of *wind in the bowels*, five bottles of small beer. I have not yet seen the exact list of the parish-clerk, so that for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the *stocks*, only that Dick Adams was set in them last Sunday for swearing.

A true

A true and faithful NARRATIVE of what passed in LONDON, during the general con-
 sternation of all ranks and degrees of man-
 kind, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
 and Friday last.

ON Tuesday the 13th of October Mr. Whiston held his lecture near the Royal Exchange, to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his subscribers and constant hearers. Besides these there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their shillings a-piece. I think myself obliged to be very particular in this relation, lest my veracity should be suspected; which makes me appeal to the men, who were present; of which number, I myself was one. Their names are,

Henry Watfon, *haberdasher*.
 George Hencock, *druggist*.
 John Lewis, *dry-salter*.
 William Jones, *corn-chandler*.
 Henry Theobald, *watch-maker*.
 James Peters, *draper*.
 Thomas Floyer, *silver-smith*.
 John Wells, *brewer*.
 Samuel Greg, *soap-boiler*.
 William Cooley, *fish-monger*.
 James Harper, *hosier*.
 Robert Tucker, *stationer*.
 George Ford, *ironmonger*.
 Daniel Lynch, *apothecary*.

William Bennet,	} apprentices.
David Somers,	
Charles Lock,	
Leonard Daval,	
Henry Croft,	

Mr. Whiston began by acquainting us, that (con-
 trary to his advertisement) he thought himself in duty
 and

and conscience obliged to change the subject matter of his intended discourse.—Here he paused, and seemed for a short space as it were lost in devotion and mental prayer ; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence he spake as follows :

“ Friends and fellow-citizens, all speculative science is at an end : the period of all things is at hand ; on Friday next this world shall be no more. Put not your confidence in me, brethren, for to-morrow morning, five minutes after five, the truth will be evident ; in that instant the comet shall appear, of which I have heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, believe. Go hence, and prepare your wives, your families, and friends, for the universal change.”

At this solemn and dreadful prediction the whole society appeared in the utmost astonishment : but it would be unjust not to remember that Mr. Whiston himself was in so calm a temper as to return a shilling a-piece to the youths, who had been disappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty in charity to warn all men ; in two or three hours the news spread through the city. At first indeed our report met with but little credit, it being by our greatest dealers in stocks thought only a court-artifice to sink them, that some choice favourites might purchase at a lower rate ; for the South-sea that very evening fell five *per cent.* the India eleven : and all the other funds in proportion. But at the court end of the town our attestations were entirely disbelieved, or turned into ridicule ; yet nevertheless the news spread every where, and was the subject matter of all conversation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr. Whiston was sent for to a great Lady, who is very curious in the learned sciences, and addicted to all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers ; but he was not now to be found : and since at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himself to attend the great business

finess of his soul : but whether it was the Lady's faith, or inquisitiveness, that occasioned her to send, is a point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the secretary's office by a messenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me, that so zealous and honest a man should be *ordered into custody*, as a *sedition preacher*, who is known to be so well affected to the *present happy establishment*.

It was now I reflected with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had disused family prayers for above five years, and (though it hath been a custom of late entirely neglected by men of any business or station) I determined within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions : but two or three neighbours having been engaged to sup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily spent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day ; she reasoning, that it would be time enough to take off the servants from their business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an hour or two every day) after the *comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a quaker, and my next neighbour, had no sooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a visit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelief ; for, *said he*, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impossibilities, for were these things to happen, they must have been foreseen by some of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual cases with this sett of people) was his only reason against believing me ; and, as he was fully persuaded, that the prediction was erroneous, he, in a very neighbourly manner, admonished me against *selling my stock* at the present low price ; which, *he said*, beyond dispute, must have a rise before Monday, when this unreasonable consternation should be over.

But on Wednesday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. Whiston) the *comet* appeared : for at three minutes after five, by my own watch, I saw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be seen at five minutes

minutes after five, but as the best watches may be a minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his calculation just to a minute.

In less than a quarter of an hour all Cheapside was crouded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, it is thought, that through all that part of the town, there was not man, woman, or child, except the sick or infirm, left their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident, I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen who were upon their knees, and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them indeed appeared to be old women of about fourscore; the six others were men in an advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be passed over by the greater historians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep schemes of politicians and mysteries of state; for which reason, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which in the space of three days came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witness, or from unquestionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more just idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wednesday noon the belief was universal, that the day of judgment was at hand, insomuch that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no less than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen, who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock: these, it is said, went thither to petition, that a *short prayer* might be *penned*, and *ordered*, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But as in things of this nature it is necessary, that the *council* be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reason, that the churches were not that morning so well attended; and it is no ways to be imputed to the fears and consternation of the clergy, with which
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the free-thinkers have since very unjustly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church (where we had not been for many years on a week-day) and, with a very large congregation, were disappointed of the service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'prentice, in our absence, we had a piece of fine *cambric* carried off by a shop-lifter: so little impression was yet made on the minds of these wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *director of the bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him justice; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir Gilbert Heathcote's sagacity, * that all the *five offices* were required to have a particular eye upon the *bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his praise, that in the general hurry this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concerns; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed, his mind was wholly turned upon spiritual matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that sudden *run upon the bank*, which happened on this occasion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wednesday morning to make up such an account, as might appear fair, in case he should be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to desist, after having for several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret transactions upon paper.

Another seemed to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court, that could not be influenced, and where a majority of
voices

* Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before signalized his care for the bank, when in equal danger, by petitioning against the Lord Treasurer Godolphin's being removed, as a measure that would destroy the public credit.

voices could avail him nothing. It was observed too, that he had few visitors that day; this added so much to his mortification, that he read through the first chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seemed a true penitent in every thing, but in charity to his neighbour. No business was that day done in his *compting-house*: it is said too, that he was advised to restitution, but I never heard that he complied with it any farther than in giving half a crown a piece to several crazed, and starving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the *maids of honour* sent to countermand their birth-day cloaths; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and sent to a bookseller's in Pall-mall to buy each of them a *Bible*, and *Taylor's holy living and dying*. But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge, that they shewed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and restrained themselves from those innocent freedoms and little levities so commonly incident to young ladies of their profession. So many birth-day suits were countermanded the next day, that most of the tailors and mantua-makers discharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly Lady of great erudition and modesty, who visits these young ladies, seemed to be extremely shocked by the apprehensions, that she was to appear naked before the whole world; and no less so, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her thoughts as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt answers to the interrogatories, that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modesty and curiosity, could not imagine the sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly longed to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themselves to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glass to be set by it. So much are these young ladies both by nature and custom addicted to cleanly appearance.

At west-

A west-country gentleman told me, he got a church-lease filled up that morning for the same sum, which had been refused for three years successively. I must impute this merely to accident ; for I cannot imagine, that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in so unhandsome a manner ; or that the shortness of the life was in the least his consideration ; though I have heard the same worthy prelate aspersed and maligned since upon this very account.

The *term* being so near, the alarm among the LAWYERS was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantage in making their defence, by being versed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is said too, that some of the chief pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction, that there had been but few *state-trials* of late years. Several attornies demanded the *return of fees*, that had been given the lawyers : but it was answered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at such injustice, as to suffer it to be sunk in the attorney's pockets. Our sage and learned *judges* had great consolation, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for several years ; the *barristers* rejoiced in that they were not *attornies*, and the attornies felt no less satisfaction, that they were not *petty-foggers*, *scriveners*, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every soldier's behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen : I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition ; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more *oaths* than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the parade in St. James's Park. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued this way of expression, not to intimidate the common soldiers, or give occasion to suspect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impression upon their superior officers. A *duel* was fought the same morning between two colonels, not occasioned (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head ; that
being

being a point which might at such a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends ; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction : I am apt to believe, that a young officer who desired his surgeon to defer putting him into a salivation till Saturday, might make this request out of some opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy ; for the apprehensions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the surgeon himself having assured me, that he had before undergone three severe operations of the like nature with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an order issued, that the *chaplains* of the several *regiments* should attend their duty ; but as they were dispersed about in several parts of England, it was believed, that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Most of the considerable *PHYSICIANS*, by their outward demeanor seemed to be unbelievers ; but at the same time, they every where insinuated, that there might be a *pestilential malignancy* in the *air*, occasioned by the *comet*, which might be armed against by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect ; for as the time approached, the Christian resignation of the people encreased, and most of them (which was never before known) had their souls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend *CLERGY* showed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great *charge of souls* ; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the *degrees of apprehension* and *terror* could be distinguished to be greater or less, according to their *ranks* and *degrees* in the *church*.

The like might be observed in all sorts of ministers, though not of the church of England ; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I speak not of the *COURT*, for fear of offence ; and I forbear inserting the *names* of particular persons, to avoid the imputation of slander, so that the reader will allow the narrative must be deficient, and is there-

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therefore desired to accept hereof rather as a sketch, than a regular circumstantial history.

I was not informed of any persons, who shewed the least joy; except three malefactors, who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a constant church-goer, who being at the point of death, expressed some satisfaction at the news.

On Thursday morning there was little or nothing transacted in 'Change-alley; there were a multitude of sellers, but so few buyers, that one cannot affirm the stocks bore any certain price except among the Jews; who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themselves Christians, who offered to buy *for time*, but as these were people of *great distinction*, I chuse not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of avarice, and infidelity.

The *run* upon the *bank* is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten, that no one person whatever (except the *directors* themselves, and some of their particular friends and associates) could convert a *bill* all that day into *specie*; all hands being employed to serve *them*.

In the several churches of the city and suburbs, there were seven thousand two hundred and forty-five, who publicly and solemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their several *kept mistresses*, which was allowed as valid marriage, the priest not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St. Brides's church in Fleet-street Mr. Woolston (who writ against the miracles of our Saviour) in the utmost terrors of conscience, made a public recantation. Dr. Mandevil* (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at St. James's-gate; as did also at the Temple-church several gentlemen, who frequent *coffee-houses* near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropt down dead on the spot;

* The Author of *The fable of the bees*, a book intended to subvert not only religion but virtue, by shewing that private vices are public benefits.

spot ; but I will not record their names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an odium on their families and posterity.

Most of the *players*, who had very little faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the *Roman catholic religion* ; the same thing was observed of some *barods* and *ladies of pleasure*.

An Irish gentleman, out of pure friendship, came to make me a visit, and advised me to *hire a boat* for the ensuing day, and told me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he feared it might be too late ; for his country-men had secured almost every boat upon the river, as judging, that in the *general conflagration*, to be upon the *water* would be the *safest place*.

There were *two lords*, and *three commoners*, who, out of a scruple of conscience, very hastily threw up their pensions, as imagining a pension was only an annual *retaining bribe*. All the other great pensioners, I was told, had their scruples quitted by a *clergyman* or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable, that several of our very richest *tradesmen* of the city, in common charity, gave away shillings and six pences to the beggars, who plyed about the church-doors ; and at a particular church in the city, a wealthy *church-warden*, with his own hands, distributed fifty twelve penny loaves to the poor by way of restitution for the many great and costly feasts, which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great ladies, a *valet de chambre*, two lords, a custom-house officer, five half-pay captains and a baronet, (all noted (*gamesters*) came publicly into a church at Westminster, and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands ; the parties, whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But so great is the hardness of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble, or vulgar gamesters, (though the profession is so general) I did not hear of any other restitution of this sort. At the same time I must observe, that (in comparison of these) through all parts of the town, the

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justice and penitence of the *high-way-men*, *house-breakers*, and common *pick-pockets*, was very remarkable.

The *directors* of our *public companies* were in such dreadful apprehensions, that one would have thought a *parliamentary enquiry* was at hand; yet so great was their presence of mind, that all the Thursday morning was taken up in *private transfers*, which, by malicious people, was thought to be done with design to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular *ladies* to their *husbands*; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of consequence are legitimate, it would be an indivious task to record them as bastards; and particularly after their several husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night through the whole town were spent in devotions both public and private; the churches for this one day were so crouded by the nobility and gentry, that thousands of common people were seen praying in the public streets. In short, one would have thought the whole town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the streets; expecting, watching, and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears first began to abate, then lessened every hour, at night they were almost extinct, till the total darkness, that hitherto used to terrify, now comforted every *free-thinker* and *atheist*. Great numbers went together to the *taverns*, bespoke *suppers*, and broke up whole *hogst-heads* for joy. The subject of all wit and conversation was to ridicule the prophecy, and railly each other. All the quality and gentry were *perfectly ashamed*, nay, some utterly disowned that they had manifested any signs of religion.

But the next day even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their usual state of indifference. They drank, they whored, they swore, they lyed, they cheated, they plundered, they gamed,

they quarrelled, they murdered. In short, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any instances of what will so easily be credited, but cannot omit relating, that Mr. Woolston advertised in that very Saturday's Evening-Post a new *treatise* against the *miracles* of our Saviour ; and that the few who had given up their pensions the day before, solicited to have them continued ; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any ministerial point, I am informed was readily granted.

The

The T A T L E R*.

NUMBER V.

———— *Laceratque, trahitque*
Molle pecus. —————

Virg.

From Tuesday, Jan. 23. to Saturday, Jan. 27. 1710.

AMONGST other services I have met with from some critics, the cruellest for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but pursue me to my very dreams. I must not dream but when they please, nor upon long continued subjects, however visionary in their own natures, because there is a manifest moral quite through them, which to produce as a dream is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection, is prevented by considering they have missed another, against which I should have been at a loss to defend myself. They might have asked me, whether the dreams I published can properly be called *Lucubrations*,
 Q 2 which

* N. B. The two following Tatlers are not in the four volumes published by Sir Richard Steele.

In the preface of the Tatler, vol. iv. Sir Richard Steele speaks thus of Dr. Swift. "I have, in the dedication of the first volume, made my acknowledgements to Dr. SWIFT, whose pleasant writings, in the name of *Bickerstaff*, created an inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear in the same disguise. I must acknowledge also, that, at my first entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in conversation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one, whose imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common subjects, though at the same time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verses on the *Skower in town*, and the *Description of the morning*, are instances of the happiness of that genius, which could raise such pleasing ideas upon occasions so barren to an ordinary invention."

which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half-sheets: so manifest a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no sophister ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember when I was a boy at school, I have often dreamed out the whole passages of the day; that I rode a journey, baited, supped, went to bed, and rose next morning: and I have known young ladies, who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is strong, not mixed with cares, nor tinged with those passions that most disturb and confound it; such as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are said to grow children again, so in this article of dreaming I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full ease, without care, avarice, or ambition to clog it; by which among many others I have this advantage, of doubling the small remainder of my time, and living four and twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am going now to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to please these refiners upon sleep, without any moral that I can discover.

“ It happened, that my maid left on the table in
 “ my bed-chamber one of her story-books (as she
 “ calls them) which I took up, and found full of
 “ strange impertinence fitted to her taste and condi-
 “ tion; of poor servants who came to be ladies, and
 “ *serving-men of low degree* who married kings daugh-
 “ ters. Among other things, I met this sage obser-
 “ vation, that a lion would never hurt a true virgin.
 “ With this medley of nonsense in my fancy I went
 “ to bed, and dreamed that a friend waked me in
 “ the morning, and proposed for pastime to spend a
 “ few hours in seeing the parish lions, which he had
 “ not done since he came to town; and because
 “ they shewed but once a week, he would not miss
 “ the opportunity. I said I would humour him; al-
 “ though, to speak the truth, I was not fond of those
 “ cruel spectacles; and if it were not so antient a
 “ custom, founded as I had heard upon the wisest
 “ maxims,

“ maxims, I should be apt to censure the inhumanity of those who introduced it.” All this will be a riddle to the waking reader, until I discover the scene my imagination had formed, upon the maxim, that a lion would never hurt a true virgin. I dreamed, that, by a law of immemorial time, a lion was kept in every parish at the common charge, and in a place provided adjoining to the church-yard ; that before any one of the fair sex was married, if she affirmed herself to be a virgin, she must on her wedding-day, and in her wedding cloaths, perform the ceremony of going alone into the den, and stay an hour with the lion let loose and kept fasting four and twenty hours on purpose. At a proper height above the den were convenient galleries for the relations and friends of the young couple, and open to all spectators. No maiden was forced to offer herself to the lion ; but, if she refused, it was a disgrace to marry her, and every one might have liberty of calling her a whore. And methought it was as usual a diversion to see the parish lions, as with us to go to a play or an opera. And it was reckoned convenient to be near the church either for marrying the virgin, if she escaped the trial, or for burying her bones when the lion had devoured the rest, as he constantly did.”

To go on therefore with the dream : “ We called first (as I remember) to see St. Dunstan’s lion : but were told, they did not shew to-day. From thence we went to that of Covent-garden, which to my great surprize we found as lean as a skeleton, when I expected quite the contrary ; but the keeper said it was no wonder at all, because the poor beast had not got an ounce of woman’s flesh, since he came into the parish. This amazed me more than the other, and I was forming to myself a mighty veneration for the ladies in that quarter of the town ; when the keeper went on, and said he wondered the parish would be at the charge of maintaining a lion for nothing. Friend, said I, do you call it nothing to justify the virtue of so many ladies ; or hath your lion lost his distinguishing faculty ? Can there

“ be any thing more for the honour of your parish,
 “ than that all the ladies married in your church were
 “ pure virgins? that is true, said he, and the doctor
 “ knows it to his sorrow; for there hath not been a
 “ couple married in our church since his worship came
 “ amongst us. The virgins hereabouts are too wise
 “ to venture the claws of the lion; and, because no-
 “ body will marry them, have all entered into a vow
 “ of virginity; so that in proportion we have much
 “ the largest nunnery in the whole town. This man-
 “ ner of the ladies entering into a vow of *virginity*,
 “ because they were not *virgins*, I easily conceived;
 “ and my dream told me, that the whole kingdom
 “ was full of nunneries plentifully stocked from the
 “ same reason.

“ We went to see another lion, where we found
 “ much company met in the gallery. The keeper
 “ told us, we should see *sport* enough, as he called
 “ it; and in a little time we saw a young beautiful
 “ lady put into the den, who walked up towards the
 “ lion with all imaginable security in her countenance,
 “ and looked smiling upon her lover and friends in the
 “ gallery; which I thought nothing extraordinary,
 “ because it was never known that any lion had been
 “ mistaken. But however, we were all disappointed:
 “ for the lion lifted up his right paw, which was the
 “ fatal sign, and advancing forward, seized her by
 “ the arm, and began to tear it. The poor lady gave
 “ a terrible shriek, and cried out, *The lion is just, I*
 “ *am no virgin! Oh! Sappho, Sappho!* she could say
 “ no more, for the lion gave her the *coup de grace* by
 “ a squeeze in the throat, and she expired at his
 “ feet. The keeper dragged away her body to feed
 “ the animal, after the company should be gone; for
 “ the parish lions never used to eat in public. After
 “ a little pause, another lady came on towards the
 “ lion in the same manner as the former. We observ-
 “ ed the beast smell her with diligence. He scratched
 “ both her hands with lifting them to his nose and
 “ laying one of his claws on her bosom drew blood;
 “ however he let her go, and at the same time turned
 “ from her with a sort of contempt, at which she was

“ no

“ not a little mortified, and retired with some confusion to her friends in the gallery. Methought the whole company immediately understood the meaning of this; that the easiness of the lady had suffered her to admit certain imprudent and dangerous familiarities, bordering too much upon what is criminal, neither was it sure, whether the lover then present had not some sharers with him in those freedoms, of which a lady can never be too sparing.

“ This happened to be an extraordinary day; for a third lady came into the den, laughing loud, playing with her fan, tossing her head, and smiling round on the young fellows in the gallery. However, the lion leaped on her with great fury, and we gave her for gone; but on a sudden he let go his hold, and turned from her as if he were nauseated; then gave her a lash with his tail; after which she returned to the gallery, not the least out of countenance: and this, it seems, was the usual treatment of coquets.

“ I thought we had seen enough; but my friend would needs have us go and visit one or two lions in the city. We called at two or three dens, where they happened not to shew; but we generally found half a score young girls between eight and eleven years old, playing with each lion, sitting on his back, and putting their hands into his mouth; some of them would now then and get a scratch, but we always discovered upon examining, that they had been hoydening with the young apprentices. One of them was calling to a pretty girl, about twelve years old, who stood by us in the gallery, to come down to the lion, and upon her refusal said, *Ab! Miss Betty, we could never get you to come near the lion, since you played at hoop and hide with my brother in the garret.*

“ We followed a couple, with the wedding folks, going to the church of St. Mary Aix: The lady, though well stricken in years, extremely crooked and deformed, was dressed out beyond the gaiety of fifteen, having jumbled together, as I imagined, all the tawdry remains of aunts, god-mothers,
“ and

“ and grand-mothers, for some generations past. One
 “ of the neighbours whispered me, that she was an
 “ old maid, and had the clearest reputation of any
 “ in the parish. There is nothing strange in that,
 “ thought I, but was much surprized when I observ-
 “ ed afterwards, that she went toward the lion with
 “ distrust and concern. The beast was lying down ;
 “ but upon the sight of her snuffed up his nose two
 “ or three times, and then giving the sign of death,
 “ proceeded instantly to execution. In the midst of
 “ her agonies she was heard to name the words *Italy*
 “ and *artifices* with the utmost horror, and several re-
 “ peated execrations ; and at last concluded, *Fool*
 “ *that I was to put so much confidence in the toughness*
 “ *of my skin !*

“ The keeper immediately set all in order again
 “ for another customer, which happened to be a fa-
 “ mous prude, whom her parents, after long threaten-
 “ ings and much persuasion, had, with the extremest
 “ difficulty, prevailed on to accept a young handsome
 “ goldsmith, who might have pretended to five times
 “ her fortune. The fathers and mothers in the neigh-
 “ bourhood used to quote her for an example to their
 “ daughters ; her elbows were rivetted to her sides,
 “ and her whole person so ordered as to inform every
 “ body, that she was afraid they should touch her.
 “ She only dreaded to approach the lion because it
 “ was a he one, and abhorred to think a male ani-
 “ mal should presume to breathe on her. The sight
 “ of a man at twenty yards distance made her draw
 “ back her head. She always sat upon the farther
 “ corner of the chair, although there were six chairs
 “ between her and her lover, and with the door wide
 “ open, and her little sister in the room. She was ne-
 “ ver saluted but at the tip of the ear ; and her
 “ father had much ado to make her dine without
 “ her gloves, when there was a man at table. She
 “ entered the den with some fear, which we took to
 “ proceed from the height of her modesty, offend-
 “ ed at the sight of so many men in the gallery.
 “ The lion, beholding her at a distance, immediatel-
 “ ly gave the deadly sign, at which the poor crea-
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"ture (methinks I see her still) miscarried in a fright
 "before us all. The lion seemed to be as much sur-
 "prized as we, and gave her time to make her con-
 "fession : *That she was five months gone by the foreman*
 "of her father's shop ; *that this was her third big belly :*
 "and when her friends asked, why she would ven-
 "ture the trial ? she said, *her nurse told her, that a*
 "*lion would never hurt a woman with child."* Upon
 this I immediately awaked, and could not help wish-
 ing, that the deputy censors of my late institution,
 were indued with the same instinct as these parish
 lions.

NUMBER XX. *

— *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*
Emollit mores. —

Ovid.

From Saturday, March 3. to Tuesday, March 6. 1710.

From my own apartment in Chancel-row, March 5.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French
 call *Les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are
 with us distinguished by the name of good manners or
 breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of
 it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the
 meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind
 easy in their commerce with each other. Low and lit-
 tle understandings, without some rules of this kind,
 would be perpetually wandering into a thousand inde-
 cencies and irregularities in behaviour ; and in their
 ordinary conversation fall into the same boisterous fa-
 miliarities, that one observes amongst them, when a
 debauch hath quite taken away the use of their rea-
 son. In other instances it is odd to consider, that for
 want of common discretion, the very end of good
 breeding is wholly perverted, and civility, intended
 to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fet-
 ters

* This Tatler should be hung up in every 'Squire's hall in Eng-
 land. *Orrery.*

ters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but Madam vowed I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff, says the Lady, you must eat a wing to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what would I have for supper? I said, I never eat any thing at night: but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions, that they were at a great distance from any market; that

" they

“ they were afraid I should be starved ; and that they
 “ knew they kept me to my loss ;” the Lady went,
 and left me to her husband ; for they took special care
 I should never be alone : as soon as her back was
 turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards,
 every moment, and constantly as they came in or went
 out made a curtesy directly at me, which, in good
 manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and *your*
humble servant, pretty Miss. Exactly at eight, the mo-
 ther came up, and discovered, by the redness of her
 face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as
 large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in
 proportion. I desired, at my usual hour, to go to my
 repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the
 gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children.
 They importuned me to drink something before I went
 to bed ; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of
slingo, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be
 thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to
 rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would
 not suffer my kinsman’s servant to disturb me at the
 hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to
 break through all measures to get away ; and, after
 sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef,
 mutton, neats tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer,
 took leave of the family. But the gentleman would
 needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short
 cut through his own ground, which he told me would
 save half a mile’s riding. This last piece of civility
 had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice
 in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and
 at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse hav-
 ing slipped his bridle ran away, and took us up more
 than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident, that none of the absurdities I met with
 in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from
 a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misappli-
 cation in the rules of it. I cannot so easily excuse the
 more refined critics upon behaviour, who, having pro-
 fessed no other study, are yet infinitely defective in
 the most material parts of it. Ned Fashion hath been
 bred all his life about court, and understands to a
 tittle

tittle all the punctilios of a drawing room. He visits most of the fine women near St. James's, and upon every occasion says the civilest and softest things to them of any man breathing. To Mr. Isaac * he owes an easy slide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: but in some other cases he is very far from being a well bred person. He laughs at men of far superior understanding to his own, for not being as well dressed as himself; despiseth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in public places hath on that account often avoided taking notice of some among the best speakers of the house of commons. He railleth strenuously at both universities before the members of either; and is never heard to swear an oath, or break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other hand, a man of right sense hath all the essentials of good breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. Horatio hath spent most of his time at Oxford: he hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modesty as may serve to adorn without concealing his other good qualities. In that retired way of living he seemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it described in the writings of the greatest men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common course of life. Hence it is, that he giveth no offence, but converseth with great deference, candor, and humanity. His bow, I must confess, is somewhat awkward; but then he hath an extensive, universal, and unaffected knowledge, which may perhaps a little excuse him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can assure the ladies in his behalf, and for their own consolation, that he has writ better verses on the sex than any man now living, and is preparing such a poem for the press as will transmit their praises and his own to many generations.

NUMBER

* A famous dancing-master in those days.

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NUMBER CCXXX. *

Thursday, September 28th, 1710.

From my own apartment, September 27th.

THE following letter hath laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked ; but it opens to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors, which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment ; so that, whatever discourse I may fall into hereafter upon the subject the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world, without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq;

S I R,

“ There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province, although, as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for some years hath reigned among our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our stile. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physic, and the like ; I mean the traders in history, and politics, and the *Belles Lettres*, together with those by whom books are not transferred,

VOL. V.

R

“ lated,

* The letter to the Lord High Treasurer upon the same subject with this *Tatler*, is printed in the fourth of these volumes. It is said, that the author writ some other *Tatlers*, and several *Spectators*, and furnished hints for many more ; particularly, *The tables of fame*, *The life and adventures of a shilling*, *The account of England by an Indian king*, and some others : but, as we are informed, he would never tell his best friends the particular papers. *Dublin edit.*

“ lated, but (as the common expressions are) *done*
 “ *out of French, Latin, or other languages, and made*
 “ *English.* I cannot but observe to you, that, until
 “ of late years, a Grub-street book was always bound
 “ in sheep-skin with suitable print and paper, the
 “ price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly
 “ by common tradesmen or country pedlars; but now
 “ they appear in all sizes and shapes, and in all
 “ places; they are handed about from lapsuls in
 “ every coffee-house to persons of quality; are shewn
 “ in Westminster-hall and the Court of Requests;
 “ you may see them gilt, and in royal paper, of five
 “ or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I
 “ would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of
 “ English books, published within the compass of se-
 “ ven years past, which at the first hand would cost
 “ you an hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be
 “ able to find ten lines together of common grammar
 “ or common sense.

“ These two evils, ignorance and want of taste,
 “ have produced a third, I mean the continual cor-
 “ ruption of our English tongue, which without some
 “ timely remedy will suffer more by the false refine-
 “ ments of twenty years past, than it hath been im-
 “ proved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what
 “ I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former
 “ evils to your animadversion.

“ But instead of giving you a list of the late refine-
 “ ments crept into our language, I here send you the
 “ copy of a letter I received some time ago from a most
 “ accomplished person in this way of writing, upon
 “ which I shall make some remarks. It is in these
 “ terms :

S I R,

*I coud'n't get the things you sent for all about town—
 I tho't to ha' come down myself, and then I'd ha' bro't
 'um; but ha'nt don't, and I believe I can't do't, that's
 pozz.—Tom begins to g'imself airs because he's going
 with the plenipo's.—'Tis said the French King will bam-
 boozel us agen, which causes many speculations. The
 Jacks, and others of that kidney, are very uppish and
 alert*

alert upon't, as you may see by their phizz's.—Will Hazard has got the hipps, having lost to the tune of five hundr'd pound, tho' he understands play very well, no-body better. He has promis't me upon Rep to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness, he's too apt to give into, tho' he has as much wit as any man, no-body more: he has lain incog ever since.—The mob's very quiet with us now—I believe you tho't I banter'd you in my last like a country put.—I shan't leave town this month, &c.

“ This letter is in every point an admirable pattern
 “ of the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less
 “ authority for being an epistle: you may gather every
 “ flower of it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness,
 “ from the books, pamphlets, and single papers,
 “ offered us every day in the coffee-houses. And these
 “ are the beauties introduced to supply the want of
 “ wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly
 “ were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If
 “ a man of wit, who died forty years ago, were to
 “ rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be
 “ able to read this letter? and after he had got
 “ through that difficulty, how would he be able to
 “ understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye,
 “ is the *breaks* at the end of almost every sentence;
 “ of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement,
 “ and very frequently practised. Then
 “ you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by
 “ which consonants of most obdurate sounds are joined
 “ together without one softening vowel to intervene:
 “ and all this only to make one syllable of two,
 “ directly contrary to the examples of the Greeks and
 “ Romans; altogether of the Gothic strain, and of a natural
 “ tendency towards relapsing into barbarity,
 “ which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of
 “ mute consonants; as it is observable in all the
 “ northern languages. And this is still more visible
 “ in the next refinement, which consisteth in pronouncing
 “ the first syllable in a word that hath many,
 “ and dismissing the rest; such as *pbizz. hipps. mobb. pozz. rep.*
 “ and many more; when we are
 “ already overloaded with monosyllables, which are

“ the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one
 “ syllable, and cut off the rest ; as the owl fattened
 “ her mice after she had bit off their legs to prevent
 “ them from running away ; and if ours be the same
 “ reason for maiming of words, it would certainly an-
 “ swer the end ; for I am sure no other nation will
 “ desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto
 “ but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to
 “ perfection, as *incog.* and *plenipo.* ; but in a short
 “ time, it is to be hoped, they will be further dock-
 “ ed to *inc.* and *plen.* This reflection hath made me
 “ of late years very impatient for a peace, which I
 “ believe will save the lives of many brave words as
 “ well as men. The war hath introduced abundance
 “ of polysyllables, which will never be able to live
 “ many more campaigns. *Speculations, operations, pre-*
 “ *liminaries, ambassadors, palisadoes, communications,*
 “ *circumvallations, battalions,* as numerous as they are,
 “ if they attack us too frequently in our coffee-houses,
 “ we shall certainly put them to flight and cut off
 “ the rear.

“ The third refinement observable in the letter I
 “ send you consisteth in the choice of certain words,
 “ invented by some *pretty fellows*, such as *banter, bam-*
 “ *boozle, country put, and kidney,* as it is there ap-
 “ plied ; some of which are now struggling for the
 “ vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have
 “ done my utmost for some years past to stop the pro-
 “ gress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been plainly
 “ borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those
 “ who promised to assist me.

“ In the last place, you are to take notice of cer-
 “ tain choice phrases scattered through the letter ;
 “ some of them tolerable enough, till they were worn
 “ to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find
 “ them, although they were not in different print,
 “ and therefore I need not disturb them.

“ These are the false refinements in our stile, which
 “ you ought to correct ; first, by arguments and fair
 “ means ; but if those fail, I think you are to make
 “ use of your authority as censor, and, by an annual
 “ *index expurgatorius*, expunge all words and phrases
 “ that

“ that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those
 “ barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In
 “ this last point, the usual pretence is, that they spell
 “ as they speak: a noble standard for language! to
 “ depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who,
 “ because words are the cloathing of our thoughts,
 “ cuts them out and shapes them as he pleaseth, and
 “ changes them oftener than his dress. I believe all
 “ reasonable people would be content, that such re-
 “ finers were more sparing of their words, and liberal
 “ in their syllables. On this head I should be glad
 “ you would bestow some advice upon several young
 “ readers in our churches, who, coming up from the
 “ university full fraught with admiration of our town
 “ politeness, will needs correct the stile of their pray-
 “ er books. In reading the absolution they are very
 “ careful to say *pardons and absolves*, and in the pray-
 “ er for the royal family, it must be *endu’um, enrich*
 “ *’um, prosper’um, and bring’um*; then in their ser-
 “ mons they use all the modern terms of art, *sham,*
 “ *banter, mob, bubble, bully, cutting, stuffing, and*
 “ *palming*; all which, and many more of the like
 “ stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit from
 “ some young sophisters, so I have read them in
 “ some of *those sermons that have made a great noise of*
 “ *late*. The design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful
 “ imputation of pedantry; to shew us, that they *know*
 “ *the town, understand men and manners*, and have not
 “ been poring upon old unfashionable books in the uni-
 “ versity.

“ I should be glad to see you the instrument of in-
 “ troducing into our stile, that simplicity which is the
 “ best and truest ornament of most things in human
 “ life, which the politer ages always aimed at in
 “ their building and dress (*simplex munditiis*) as well
 “ as their productions of wit. It is manifest, that all
 “ new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed
 “ from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the
 “ first perishing parts in any language: and, as I could
 “ prove by many hundred instances, have been so in
 “ ours. The writings of Hooker, who was a coun-
 “ try clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in

“ the

“ the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are in a stile that,
 “ with very few allowances, would not offend any
 “ present reader ; much more clear and intelligible,
 “ than those of Sir H. Wotton, Sir Rob. Naunton,
 “ Osburn, Daniel the historian, and several others,
 “ who writ later, but being men of the court, and
 “ affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are of-
 “ ten either not to be understood, or appear perfectly
 “ ridiculous.

“ What remedies are to be applied to these evils,
 “ I have not room to consider, having, I fear, al-
 “ ready taken up most of your paper : besides, I think
 “ it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours
 “ to redress them.”

I am, with great respect,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

A MEDITATION

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A MEDITATION upon a BROOMSTICK.

According to the style and manner of the Honourable
ROBERT BOYLE'S Meditations. *

Written in the year 1703.

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest: it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vye with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk: it is now at best but the reverse of what it was; a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air: it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery: and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself. At length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, **SURELY MORTAL MAN IS A BROOMSTICK!** Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable; until the ax of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a *periwig*; valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, covered with powder, that never grew on his

* This paper was wrote in derision of the style and manner of Mr. Robert Boyle. To what a height must the spirit of sarcasm arise in an author, who could prevail upon himself to ridicule so good a man as Mr. Boyle! But the sword of wit, like the fish of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidentally lies in its way. However sharp and irresistible the edge of it may be, Mr. Boyle will always remain invulnerable. *Orrery.*

his head : but now should this our *broomstick* pretend to enter the scene, proud of those *birchen* spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber ; we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults !

But a *broomstick*, perhaps, you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head ; and pray what is man but a topsy-turvy creature ? his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth. And yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be an universal reformer and corrector of abuses ; a remover of grievances ; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before ; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretended to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving ; till worn to the stumps, like his brother *besom*, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.



The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.

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